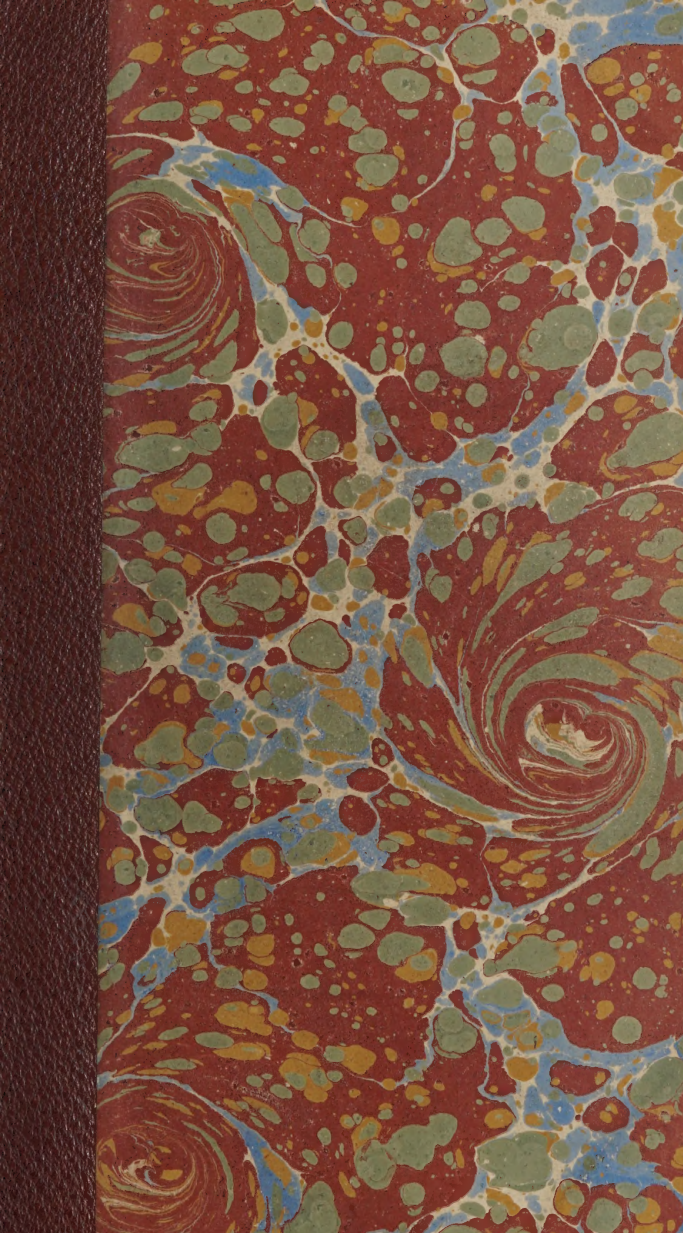

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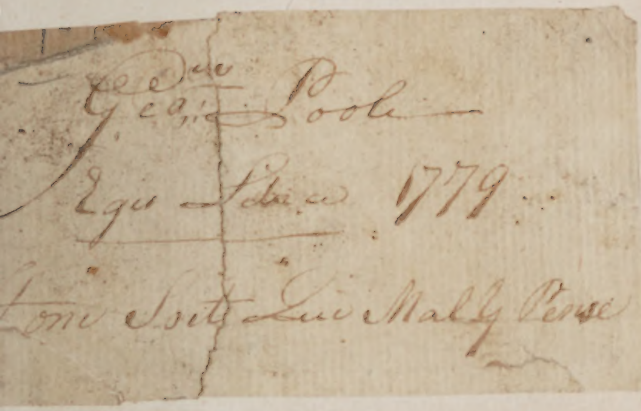

THE WORKS OF THAT

Most *Celebrated* and *Witty* SPANIARD,

Don Francisco de Quevedo:

CONTAINING

The following Entertaining ADVENTURES, DISCOURSES, and LETTERS:

I. The NIGHT ADVENTURER.
II. The Life of PAUL, the SPANISH SHARPER.
III. FORTUNE in her WITS.
IV. A PROCLAMATION by old Father TIME.
V. A Treatise of all THINGS WHATSOEVER; Past, Present, and to Come.
VI. LETTERS upon several Occasions.

Translated from the Spanish

By Mr. PINNEDA.

LONDON:

Printed for the TRANSLATOR, and sold by E. COMMYNS, at the *Royal-Exchange*; J. COLLYER, at *Shakespear's-Head* in *Ludgate-street*: at the *Dove*, in *New-Exchange-Row*, in the *Strand*; and G. STEIDELL, at the *Bible* in *New-Bond-street*.

M,DCC,XLV.

[Price Bound Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

Tichenor

Nov. 11. 1907

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THE

PREFACE.

THE Works of Don Franciſco de Quevedo Villegas *are too well known to the World, to ſtand in Need of any Recommendation: As to the Tranſlation it muſt take its Chance, according to every Reader's Taſte, Affection, or Prejudice. This Volume contains all* Quevedo's *comical Works, excepting his Viſions, which have run many Years with ſo great Applauſe, that they have been tranſlated into moſt Languages of* Europe.

The Age is generally fond of having an Author's Life prefix'd before his Works. It is evident, that Quevedo *was a Man of Quality, and born to an Eſtate, as appears by his Titles prefix'd to his Works, where he is ſtil'd, Knight of the Order of St* Iago, *or St* James, *which*

which is next in Dignity in Spain *to that of the* Golden Fleece. *It is affirmed by a familiar Friend of his, who writ a Preface before his Volume of Poems, that he underſtood the* Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, *and* French *Tongues, and was very well read in them all. His ſharp Satires procur'd him many Enemies, and were the Cauſe of many Years Impriſonment; yet we find he was in great Eſteem with the* Conde de Olivares, *Favourite and Prime Miniſter to King* Philip IV. *of* Spain. *This is all the Account we can give of him, let his Works ſpeak the reſt.*

THE

Night Adventurer.

DON DIEGO, the Heroick Subject of this History, was born at *Talavera*, a considerable Town in the Kingdom of *Toledo*, seated on the Banks of the *Tagus*. He was of noble Extraction, and bless'd with a handsome Fortune; subject, indeed, to some irregular Flights, but such as were only the Effects of too much Curiosity; and of a generous Temper, which put him upon Things uncommon among other Men. Nothing but Affliction had appear'd in his House from his very Infancy. His Father was kill'd in a Duel. His Mother, more griev'd for her Loss, than generally the Widows are in our Days, who make Shift to stay a Year after their Husband's Death before they marry again, was so hasty, that there was scarce a Week between the News of her Widowhood, and her being again fast in the Bonds of Matrimony.

Our Hero was the Youngest of three Brothers; the Eldest so wholly addicted to Fencing, that by his continual handling of cold Iron, he lost an Eye; which might have been no small Advantage towards making him a good Marksman. The second Brother plac'd all his Hopes on the Air, for being an excellent Tennis-Player,

he reckon'd to make his Fortune that way; but among all the other Faults in that Game, he committed one never to be retriev'd; for having over-heated himself, he fell into a Pleurisy, of which he dy'd, leaving the poor Balls and Rackets destitute of a real Friend, who lov'd them above his Life. This youngest Brother we are to treat of, in his tender Years was call'd plain *Don Diego*; but when grown up, some added the Sirname of *Fly-Light*, and others call'd him *Don Diego Love-Night*; because he fled from Light, and only delighted in Darkness. At ten Years of Age he was put to the Latin School, where, tho' he advanc'd but little, yet he had the good Luck not to grow pedantick. This small Capacity was highly favour'd by Fortune, who took Care of him from his Cradle. Scarce was he sixteen Years of Age, before he was prefer'd to some Church-Livings, which oblig'd him to reside at *Toledo*; a pleasing Duty that compell'd him to live in so delightful a Place. Four Years he continu'd under this Restraint; but as soon as he could reckon twenty Years of Age, neither his Duty, nor the many Charms of that beautiful City, which are such as would engage the most airy Dispositions, could in the least prevail upon his. He so delighted in rambling, that to comply with his wandering Inclination, he parted with his Benefices, reserving to himself some Pensions out of them, which, together with his own Estate, made up about 5 or 600 Pounds a Year.

He left *Toledo* to settle at *Madrid*, the usual Residence of the Court of *Spain*; and made Choice of that Quarter of the Town which best suited with his Humour, being a blind Corner, remote from the Concourse of the People, where he bought a House that had two separate Apartments. The one of them he made Choice of for himself, fitting it up to his own extravagant Fancy; without altering the other, which however he furnish'd very handsomely, to entertain his Friends upon Occasion. The Apartment he reserv'd for himself, was contriv'd after a very odd Manner. He pull'd down the upper Stories, and made it much lower than all the Houses about it, that they might shelter it from the Sun, which he mortally hated; he also stopp'd up all the Windows, that could admit

admit the leaſt Glimpſe of Day-Light: The Walls were hung with black Bayes, as condemn'd by him to perpetual Mourning. In ſhort, it was more like a Tomb for the Dead, than a Manſion for the Living. He was a paſſionate Lover of Muſick, and delighted in nothing more than in ſinging to his Guitarre; ſo that by continual Practice, he was become a Match for the beſt in that Profeſſion. He was ſatisfy'd with what he had, diſdaining any Means of encreaſing it. His Courſe of Life was different from all the reſt of Mankind, turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. He never went abroad 'till it was quite dark, and as ſoon as ever he diſcovered the firſt Dawning of the Day he haſted home.

When he went to ramble about the Streets, tho' in the darkeſt Nights, he took nothing with him but his Sword, a Target hanging to his Girdle, and ſometimes a Guitarre in his Hand. In theſe his Midnight Travels, Fortune threw in his Way ſeveral Adventures, which always prov'd lucky enough to him; at leaſt, he never came off with Diſhonour.

Adventure I.

ABOUT the Middle of *January*, *Don Diego Love-Night*, took a Fancy, near eleven at Night, to ramble the Streets of *Madrid*, playing on his Guitarre, and at Times ſinging ſome diverting Airs to his Inſtrument. He had not gone far from his Houſe, before he put himſelf into a Poſture to ſerenade a certain Lady of his Acquaintance; but calling to Mind, that he had given her that Diverſion ſeveral Times before, and conſidering that malicious Perſons might perhaps miſinterpret his innocent Intentions, and lay ſome Blemiſh on the Reputation of the Perſon he deſigned to honour; he went on, moving as ſlowly, as generally a Man does who is going againſt his Will. He paſſed on from one Street to another, without any Deſign but to uſe Exerciſe for his Health, and to divert himſelf with ſinging and playing on his Guitarre when the Fancy took him. Having travers'd a conſiderable Part of *Madrid*, when the Clocks of the Monaſteries had juſt done ringing the Religious to *Matins*, which is

always at Twelve, he found himself in a Part of the Town he was yet a Stranger to, and should have taken it for the real Mansion of the God of Silence, had not he stumbled on a Dog, that began to groule at him. At the same Time he heard a Window open, and some Body hem, as it were, to invite him to draw near. His Heart was too tender to withstand such a Temptation, so that stopping short, and list'ning with all his Attention, he heard these Words spoken with a whispering Voice: *If it be you who Yesterday left this Place with such Tokens of the Satisfaction you had received, why do you come so late? Don Diego* was somewhat startled at this Question, but yielding to his natural Curiosity, answer'd in the same Tone, *I am he, open the Door, and I will satisfy you.* No sooner had he spoken these Words, but he heard the Door open, and somebody said to him, *Come in softly.* He did so without Hesitation, or considering what the Consequence might be, concluding something must be ventured, rather than let slip so favourable an Opportunity, as he fancied Fortune here offer'd him. He was taken by the Hand, and having been led through several Doors, instead of the loving Embraces he expected, he found himself basely laid hold of behind, his Arms taken away, and brought into a spacious Room, where there were two Candles burning on the Table. Then he found himself in the Hands of four able Fellows, who by their Countenances promis'd him no good Usage. Looking about, he spy'd a venerable old Man, who in an angry Tone, directing his Discourse to those who held our Adventurer, said, *Why did you bring him before me alive? why did not you throatle him as he came in?* Then turning to the Prisoner; *Barbarian,* said he, *I can never believe you are of noble Extraction. Wicked Man! What Wrong could this decripit Old Age do you, that you should fully its Honour upon the Brink of the Grave, where the most infamous Persons desire to be laid without Taint or Blemish! If you had any Cause to thirst after Revenge upon me, why did you not exercise it on this Remainder of Life, which is now expiring, and not on my Reputation, which ought to be everlasting? But your Design was to treat me worse than an Executioner would have done, depriving me of*

two

two Lives at once. You were sensible, that in striking at my Reputation, you stabb'd my Heart. Your Lust has done me a Wrong of such heinous Nature, that tho your Life falls a Sacrifice to me in this Place, to attone for your Offence, yet you will ever remain my Debtor, and your Death will rather serve for a Terror to Others, than be a Satisfaction to me. But away with him, let his Throat be cut immediately, and his Heart ripp'd out to be thrown in his Face, as a Traitor. Yet before you carry him off, call in that mad Woman, that we may celebrate their Nuptials and Funeral together.

Whilst the Old Man paus'd a while, after speaking these words, in came a Lady, whose Eyes and Countenance were so full of Charms, that as soon as *Don Diego* spy'd her, all the Terrors of Death he had conceiv'd by the dreadful Decree of his ancient Judge, were dispell'd, and gave way to the Satisfaction of admiring that beautiful Object. On the other Hand, the Lady seeing that Stranger in the Hands of her Brothers, was so surpriz'd and concern'd, that her Blood flying up to her Face, added much Lustre to her natural Perfection. Her Father and Brothers were amaz'd, and the Prisoner stood in a Rapture. There let us leave them a while in that Perplexity, to discover whence it proceeded.

A certain Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Frederick*, so great a Darling of Nature and Fortune, that they seem'd to contend, who should heap the greatest Favours on him; the latter having made him Master of a most plentiful Estate, and the former deriv'd him from a Noble Family, and endow'd him with a generous Soul, virtuous Inclinations, and a graceful Person. This Gentleman was passionately in love with the Beauty, Wit and Perfections of *Fenicia*, the Lady we last spoke of, who, as she triumph'd in the Conquests she had gain'd over the most accomplish'd Persons about the Court, so was she her self subdu'd by the Victory she had gain'd over *Don Frederick*; either that she had observ'd more Worth in him, or that there was a greater Sympathy between their Souls.

They had manag'd this mutual Affection with such Secrecy, that her Father and Brothers, though they observ'd her Actions most narrowly, could never discover

the leaſt Token of their Familiarity. But as it is a Matter of the greateſt Difficulty to ſecure a Happineſs, which is in the Power of another, who only ſtudies how to deſtroy it, ſo was this diſappointed and cut off, when leaſt expected, by the Cunning and Falſhood of *Frederick*; for after a long counterfeit Show of Conſtancy, attended with many ſpecious Expreſſions of a ſincere Affection, he obtain'd the laſt Favour of *Fenicia*, under a Verbal Promiſe of Marriage. No ſooner had he gain'd this glorious Conqueſt, and by its amorous Wealth been plentifully rewarded for his many Sighs and Tears, but he made *Fenicia* ſenſible by many Signs, that he had not the Value for her ſhe deſerv'd; and ſhe perceiv'd by his Behaviour, that ſhe had but too much Cauſe to repent of what ſhe had done. In fine, ſhe diſcover'd ſo much Coldneſs, and ſo much Impatience in him to be gone, after the Accompliſhment of his Will, that ſhe began to miſtruſt his performing the Proteſtations he had made her. When he was gone, ſhe began to reflect on the Fault ſhe had committed, and to apprehend ſhe was deluded by *Frederick*; Deſpair ſeiz'd her Heart, and ſhe was in a Labyrinth of Confuſion. The remaining Part of the Night, and the next Day, ſhe was ſo troubled with the Thoughts of this Affair, that at Night, when the Time drew near about which *Frederick* was to return, ſhe reſolv'd, tho' not without much Difficulty, to make known her Misfortune to her Father and Brothers, to prevent more fatal Conſequences; that in caſe *Frederick* would break his Promiſe, and not ſtand to his Word, they might adviſe together of the means to compel him.

They were no Strangers to *Don Frederick*'s Name or Quality; but they knew not his Perſon. This both incens'd and confounded them; yet they loſt not much Time in conſulting, or bewailing their Misfortune, but conſidering the Diſtemper was deſperate, they reſolv'd to apply a deſperate Remedy, and to treat *Don Frederick*, as, through Miſtake, they were now going to uſe the innocent *Don Diego*. Fortune deſigning to make her Sport of him, brought him under *Fenicia*'s Windows, juſt at the Time ſhe was upon the Watch, expecting the Approach of her ungrateful Lover; her Trouble, and the Darkneſs of

the

the Night, made her uncapable of distinguishing betwixt the true Person and the false. As soon as she heard she thought it was *Frederick*, and upon that Notion spoke those Words which charm'd poor *Don Diego*, and engag'd him in the Danger where we left him.

Fenicia's Father and Brothers were resolv'd to make *Frederick* marry her, either by his Consent or by Force; or at least to wash out the Stain he had laid on their Honour, with his Blood. However, for the better managing of the Affair, and lest *Frederick* should take a Prejudice to *Fenicia*, they agreed, she should pretend not to have discover'd the Secret; and that as it were to excuse and rescue him out of the Hands of her Brothers, she should positively affirm, that was none of the Person who was with her the Night before; that so he might imagine their Familiarity had been discover'd by the Indiscretion or Falshood of a Servant, who was intrusted with the Secret of their Love.

Thus *Fenicia* startled to see a Person unknown to her, taken in the Snare she had laid for *Frederick*, instead of the Dissimulation and Artifice concerted among them, deliver'd herself with all possible Sincerity, saying, *Brothers, you are mistaken; this Man you use so ill, and wrong so much, is none of the Person you look for. This is not* Frederick. *Good God! what a prodigious Scandal is this after so great a Misfortune. I confess, I transgress'd most hainously the last Night, and brought a great Scandal upon your Reputation; but now our Shame will be made known, since we have acquainted this Man with it, who will never fail to divulge it.*

The Brothers were amaz'd to hear her, and whisper'd one another, *How notably she dissembles, she does it as if she spoke Truth.* She perceiving their double Mistake, endeavour'd all she could to undeceive them, by repeated Oaths and Protestations, till at last they began to gaze upon one another, without speaking a Word, as not knowing what to think of that Business. *Don Diego*, on the other Hand, confirm'd *Fenicia*'s Assertions, alledging they took him for another, for he had never been near their House before; that his Name was *Don Diego*, and he belong'd to the Clergy, and therefore incapable of marrying;

whereupon

whereupon he pull'd out of his Pocket some Letters and other Papers, which prov'd the Truth of his Words. The Old Man, Father to *Fenicia*, was highly incens'd at his Daughter, as the Cause of all these unlucky Accidents.

Love-Night by this Time began to breath more freely, believing he might now expect to be restor'd to his Liberty; but Fortune being resolv'd to make Trial of his Courage, charged him again with fresh Terrors. *Fenicia*'s Brothers, in a Rage to be thus impos'd upon, and at this unknown Person's being made acquainted with their Shame, consulted together how to remedy this Inconveniency; and their Debate being near *Don Diego*, he could hear them talk of murdering him, the Eldest making the Proposal, and the rest consenting to it. *We are unfortunate*, said he, *in all our Undertakings; we have discover'd all our Shame before this Man, who will set it abroad every where as soon as it is Day, to revenge the Affront we have offer'd him. There is no stopping here, let us proceed: We will lead him out now it is Night to some By-place near the Town-Wall, and cut his Throat at the Door of some Bawdy-house, it will never be known who committed the Fact; and thus we may secure ourselves against the Disgrace our Family might lie under.* Some Debates arose upon this bloody Proposal, but at length they all consented to it.

Don Diego still spoke not a Word, hoping if they carry'd him out of the House without holding, he might either save himself by his Heels flying, or by his Hands defending himself; but the Design being made known to the good Old Man, by the most Compassionate of the Conspirators, he drew near *Don Diego* with his Sword in his hand, and trembling, said to him, *Sir, I repose more Confidence in your Discretion, than my Sons can do in your Death. Be gone, in the Name of God; fear no more Harm than what has been already done you. I beg your Pardon, and heartily intreat you to pity my just Sorrow, and to grant that the Infamy of my House may ever lie bury'd in the Secrecy of your generous Heart.*

This said, he restored him his Sword and Guitarre, both taken from him at his coming in; and leading him, without any Noise, to the Street Door, offered to send some

ſome Body to wait on him, as far as he pleaſed. *Don Diego* returned Thanks, and promiſed he would never make known to any Perſon the Misfortune of his Houſe. Having eſcaped this imminent Danger, he made a Vow to be leſs curious for the future, and never to go into a Place he did not know; but he kept not his Promiſe, for when a Man is once out of the Mire, he never thinks of it again. He directed his Courſe homeward, and finding himſelf ſtill under ſome Diſorder, proceeding from the Fright he had been put into, he thought fit to allay it with Muſick; and accordingly, after ſome harmonious Diſcords ſtruck upon his Guitarre, that Inſtrument allowing of as many Diſcords as Concords, he ſeconded it with his Voice, ſinging as follows;

SONG.

I.

AS ſoon as fair Aurora *wakes,*
And ſpreads her Bluſhes red as Fire,
His Journey brighter Phœbus *takes,*
Your Beauty to admire.

II.

Your Eyes the glorious Stars out-ſhine,
Their Rays afford us Warmth and Light,
Your Preſence makes the Day divine,
Your Abſence diſmal Night.

III.

No Planet will pretend to ſhow
His Head, when once your Beams appear;
All then is here ſerene below,
And all above is clear.

IV.

The Sun to Jove *does oft complain,*
And at your mighty Pow'r repines,
For that your Eyes light Land and Main,
And breed the Gold in Mines.

V.

The Heav'ns which Life to all Things give,
Admire their Workmanſhip in you;
But th' envious Moon in Spight does grieve,
And mourns in ſable Hue.

VI.

The Lillies touch'd by your fair Hand,
Do bluſh to think they're not ſo white,
Roſes look pale, when near you ſtand,
And ſhame them with your Sight.

VII.

All theſe Perfections, all theſe Charms,
Ungrateful Coyneſs will deſtroy,
Unleſs you yield to Cupid's *Arms,*
And his Delights enjoy.

VIII.

Then do not practiſe how to ſcorn,
But all diſdainful Thoughts remove,
The Man to worſhip you was born,
Him you were born to love.

As he concluded his Song, he found himſelf at his own Door; and at the ſame Time ſpy'd a Man, who had followed him cloſe at the Heels all the Way from *Fenicia*'s Houſe, and, ſtepping up to him, ſaid, *A Word with you, Sir.* *Don Diego* was ſomewhat ſurpriz'd at this Sight, believing it was one of *Fenicia*'s mad Brothers, who, contrary to his Father's Command, was come to execute the Sentence there pronounced againſt him, and by that Means to make known the Diſhonour of his Family; becauſe in all likelyhood whatſoever paſs'd betwixt them, could not be done without Noiſe. However, ſeeing but one ſingle Man, he would not rouze any of his Servants, leſt he might think he was afraid, or ſuſpect he deſigned him foul Play. He went boldly up to him, with his Sword in his Hand, but not drawn, becauſe the other had not yet declared himſelf an Enemy; and asking

asking what Buſineſs he had with him, underſtood he was *Frederick*, that fortunate Lover, who had triumph'd over *Fenicia*'s Honour, and having been engaged in ſome Buſineſs of high Conſequence, could not repair to her, till juſt *Don Diego* was coming out. This Accident had ſtartled him very much, as believing that none but himſelf had Admittance into that Houſe, which occaſioned a Jealouſy in him, and reſolving to clear his Doubts, he had followed *Love-Night*, to diſcover who he was; till ſeeing him juſt ready to go into his Houſe, he call'd upon him to ſatisfy his Curioſity.

Urg'd on by Jealouſy, he forgot all Civility upon this Occaſion; ſo that as ſoon as *Don Diego* was turned to him, he urged him to draw with ſome abuſive Language. *Love-Night* provok'd by his inſolent Words, threw down his Guitarre on the Stones, which return'd a Sound, as if it complain'd of his Unkindneſs. This done, he immediately put himſelf into a Poſture to chaſtiſe the Raſhneſs of his Adverſary, whom he ſoon made ſenſible that he was better skill'd at his Weapons than he, or at leaſt more fortunate, for *Frederick* wanted neither Skill nor Courage. *Don Diego* preſs'd hard upon him, and gave him two home Thruſts, which were a ſufficient good Proof of the Strength of his Arm, and made him drop, crying out, *I am a dead Man*. *Love-Night* ſeeing him in this deplorable Condition, and almoſt ſpeechleſs, took Pity on his Misfortune, call'd up his Servants, had Light brought out, and removed the unhappy Gentleman into that Apartment of his Houſe he had reſerved for Strangers. There he was laid on a good Bed, though then he ſeem'd to be fitter for the Grave. A Prieſt and Surgeon were ſent for, who both perform'd the Duty of their Function almoſt at the ſame Time. The wounded Man coming to himſelf, own'd his Raſhneſs, declaring he had been the Aggreſſor, to clear his Adverſary. *Don Diego*, on the other Hand, being willing to calm *Don Frederick*'s Thoughts, and remove the ill Impreſſion he had received as to *Fenicia*'s Fidelity, gave him the whole Hiſtory of the Danger he had been in at her Houſe, on his Account, being taken for him, and in the utmoſt Hazard of loſing his Life at the Hands of her Father

and

and Brothers. When he had ended his Relation, he repreſented to him how perfidious an Action it would be to deceive ſuch a beautiful Lover, who had ſuffered herſelf to be perſwaded by his fair Words, and to be conquer'd by his Merit. In ſhort, he charg'd it ſo home to his Conſcience, and ſpoke ſo feelingly to his Soul, ſhowing the Wrong he did to ſo many Perſons, and the Danger he run in having four Brothers for his profeſs'd Enemies, that he prevail'd with him to proteſt, in the Preſence of all that were there, that he would perform his Promiſe made to *Fenicia*, as ſoon as recovered.

Heaven heard and ſeconded this juſt Vow; for from that Moment he began viſibly to recover, and not long after was as good as his Word. To this Effect he deſired *Don Diego*, with whom he had contracted a ſingular Friendſhip, to go viſit *Fenicia* from him, and give her freſh Aſſurances of his Fidelity; ſtill reſerving it to himſelf, to give her an Account ſome other Time of the Encounter betwixt them, for Fear ſhe ſhould be in Trouble about his Recovery. *Love-Night* thought it a great Happineſs, that he was pitch'd upon to deliver ſo pleaſing a Meſſage to the Lady.

He went to her Houſe, and found her labouring under the greateſt Affliction, becauſe ſhe had never heard of her *Frederick* ſince ſhe reſigned up her Honour to him. She was ſick a-Bed, and her Father in the ſame Condition, both of them overwhelm'd with Grief, begging of Heaven, what was not in the Power of Man to grant, which was either Death, or the retrieving of their Honour. *Fenicia*'s four Brothers, inrag'd at the Affront, they thought all the World could read on their Faces, hearing no News of the Perſon who had ſo diſhonoured them, believed he had abſented himſelf, and, upon this Suppoſition, reſolved to diſperſe themſelves, and to go to ſeveral Places, in Hopes to meet and take a bloody Revenge for their Wrong.

As *Fenicia* and her Father were diſcourſing about their Diſaſter, deſpairing of ever receiving any Satisfaction, *Love-Night* enter'd their Chamber with a joyful Countenance, which teſtified the good News he brought them. No Doubt, but the two ſick Perſons were amazed to ſee him,

him, as not knowing what Design could bring him thither. To ease them of their Pain and Anxiety, he succinctly related the Occasion of his Visit, and gave them such Assurances of the Truth of his Words, that *Fenicia* and her Father, ravish'd with Excess of Joy, believed this was some Miracle or Enchantment, considering that the Person, whom, but a few Days before, they would have put to Death, was now come to restore them to Life. They received him as an Angel, and returned Thanks to Heaven for having pity'd their Misfortunes. From that Time *Fenicia* recovered her former Graces, which had suffered much by her Afflictions, the good old Man reviv'd, and *Frederick* being perfectly cur'd, went with *Don Diego* to ratify the Promise he had brought from him. His Presence gave *Fenicia* fresh Life, and he saluted her Father as a Son-in-Law, and her as his Bride. Messengers were instantly sent to recal her Brothers, who being summoned to be present at the Recovery of their Honour, hasted to *Madrid*. *Frederick*'s Kindred and Friends were invited, and, by a general Consent, their Nuptials were celebrated, to the Satisfaction of all Parties concern'd; where *Don Diego* was honoured as a principal Guest, for having been the chief Cause of that happy Success.

Adventure II.

THE Memory of past Accidents might have been a sufficient Warning to *Don Diego* for the securing of his future Quiet; but the Dangers he had escaped could not restrain him from continuing his extravagant Customs. The Glory he had acquired by his late Escape, made him hope he should be no less successful in other Adventures. After the Marriage of *Frederick* he staid at home some Time, indulging such commendable Diversions as other Men are wont to take; but soon gave Way again to his unruly Temper, *Amazor*'s good Advice being of no Force to restrain him.

This *Amazor* was a Person of Learning and Experience, under whose Tuition *Don Diego* had spent some Part of his younger Years, and learnt all he knew of

Literature and Civil Converſation. Nor was he to blame, tho' he had not been more ſucceſsful in his Pupil, as having never omitted any Thing in his Power to reſtrain him; but it is almoſt impoſſible for Human Foreſight to gain the Aſcendant over a Mind ſo much addicted to its perverſe Habits, as that of *Don Diego*. *Amazor* nevertheleſs reſolved to make another Trial, and endeavour by new Perſuaſions to ſubdue that rebellious Temper. He waited for a fair Opportunity, and diſcours'd him after this Manner.

Don Diego, ſaid he, *you give me juſt Occaſion to reckon myſelf the moſt unfortunate of all Men of my Profeſſion. After ſo many Years ſpent in your Company; after ſo many Admonitions and Remonſtrances as I have made, and ſo many Examples as I have laid before you, I muſt ſtill be reproached with not having been able to correct the perverſe Inclinations of your Infancy, as not having led you in the Paths of Virtue. Muſt I loſe the juſt Reward I could hope for my Labours in making you a good Man? Shall I, inſtead of that due Reward, ſee myſelf expoſed to the Reflections of all that either ſee or hear of the unaccountable Life you lead, who will charge me with Neglect in employing that little Skill I have in educating Youth? But laying aſide what concerns me, have not you Senſe enough to perceive that you are the Sport of all Companies, and the Scorn of all your Equals? Do not you obſerve that every Body rails at the extravagant and ridiculous Way you have found of paſſing away your Life, ſo different from the reſt of Mankind? It may truly be ſaid you are of a black and dark Diſpoſition, ſince it makes you hate and ſhun Day-Light, which is ſo pleaſing to all the World. Were there any Pretence to excuſe this Madneſs; had you any amorous Intrigues to prevail with you to love the Darkneſs of the Night as you do, none would wonder at it; nay, you would be thought diſcreet, as ſuppoſing you made Uſe of that Time to conceal your Affections, and prevent the Scandal they might give; but to ſuffer yourſelf, without any Occaſion, to be led away by ſo unreaſonable a Humour, which is prejudicial to your Health, and hourly expoſe your Life to Dangers, as appears by your laſt Adventure, is too viſible a Madneſs, and which cannot any*

Way

Way be palliated. If you continue any longer these extravagant Night Rambles, you will soon be involv'd in some deplorable Misfortune, and perhaps lose both your Life and Honour, which is a double Death. The Affection I have always bore you, obliges me to give you this one Admonition more, that, if after it you come to any Disaster, as you are in the ready Way to it, none may have Occasion to say, you wanted Advice and Admonitions to give over, but rather that it may be known you were the only Cause of your own Calamities. For my own Part, I quit you and your House; I will not be a Witness to the Mischiefs that threaten you, nor see my Time, Labour, and Instructions so ill bestow'd.

This said, he made to the Door to be gone, and leave the House; but *Don Diego* interpos'd, endeavouring to stop him. Thus they struggled together through Affection, not in Anger. At last *Don Diego* promised to reform, and follow his Advice. As a Proof of his Sincerity, he laid by his Arms, and for two Days led quite another Sort of Life than he was wont to do, like the rest of Mankind, making Use of Night and Day, according to the Course of Nature. But this Method being a Constraint upon his Humour, the very third Night he began to repent him of Well-doing, and, being restless in his Bed, to detest *Amazor*'s Severity; calling him a frantick Pedant, a tyrannick Usurper over his Liberty, and a thousand other opprobrious Names. Thus was he diverting himself, when he heard a Coach in the Street, which stopping near his House, gave him the Opportunity of delighting his Ears with the Musick of a Lute. He got up, and went to the Window, and soon after a charming Voice, which seem'd to be a Woman's, sang to the Instrument as follows.

SONG.

I.

GO nimble Thought, take Flight
To him that has my Heart,
Ask why he shuns my Sight,
To him my Griefs impart.

II.

Fly Thought, and quickly find
The Iſſue of my Fate,
Whether he ſtill is kind,
Or now begins to hate.

III.

See if he does not ſhare
That Heart which ſhould be mine,
With any other Fair,
Whom now he thinks divine.

IV.

Then back to me again,
And tell if falſe he prove,
For 'twill not give me Pain,
But cure me of my Love.

After theſe Verſes, the ſame Voice ſung others, but all of them ſo ſatyrical and biting, that all who heard them were extremely ſcandaliz'd, and particularly a Courtezan, or Woman of the Town, that lived near *Don Diego*, to whom they were directed, and who liſtned to them, or at leaſt might have done ſo. She was a Friend to, and under the Protection of our Adventurer, and therefore he carefully obſerved every Word that might offend her. This put him again into another Fit of curſing *Amazor*'s Advice. He dreſs'd himſelf in a Hurry, laid hold of his Target and Sword, made by the famous *Hernandez* of *Toledo*, and without ſtaying to button his Coat, or tie up his Garters, flew out of his Houſe like Lightening, to find out the Perſon that had ſung that ſcandalous Lampoon upon his Neighbour. He was ſo enraged, that tho' the Coach was then got far off, he ſoon overtook it, all in a Sweat. He never gave over calling out till he made the Coachman ſtop, and then let fly ſuch a Peal of foul Language againſt thoſe who were in it, that had they not been lewd People, and us'd to ſuch Salutes, much Blood muſt have been ſhed. They, inſtead of falling into a Paſſion, laugh'd heartily, and broke

broke many Jeſts upon his Perſon, his Words, and the Dreſs he was in, and bidding the Coachman drive on, left *Don Diego* quite beſide himſelf, and out of Breath, his Paſſion had ſo heated him. However, he had ſtill Strength and Folly enough to run after the Coach, and obſerve where it ſtopped, deſigning to take a more convenient Time to ſeek his Satisfaction with leſs Danger to himſelf, and more Diſgrace to her who had done the Wrong.

Let us now unravel this Myſtery, and diſcover who theſe Perſons were, for the better underſtanding of our Story. The Lady whom *Don Diego* protected, was *Carcelia*, and ſhe who came to provoke her, *Fauſtina*, both of them ſo much alike in their Life, Cuſtoms and Condition, that what was ſaid in Commendation or Diſpraiſe of the one might be fitly apply'd to the other. *Don Diego* upon this Occaſion ſhow'd his Wit and Art, for he found means to get a Copy of thoſe ſatyrical Verſes, the Contents whereof had ſo nettled *Carcelia*, and thought that changing the Name of *Carcelia* into that of *Fauſtina*, they would be ſufficiently alter'd, and ſhe be abundantly mortify'd with her own Weapons. In ſhort, he had juſt cauſe to admire his Project, for reading the Verſes, he found them ſo pat to his purpoſe, that he ſuſpected the Author of them had given a good Proof of his malicious Wit; for, under Pretence of falling foul on *Carcelia*, he abus'd *Fauſtina* in the higheſt degree, making her own Tongue and Voice the Inſtruments to publiſh her Lewdneſs, and other Vices of her irregular Life.

Don Diego imparted his Deſign to ſome Perſons much better diſpos'd to purſue any ſcandalous Undertaking, than to approve of ſuch as was virtuous. They heighten'd his Paſſion, magnifying the Wrong, and offer'd to have a ſhare in executing his Revenge. In this grave Council it was decreed, That they would give a Serenade with all ſorts of ridiculous Inſtruments, which were two Sow-Gelder's Horns, two Tinker's Whiſtles of ſeveral Sizes, two crack'd Bells, two Rattles of different Magnitudes, two Guitarres, and two Fiddles out of Tune, without Frets, and play'd on by unskilful Hands, and

ſome Kettles, one bigger than another, to make the more compleat Set of Muſick.

Item, That there ſhould be a Dialogue compos'd in Verſe, to be ſpoken by two young Men, the one repreſenting *Fauſtina*, and the other her Siſter *Popea*, cloath'd as near their ordinary Habit as might be.

That the Subject of the Dialogue ſhould be a falling out between the two Siſters, by which means they might expoſe the Truth of their ſcandalous Life.

That this Dialogue ſhould be got by Heart by ſuch as had a ſtrong Voice, and could pronounce it diſtinctly.

That there ſhould be ſeveral formal Rehearſals of it, before the ſolemn Day, for Fear of being out.

That *Don Diego* ſhould provide a comical Triumphal Chariot, of the Nature of thoſe us'd in *Shrovetide*, which was to be all beſet with lighted Flambeaux, the better to ſhow the Perſons within; the ſaid open Chariot to ſerve for a Theatre to recite the Dialogue.

That the Chariot ſhould be plac'd before *Fauſtina*'s Windows, which ſhe ſhould be oblig'd to open by fair or foul means, that ſhe might not pretend to be ignorant of the Affront done her.

Amidſt ſo many mad Men met in Conſultation, there happen'd to be one wiſer than the reſt, who us'd a thouſand good Arguments to divert them from this Folly, repreſenting the Scandal it would give; but there being no body to ſecond him, his good Advice was rewarded with a general Laughter, and he for ever baniſh'd their Society. Next they made Choice of the beſt Poet in the Company to compoſe the Dialogue, which was ſtuff'd with all the Ribaldry and infamous abuſive Language his Muſe could inſpire, to the great Satisfaction of *Don Diego* and his Aſſociates.

This important and grave Declamation requiring to be well conn'd, there were abundance of merry Meetings, Suppers and Collations, to this Purpoſe, at *Don Diego*'s Houſe, and at his Expence, wherein *Bacchus* was always Preſident inſtead of *Apollo*. When all theſe choice Actors had got their Parts, and were prepar'd to play their Droll, *Don Diego* would have them make the laſt Rehearſal in the Preſence of *Carcelia*, who, with many other Nymphs of

of her own Stamp, repair'd to his Houſe; where, after a plentiful Collation, ſhe preſided at this ſolemn Act, and gave her Advice where ſhe thought any thing might be added or left out of this inſolent Piece of Revenge, which ſhe look'd upon as a juſt Puniſhment. The Work having ſtood this wiſe Cenſure, and being judg'd fit to appear in Publick, it was order'd to be perform'd the next Night, without any further Delay, for Fear the Secret ſhould be divulg'd, and come to the Knowledge of the Parties concern'd, who being back'd by the Power of their Protectors, that were great and numerous, might not only diſappoint the Project, but make Examples of the Contrivers.

About Midnight they began to provide all the Inſtruments deſign'd for this helliſh Serenade, but without any Noiſe, their Intention being not to diſturb any Body, but ſuch as had the ill Fortune to live near enough the Ladies mention'd in the Dialogue, for whom the Entertainment was contriv'd. The ridiculous Machine of the Triumphal Chariot began to move, being drawn by ſix ſtately Courſers, commonly call'd Porters, who coming near the End of their Journey, quite ſpent with Toil and Thirſt, found all their Labour was in vain, and their Progreſs diſappointed, the End of the Street where their Buſineſs lay being barricado'd. The Caſe was, that a Gentleman of the greateſt Quality, who liv'd in that Street, being dangerouſly ill, had, with the Magiſtrates Leave, caus'd Poſts to be ſet up in the Street with Rails a-croſs them, to hinder Carriages paſſing that way, and diſturbing his Reſt. *Don Diego* and his Gang made a Halt, and after beſtowing a plentiful Peal of Curſes againſt the Rails reſolv'd to force them, and go thorough with their Enterprize. This was ſoon done; for every Man putting his Hand to the Work, they had it all down in a Moment

The Machine was now near the Place where the ſcurrilous Droll was to be acted, when the ſick Gentleman's Steward arriv'd, attended by the chief of the Servants, who had been at the Apothecaries, for ſome Medicines they had been to ſee prepar'd, according to the Doctor's Preſcription. They, much ſurpriz'd to find the Barrier thrown down, and to hear ſuch a dreadful Noiſe in the Street

Street, went up to the likelieſt Perſons in the Gang, and very courteouſly acquainted them, that their Maſter was very ſick, that he was ſuch a Man of Quality, and therefore deſir'd them to withdraw, without making any more Noiſe. Thoſe who heard this Account could return no Anſwer, till they had firſt conſulted *Don Diego*, as their Chief; who being call'd to them, put them off with good Words, which took no Effect. As ſoon as the Servants were got into their Houſe, *Don Diego*'s Companions began to clear up their Inſtruments, making ſuch a helliſh Noiſe as alarm'd all the Street. The poor ſick Gentleman, who had his Phyſician watching by him, enquiring what ſudden Storm this was, his Servants told him what they had met. Immediately all the Servants were call'd up, Footmen, Grooms, Coachmen, and all the reſt, who were very numerous; and underſtanding the Inſolency committed againſt the Reſpect due to their Maſter, and the Regard to his Indiſpoſition, prepar'd to go lay thoſe turbulent Spirits by Dint of Swords, of Halberts, and all other Weapons that came to Hand, and Paſſion provided. In this Poſture they ſally'd out upon them, and the Flambeaux being lighted, and the Dialogue beginning, they made directly to the Chariot, which they broke in Pieces, overturning all that were in it. *Don Diego* and his Guard came up immediately to their Reſcue, and there enſu'd a furious Fray, many Heads broken, and Limbs maim'd on both Sides. Having thus vented their Cholour, they parted by Conſent, and every one carried off the Blows he had got.

Fauſtina and *Popea*, who were at their Windows, being inform'd that this wonderful Concert was provided for them, return'd joyfully to Bed, for having been ſo glorioufly reveng'd, without knowing any thing of the Matter. However, their Joy was not laſting; for ſo great was the Authority of the ſick Gentleman, their Neighbour, that he underſtanding that their infamous Life was the Cauſe of thoſe Night Diſturbances, complain'd to the Magiſtrates, who baniſh'd them the Court; and thus the ſecond Affront was worſe than the firſt. Some of the Combatants on both Sides were ſecur'd and fin'd; *Don Diego*, who was the Contriver of all this Trouble, ſlipt his Neck out of the Halter, pretending he was to be try'd by another Court.

Court, and having powerful Friends; for, excepting this Extravagancy of Night-rambling, he was a pleasant Companion. Thus he sav'd himself out of the Clutches of some little griping Officers of Justice, who would gladly have laid hold of him, or rather of his Purse, to get a good Squeeze out of it.

Adventure III.

Amazor, vex'd within himself at this second mad Adventure of *Don Diego*, and finding he was deliver'd from the Pursuit of the Officers, though not without much Trouble, and many weary Steps, resolv'd to rid himself of all the Vexation his Pupil's Extravagancy gave him. He apprehended the World laid all *Don Diego*'s Follies to his Charge, as having been his Tutor; and therefore to clear himself from that false Imputation, thought himself oblig'd to withdraw from his Company, that he might give a publick Demonstration of his Dislike to that disorderly Course of Life. He acquainted *Don Diego* with his Design, who was not now of the same Mind he had been before, when he made the same Proposal; but instead of endeavouring to dissuade, and oppose his Departure, as he did the other Time, now gave him his way, and told him very coldly, *That he was his own Master, and might do as he thought fit.* *Amazor* surpriz'd to be thus taken at his Word, was oblig'd in Honour to do as he said, and went off accordingly. Very few Days were past, before he perceiv'd that his Positiveness cost him dear; he knew not before what it was to live upon his own, nor was he sensible of being maintain'd by another; whilst he enjoy'd it, he thought nothing of it; for we never truly understand the Value of Things, till we have lost them.

Being weary of these Burdens, and willing to be eas'd of them, he apply'd himself to some Persons of Note, who had an Influence over *Don Diego* to reconcile him to his Pupil again, and get him restor'd to his House in the same Condition he was before. It was a difficult matter to obtain this Favour, unless to *Amazor*'s Disadvantage; for it was upon Condition, That he should lose the

the Authority of a Tutor; that every one might live after his own Fashion; that there should be a Liberty of Behaviour, and that one should not find Fault with what the other did. For the better Performance of these Articles, *Amazor* was to lodge in a different Part of the House from *Don Diego*. On these Terms Peace was concluded, *Don Diego* thinking it a great Happiness, that he had shaken off the Yoke of this pedantick Jurisdiction, as he stiled the Government of *Amazor*.

Don Diego's natural Inclination to Singing, and playing on musical Instruments, and the continual Practice of it, had rendered him a great Proficient, even among the best Masters; and it being a certain Rule, that like Inclinations produce Friendship, he became familiarly acquainted with a young Lady, so perfectly skill'd in Musick, that she might be reckon'd a Tenth Muse. He engag'd himself so deep in her Affection, and so entirely devoted himself to it, that he quite forgot all his other Affairs. Whatsoever Proofs he could give her of his Passion, yet he never obtain'd any other Favour from her than what modest Conversation would allow; and that always before other Women. He spent a whole Spring and Summer in this Pursuit, and yet the Autumn afforded him no Harvest; he always hop'd, but nothing came of it.

This Lady, whose Name was *Sirena*, a Name suitable to her Inclinations, was marry'd to a Man of Quality and Honour; but so wonderful jealous, that whatsoever he imagin'd, seem'd to him most certainly true. A long Journey which had kept him a considerable Time from *Madrid*, gave *Don Diego* sufficient Opportunity to make his Addresses, and *Sirena* the Opportunity of diverting herself as she thought fit; but after her Husband's Return she was much abridg'd of her Liberty. She gave *Don Diego* Notice of it, desiring he would refrain from walking about her House, as he did continually, for fear her Husband should take Notice of it; and appointed him to meet her the following Night at ten a Clock, in the next House to her own, which belong'd to a Neighbour, her Confident, where they might discourse freely of the Means of continuing their Friendships; and that he

he might not mistake the Place of Rendezvous, there should be somebody in the Street to direct him.

Don Diego receiv'd this Message with a great deal of Joy, thinking what he had so long hop'd for was at length come to pass, and that *Sirena* would now bestow on him the Reward his long Services had deserv'd. When the Hour was come, the Gallant dress'd himself to the best Advantage, that he might make the better Appearance; and provided himself with defensive Arms against all Accidents. He walk'd out in a very hasty manner, for Fear of coming last to the Place appointed; but when he came thither, and saw no body in the Street to direct him what he was to do, he was forc'd to arm himself with Patience, expecting to hear from *Sirena*. Sometimes he walk'd, and other whiles stood still and listned, complaining of his Fate, when one of *Sirena*'s Maids came to the Door, and told him, that her Mistress had been oblig'd to go abroad a walking, to take the fresh Air, with her Husband, she knew not whither, and therefore desir'd him to come again two Hours after. These Words went to his Heart, for he expected to have met with better Entertainment; but after pausing a while, he concluded that *Sirena* could not but comply so far with her Husband, and therefore, like her, he must resolve to have Patience, and expect her Return, which to him seem'd an Age off. He endeavour'd to divert his Uneasiness, walking backwards and forwards, and at length discover'd another Man in the same sort of Motion, waiting to speak to a Lady in the Neighbourhood of *Sirena*. *Don Diego* resolv'd to leave him a clear Stage, for fear of being known, and giving Scandal; for he was a discreet Lover, and accordingly walk'd away to the *Prado*, or the Meadows without the Town, to wait the Time appointed him. The Air proving cooler than usual, and the Night darker, made the Place all hush'd and solitary; for tho that is the Place to which all the Gentlemen and Ladies go a-airing, there was no Body in it then, because it was Midnight. Here he had Leisure to divert his Thoughts, without fearing to be disturb'd or incommoded by any passing by. He walk'd twice the whole Length of the Place, fetching large Steps, and hastily, as if that had any way shortned

ſhortned the Time ſet him to return ; and when he was upon the Point of going off, he heard a Woman complain not far from him, who ſpoke theſe Words : *Can you be ſo falſe, thou dear better half of my Soul, as to bring me hither to murder me ? Don Diego* pitying her, obſerv'd from whence thoſe doleful Accents came, and without thinking of his appointed Return, made up thither with his Target in one Hand, and his Sword in the other, to ſuccour the Perſon that ſeem'd to be in ſuch Danger. He had ſcarce gone twenty Steps, before he met with a Coach drawn by a Pair of Horſes, ſhut on the one ſide, and open on the other, and at a little Diſtance a Man a-foot and a Woman kneeling before him. The Man hearing ſome body approach her, went to meet him with Sword in Hand. *Stand*, ſaid he to *Don Diego*. *Do you ſtand*, reply'd *Diego* boldly, *and know that I come to puniſh you for your Baſeneſs towards that poor Woman, who has no other Defence but her Tears, which are powerful enough againſt a generous Heart, unknown to you, ſince her Complaints do not move you.* The Man finding his Honour concern'd, return'd the Anſwer with his Sword. *Don Diego* put by the Paſs, and ſo they fell to it, each endeavouring to put an End to his Adverſary ; but *Diego* proving either more skilful or more fortunate, gave him two Thruſts one upon another, which laid him flat, crying, *Sweet Jeſus help me, I am a dead Man* ; and ſo he fainted away. *Don Diego* immediately ran to take up the Woman, who dropt down for Grief, conceiv'd at the laſt Words ſhe heard him utter that would have kill'd her, believing he was dead ; for whether ſhe apprehended ſome ill Conſequence of that Accident, or that ſhe really lov'd the Man, *Don Diego* found her in a Swoon, and quite ſenſeleſs. He took her up, put her into the Coach, and playing the part of a Coachman, drove directly to his own Houſe ; where he beat up *Amazor*, who lay in his own Apartment, made him riſe and come out without a Candle, for fear the Neighbours ſhould ſee any Thing. They both together laid the Woman on a Bed, without calling any Servant to their Aſſiſtance becauſe there is no Secret where ſuch are concern'd. Then *Don Diego* ſaid to *Amazor : Here is a Woman I know nothing of, but I have ſav'd her Life. I*

happen'd

happen'd to be in a Place where a barbarous Fellow would have murder'd her; she is still in a Swoon with the Fright, take Care of her I charge you. This said, he went out again, got up into the Coach-box, and drove to a very good Churchman's House, whom he call'd aloud, desiring him to look out at his Window, which he did, and then *Don Diego*, without naming him, said, *Sir, Your Reverence will be pleas'd to understand, that this Coach was accidentally found in the Street, without either Master or Coachman; I leave it with you, being fully satisfy'd that in your Justice you will use all possible means to have it restor'd to the right Owner; Farewel.* He expected no Answer, but made away immediately, leaving the good Man full of Confusion. Thence he took his way towards *Sirena*'s House, very much disturb'd in Mind, as fearing he had slipt his Time, it being an Hour later than the Time appointed him to return. Being come to the Door, he found *Sirena*'s Maid, who told him, her Mistress was not yet come; that she must needs be gone to her Mother's, with her Husband; she being a rich Widow, from whom she never return'd empty handed. That in case she was there, he need not expect her that Night, or perhaps in a Week; for she was so very fond of her Mother, that whensoever she went thither, there was no getting her away. This long Story rais'd some Jealousy in *Don Diego* who was sharp enough to suspect the Maid might put upon him; but not knowing what the Design of it might be, he would not ask any more Questions; but pretended to believe her, and be gone.

Thus exercising his Patience, he took a great Compass about *Sirena*'s House, in which he spent above half an Hour, and passing again before the Door, he found it full of Officers, Constables and Rabble, making a mighty Noise. Drawing near, and asking the Occasion of all that Bustle, they told him, that they had just brought in *Don Leander*, Husband to the beautiful *Sirena*, dangerously wounded, and that it was not known whom he had fought with. Hearing this, he thought it not convenient to stay any longer there, because being known to have made Love to his Wife, if he were found there armed, as he then was, he might be taken up, and it

would be a hard Matter to clear his Innocence, as he really imagined; for he could not think he was any way concern'd in that Action. He hasted home to send out one of his Servants, to bring him a true Account of what had happened to *Sirena*'s Husband.

By the Way he much lamented that poor Man's Misfortune, wishing that he who had committed that Crime might be severely punished, not that he had any Kindness for *Leander*, but for *Sirena*'s Sake, because if he should die without Issue, she would lose all she had, the next Heirs coming in for the Estate. But let us go back, and see in what Condition the unfortunate Woman *Don Diego* carry'd home is in.

We left her half dead, in the Hands of *Amazor*, who desiring to relieve her in that Distress, lighted a Candle, and put a little Composition of *Alkermes* into her Mouth, which reviv'd her Spirits. Opening her Eyes, she was amaz'd to find her self in a strange Place, and by an unknown Man, being uncertain whether it was he that sav'd her from Death. *Sir*, said she, *if you are the Person whose Courage and Valour sav'd my Life, I conjure you by that same Generosity, to save me from Scandal! and to that purpose, I beseech you without asking who I am, if you know it not already, to conduct me e'er it be Day before the Church of St.* Jerome. *That will be the greatest Favour you can do me, in the miserable Condition your Charity has reduc'd me to. Alas! the Man you kill'd was my Husband. It is true he design'd against my Life, and you prevented him; I return you my Thanks, but am not oblig'd to Fate, for I could wish with all my Heart our Doom had been chang'd.*

Amazor was much amaz'd at these Words, and being discreet, concluded it must be *Don Diego*, to whom the Lady directed her Discourse, and that this was some unlucky Business, from which it was convenient to extricate him. So that observing the Woman's Disorder, he guess'd she did not know *Don Diego*, and that he ought to take the Advantage of her Ignorance, as he did very ingeniously. *Madam*, said he, *I am unworthy of all those Compliments you bestow on me, you must keep them for him that better deserves them; you may perceive*

by

by my Mien and Garb, that I am better at my Pen than my Sword. In short, I am altogether a Stranger to what you tell me. I know not who you are, unless you be an Angel, for your Beauty makes me think you so. But without enquiring any farther, or losing the Time you count so precious, since you desire to be gone from hence before Day; I offer to conduct you to the Church of St. Jerome, *upon Condition, that before we go out of this Room, you will give me Leave to vail your Face, and hood-wink your Eyes, and that you swear you will not discover your self till I leave you; assuring you upon the Word of a Christian, that it shall be done with all the Respect due to your Person, and that I am extreamly concern'd to be forc'd to use you so severely, and in such a mistrustful manner; but I must tell you, that it is absolutely necessary so to do, for several Reasons, which I desire you will be pleas'd to enquire no more than I do after who you are.*

The poor Woman finding herself at the Mercy of that Man, and considering in what courteous manner he discours'd her, wholly resign'd her self to his Discretion, promising upon Oath not to touch her Face, without his Consent. *Amazor* presently made a *Cupid* of her, he bound her Eyes, and led her out of the House. Every Step he went with her he look'd behind him; every little Noise he fancied was the Watch coming to lay hold of him, and in his Fright he got to the Church of St. *Jerome*. That being the Place to which the Lady had desir'd to be conducted, he put himself into a Posture to leave her, and bidding her Farewel, run away as swift as if he had flown, Fear finding Wings, and got into *Don Diego*'s House, blessing God for having deliver'd him from that great Danger.

The Lady finding herself free, and that her Guide had left her, unbound her Eyes, and perceiv'd she was by St. *Jerome*, it being then Day, and thinking she had been in a Dream, or come out of some Enchantment, she took Shelter in her Mother's House, which was near that Church.

Don Diego got home almost as soon as *Amazor*, and found him panting, and quite out of Breath, after the Race he had run. Tho' our Adventurer was extreamly

melancholy on account of the many Disapointments he had met as to his Expectations, he did not omit to ask *Amazor*, whence all that Commotion he saw in him proceeded. *Amazor*, in a very discontented manner reply'd, *These are the Effects of your Rashness, which are the Cause of much Trouble to those who have more Regard for your Life and Honour than your self.* *Don Diego* being amaz'd at these Words, *Amazor* explain'd himself, telling him every Particular from the Time he left that unknown Lady with him. He repeated the Words she said to him, and declar'd how he had conducted her blind-folded, and what Reasons he had for so doing. *Don Diego* considering what a good Office *Amazor* had done him; as being very apprehensive that he might be call'd to an Account for what had happen'd in the *Prado*; embrac'd him in Testimony of being sensible of the Obligation. Whilst they were discoursing together concerning the Particulars of this strange Adventure, they heard knocking at the Street-Door, as if the Person were in Haste to come in. *Don Diego* and *Amazor*, in a Consternation, as being before dispos'd to apprehend Danger, look'd upon one another, as dumb as two Statues. At length having heard the Knocking repeated a third time, *Don Diego* went himself to the Door, where he found a Boy, who brought him a Letter from *Sirena*. That charming Name restor'd Peace to his Thoughts, and made his Blood circulate freely. The Messenger being brought in, he read the Letter, which was to this Effect.

Sirena's *Letter to* Don Diego.

'*DON Leander*, overcome by his continual Jealou-
'sy, and incens'd by a perfidious Servant, who in-
'form'd him our Visits had been so familiar, that his
'Honour was concern'd, last Night us'd me after a most
'base and treacherous Manner. He ask'd me to go
'abroad to my Mother's, a Visit so unusual with him,
'that I was fain at other times to court him long before
'he would consent to it. I innocently made ready to
'comply with his Desires, for fear he should suspect any
'thing, tho at the same time it troubled me very much
'to fail of the Assignation I had given you. We went
out

out, and at the End of the Street found a Coach he had order'd to be there, and putting me into it, said, We will go see your Mother To-morrow, let us go to Night and take the fresh Air in the *Prado*. I would not order the Coach to come to our Door, that I might not be oblig'd to bring our Neighbours with us; if it be not too late when we come back, we will call and bid your Mother good-night. What you please, said I. We took so great a Compass about the Town, before we came in to the *Prado*, that it was almost Midnight when we got thither; and tho the Weather was cold and cloudy, yet we alighted. He told me, I should hear a Page that sung delicately, and then order'd the Coachman, being the only Person that was with us, to go call him, at a Gentleman's House, who was his Friend, and he said liv'd hard by there. The Coachman went his way, and whether he had far to go, or was instructed by *Don Leander*, he came not back. No sooner was he gone, but *Don Leander* speaking in a hoarse Tone, denoting the great Passion he was in, began to lay before me the Wrongs he pretended I had done him, and without allowing me to make any Defence, pronounc'd Sentence of Death against me, which having been already both Party and Judge, he resolv'd immediately to execute. Finding him thus cruelly resolv'd, I endeavour'd by all manner of Submission and Tears, to mollify his Heart, and move him to Compassion; but instead of inclining to Mercy, he grew more enrag'd. Then Heaven, who protects Innocence, rais'd me I know not what Man, who coming like an Apparition, stood before *Don Leander* just as he was going to bury his Dagger in my Breast; he call'd, and oblig'd him with sharp Words to engage him. *Don Leander* left me, and made up to him with his Sword in his Hand; but being come within Reach of their Weapons, the Stranger gave him two Thrusts, which laid him on the Ground, crying, He was a dead Man. His Cries struck me to the Heart, so that I fainted away. When I came to my Senses, I found my self in a strange House, and saw a Man by me, whom my disorder'd Fancy took for the same that wounded *Don Leander*,

but afterwards found he was no Swords-Man; therefore dreading the great Mischief that threatned me, I intreated him, without discovering my Name, to conduct me to the Monastery of St. *Jerome*. He granted it, upon Condition he might blindfold me. What he meant by it, I know not, unless it were to prevent my knowing the House I was in. I was so earnest to be out of that Place, that I consented to that hard Condition, and submitted to him. He ask'd for my Handkerchief, and bound my Eyes with it, and taking me by the Hand, led me like a blind Body to the Place I had told him, where he left me, bidding me, Farewel; which done he vanish'd so suddenly, that when I pull'd off my Handkerchief I found my self all alone. I had resolv'd to go to my Mother, but have since thought it better to take Sanctuary in a House consecrated to God, which the Bearer will tell you. I will there expect farther News from *Leander*, and your Advice how to dispose of my self as shall be most convenient.

Farewel.

Don Diego and *Amazor* gaz'd upon one another, at every Line of the Letter they read, making many Exclamations, and admiring such wonderful Accidents. Our Adventurer was in a Rage, to see that Fortune had put into his Power the Blessing he so eagerly pursu'd, without his knowing it, and that he had it in his House, when he went abroad to seek it. He curs'd his Fate, and representing to himself the Idea of the thing, instead of the Substance, *Dear* Sirena, said he, *how shall I dare to appear in your Presence? Will not you have just Cause to believe me unworthy of the Favours Heaven bestow'd on me, as a Reward for having hazarded my Life to save Yours. But, what do I talk of, since I deserv'd nothing from you on account of this Action, as not knowing it was for you that I perform'd it; I may also say, I have not been faulty in letting slip this precious Opportunity that offer'd to make me happy.*

Amazor interrupted these Chimerical Excursions, representing to him, how much better Heaven had order'd it, for avoiding the many Misfortunes they might have fallen into by the severe Search the Officers of Justice might make

into

into that Affair. He told him, they might perhaps have been both taken together, and been a Disgrace to their Families, and an example to Posterity ; that he advis'd him to forbear such Visits ; but that before he quite broke off with *Sirena*, he did not disapprove of his going to see her, in order to comfort and endeavour to do her any Service, as far as his Life and Honour were not concern'd. And for as much as Mistrust is the Mother of Security, he offer'd to bear him Company, tho that Action was not well becoming his Profession, and to go to the Monastery the Messenger was to show, before him, to see whether this was not some deceitful Contrivance to ensnare them.

Don Diego yielding to his wholsome Advice, commended *Amazor*'s Discretion ; and so to lose no time, they both went along with the Messenger. *Sirena* was all Plain Dealing ; they found her where she directed : *Don Diego* and she discours'd a long Time together, and discover'd all the Circumstances of that Affair, from its Beginning to that Time. *Sirena* knew *Amazor*, and was so surpriz'd, that she had like to have fainted away in her Mother's Arms, who was present at this Visit. Night drawing on, *Don Diego* took Leave of the Company, and went away with *Amazor*.

In his Return home, he met the good Priest with whom he had left the Coach the Night before, who told him how that Passage had befallen him. *Don Diego* listened to him as attentively, as if he had known nothing of it. The Priest told him farther, that he had found the Owner of the Coach, and that Search was made for the Coachman, in order to examine him upon the Fact ; besides, that the Maid who had been the Cause of that Scandal was fled.

Don Leander, in the mean while, was in the Hands of the Officers of Justice, the Surgeons, and Physicians, grievously tormented both in Body and Mind. He was kept under a Guard, like a Criminal, having of his own Accord confess'd, that when this Misfortune befel him, he had carry'd his Wife into the *Prado*, with a Design to kill her.

All that heard this Relation were eager to know the brave Person's Name who had rescu'd *Sirena* out of such imminent Danger, but *Don Diego* did not think fit

to

to claim the Applause, for Fear of falling into the Hands of Justice; for he being known for an Admirer of *Sirena*, it had been easily believ'd he was in the *Prado* by Assignation, and not accidentally. Therefore to avoid these Inconveniences, and to show *Amazor* what Account he made of his Advice, he resolv'd to stay at home, and not be concern'd any more in such Affairs. Not many Days after, the News was brought him of *Leander*'s Death, who was said to have dy'd rather of the Wounds he had himself made in his Soul by destroying his own Reputation, than of those he had receiv'd in the Body by the unknown Hand. Besides, he was inform'd that *Sirena*, infinitely afflicted for his Loss, had left the World, becoming a Religious in the same Monastery, where *Don Diego* had seen her, there to do Penance for her own Offences, and for those she had caus'd others to commit. *Don Diego* was so sensibly afflicted at this dismal News, that he fell into a dangerous Distemper, which had like to have carry'd him off after *Leander*.

Adventure IV.

Don Diego's Sickness was tedious, tho the Pains and Vexation of it were somewhat abated by *Amazor*'s continual Attendance. He never stir'd from his Side, endeavouring to divert him with pleasant Discourse, intermix'd with serious and facetious Periods, and always tending to inculcate some wholsome Advice, such as might be of use for our Adventurer; for all *Amazor*'s Aim was, to reduce him to Reason, and break off his ill Habits. His Friends came frequently to see him, bringing the publick News of the Court, and any Thing else that happen'd remarkable. At length he perfectly recover'd, and every Body concluded he had resolv'd upon a new Life, seeing him entertain Company by Day-Light, which before was so odious to him; but he soon relaps'd into his former Failings. The Carnival or Shrovetide coming on, debauch'd him again; he made fresh Protestations of Enmity against the Day, and by solemn Oath confirm'd a perpetual Alliance with the Night, On Shrove-Sunday Night he was at a grand Entertainment. But there being

ing ſome Perſons preſent, who were not altogether acceptable to *Don Diego*, he ſlipt away to ſeek ſome more agreeable Society. Taking his Sword and Target for his Guard, he made into a By-part of the Town where there was a Houſe he knew to be an Academy, not of Virtue but Vice, where they fleec'd young Cullies, whilſt others ſtab'd the pureſt Honour to the Heart. *Don Diego* was expert at this Exerciſe which is a thouſand times worſe than the other; tho he made no Scruple of it, becauſe he ruin'd another without hazarding any thing of his own. He had not gone above half way to this Place, when he found himſelf before a Houſe unknown to him, the Door whereof was open, and no Light in it. He having a natural Curioſity to pry into the Actions of others, to divulge what he thought fit of them, took his Sword in his Hand, without drawing it, and went into the Houſe, paſs'd through a long Entry, at the End whereof he came into a ſpacious large Place, as dark as the reſt. Here he made a full Stop, imagining that this Neglect was not without ſome Deſign; and tho he thought it a Raſhneſs to proceed any farther yet he reſolv'd to try his Fortune. Groping along the Walls, and finding a Door upon the jar, he thruſt it open, and went in; where he found himſelf upon a Trap-Door, which let him down ten or twelve Foot, yet ſo luckily that he had no other Hurt but the Loſs of his Sword. At the ſame Time he heard a Voice, which ſeem'd to come from ſome diſtant Place, and ask'd, *Who is there? Don Diego* ſomewhat ſtunn'd with the Fall, made no Anſwer the firſt Time; but as he was ſhuffling along, in Hopes to find his Sword, the ſame Voice cry'd again, *Who is there?* He fearing to be attack'd by Surprize, anſwer'd, *A ſingle Man. If it be a Man*, reply'd the Voice, *he may come in.* By this time our Adventurer began to repent his running himſelf into that intricate Labyrinth, where he could find no way out; but Fate put him out of this Confuſion, to caſt him into a greater. Being thus under a Neceſſity of going on, he advanc'd towards the Voice he had heard, and enter'd into a ſpacious Room, where he ſaw four ſmall Lamps hanging in the four Angles, giving ſuch a dim Light, that he had much ado to diſcern the other things that were in the Place. Moving

on

on further he perceiv'd a Glimpſe, as it were, of two Men in black, like Mourners, each ſitting on a Chair; one of them leaning his Head on his Hand, in a ſleeping Poſture, and the ofter watching, ſeeming to attend a dead Body that lay at their Feet, clad in a *Capuchin*'s Habit, and ſtretch'd out on a Shroud.

This diſmal Spectacle ſomewhat ſtartled *Don Diego*, but when the firſt Surprize was over, he call'd up his Courage again. In the mean while the Sleeper awak'd, and both he and his Companion began to examine our Adventurer. *Are not you*, ſaid they, *the Perſon they call* Don Diego? *I am the ſame*, anſwer'd he, *but how came you to know my Name? Do not you enquire into that*, rejoin'd the other, in a haughty Tone, *but only anſwer our Queſtions, for thereon depend ſeveral Things we are to do this Night.* *Don Diego* hearing theſe Words, knew not what Courſe to take, he blam'd his impertinent Curioſity, but at laſt reſolving to meet all that could happen with an undaunted Courage, he ſpoke up again, and ſaid to his Examiners, *Well then, what is to be done? I am* Don Diego, *and you are Devils. He ſeems to know us*, ſaid one of the two to the other. *You muſt ſtay there*, added they, *to guard this Body, whilſt we go elſewhere to attend other Affairs we have in Charge; and whatſoever you ſee or hear, be not frighted.* No ſooner had they ſpoke theſe Words, without expecting his Anſwer or Conſent, they got up, and going out at the Door, ſhut it upon him.

Being thus left alone with the dead Body, he fancy'd this was ſome Puniſhment from Heaven, and concluded he ought to implore the divine Mercy upon this Occaſion; which mov'd him to make the Sign of the Croſs on the dead Body, and to call upon the Saints and Angels to aſſiſt him; for the Advice thoſe two Spectres had given him not to be frighted, brought a thouſand dreadful Thoughts into his Head.

The two Phantomes had been gone but a very ſhort Time, before he heard ſad Groans, and Noiſe of Irons, as if they had been dragging Chains along the Floor of the Room, which was boarded; and now and then ſuch horrid Noiſes, as if the whole Houſe had been ſinking. This put him into ſuch an Anguiſh, that he reſolv'd to

make

make his Escape; and going to the Door, in order to open it, he heard an imperfect Voice, as if it came from far off, which said, 'Whither do you think to fly, *Don* '*Diego*; turn, turn back, you cannot leave me yet; 'come back, or I will follow you.' Perceiving he could not get out, he turn'd back, and saw it was the dead Man that spoke to him, saying, 'Know I am the Person you 'so rashly kill'd a few Days ago, without having ever 'done you any Wrong. Cruel barbarous Wretch, do 'you think Heaven will not revenge me on you? And 'that some dreadful Disaster will not consume you for a 'Punishment of your Crime? Providence has brought 'you hither to listen to my just Complaints, but draw 'nearer, that you may hear me the better.'

These Words struck a greater Terror into *Don Diego* than he had conceived before, as certainly concluding that was the Ghost of *Leander*, which came from the other World to torment him. However, he drew near, and the dead Man proceeded, 'I own, *said he*, 'you kill'd me fairly, and that I had my Sword in my 'Hand; but it was easy for you to overcome me, because 'I had not us'd my self to the Art of Fencing from my 'Youth, as you have done, and therefore now you are 'to do me Right. Come, let us wrestle, upon this Con-'dition, that if you throw me, I will not only never dis-'turb you my self, but will never suffer any of my Com-'panions to do it. But if I get the better, you shall be 'oblig'd to come every Year, on the Anniversary of my 'Death, to spend the whole Night in the Church-Yard, 'upon the Grave where I am bury'd.' *Don Diego* not believing this an equal Match, answer'd, *He did not think himself obliged to accept of the Challenge, there being no Likelihood that human Weakness could prevail against a Spiritual Power.* However, considering this was a proper Opportunity to give signal Proof of his Valour, he granted the Combat, and set himself in the best Posture he could to oppose his Adversary. The dead Man got up in his *Capuchin* Habit, and seem'd taller than the usual Size of Man, and at the same time the four Lamps dropt down, and went out.

Don

Don Diego felt a cold Sweat all over his Body, with a mighty Trembling, and was so astonish'd, that he stood as if he had been quite senseless. As soon as the Lamps dropt down, the dead Man fell so furiously upon our Adventurer, that he threw him full three Paces from him, as if he had no Life left in him, for he lay in a Swoon above an Hour, what with the Fright and what with the Fall. When he came to himself, he knew not whether he was in this World or in the other. At length, being somewhat better recover'd, he sate up, and perceiv'd it was Day. Looking about him, he saw nothing but the four Walls, and getting upon his Feet, endeavour'd to find some Footsteps of the former Apparitions, but found no Remains, nor so much as the four Lamps he had seen fall down. The Light encreasing, and his Courage with it, he had a Mind to search the House; which he did from Top to Bottom, yet saw nothing but what he brought in with him, which was his Sword that had fail'd him in Time of need. He went out of that haunted House to retire to his own, before the Day came farther on, and would willingly have enquired in the Neighbourhood whose House that was, and how it came not to be inhabited, but it was so early that he met no body to ask of.

Doubtless, said he, *this House is haunted, and no Body dares live in it. I wonder that in* Madrid, *where the King usually resides, some Care should not be taken to remedy this Evil, which may be of dangerous Consequence to the Publick; but who can I tell this strange Adventure to, that will not laugh at it, and conclude it is the Notion of a distemper'd Brain? I must never speak of it, for I shall never be believ'd. Yet it is a great Trouble to me to bury so wonderful an Adventure in perpetual Silence.*

Thus was he talking to himself, when he came to his House, and went in without knocking, as he was wont to do, having a Master-Key, and retir'd to Bed, to rest him after his late Fatigue. About four in the Afternoon, *Amazor* came into his Chamber, and awak'd him. *Good God,* said *Don Diego* to him, fetching a deep Sigh, *you have brought me out of strange Confusion. How so, Sir,* said *Amazor? I was troubled in Mind,* replied he, *with a dismal*

a dismal Dream, proceeding from a dreadful Accident that befel me last Night. Having given *Amazor* this Occasion to inquire after it, he told him particularly all that had happen'd to him. *Amazor*, who was always contemplative, told him, These were merciful Warnings from Heaven to make him know himself; That he ought to take Care how he slighted them, lest this loving Admonition should be chang'd into an exemplary Punishment, and God, who now treated him like an indulgent Father, should become a severe Judge, to chastize the Offences he daily committed; That the Blood of the Gentleman he had so lately kill'd, and whose Honour he would have taken away, making him infamous in the Eyes of the World, had cry'd to God for Vengeance; That it was time to reform and forsake his Follies; That he ought to open his Eyes, and seek the Light of Reason by that of the Day, if he would not for ever be reckon'd as blind in his Soul as he was in his Body, since he was such an Enemy to the Light; That he ought to improve the Talent God had given him; That he wrong'd both himself and the Publick, being of Birth and Capacity to bear any honourable Employments, which might be advantageous to both; that he had given sufficient Proofs of his Valour, and for the future he ought to endeavour to give as good Testimony of his Prudence as he had done of his Courage.

Amazor having deliver'd himself to this Effect, remained very well pleas'd that he had been admitted to so long an Audience; he fancy'd he had already overcome *Don Diego*, and regain'd the Authority he once had over him. 'My dear Master, *said he*, whom I may better call my second Father, being no less oblig'd to you than to him that 'begot me; I own it is high time to lay aside my Extravagancies, and leave the scandalous Life I have hitherto 'led, that I may follow the Paths of Virtue. I am resolv'd 'to overcome all my evil Inclinations, and from henceforward to put in Practice all the good Advice you shall 'give me; pardon the Insolencies I have committed, 'which your Prudence has tolerated, and your Affection 'excus'd. It is true, I was last Night in great Danger, 'and considering how I ran myself into it, there is just

'Cause to say that Heaven has spared me, and that worse 'might have befallen me. O divine Mercy! how deeply 'am I indebted to you, and what Praises ought not I to 'give you, for having deliver'd me from such wonderful 'Danger, which I never thought to escape.' These moving Expressions were attended with Tears, which made *Amazor* believe that *Don Diego* was truly penitent for his past Offences, and hoped that he would mend for the future.

Thus were they discoursing together, when they heard a Knocking at the Door. *Don Diego* would not have it open'd, that no Body answering, whosoever it was might go away; by that means to avoid all Temptations of breaking the good Resolution he had newly made; for Night then drawing on, he believ'd it was some of his Acquaintance that came to debauch him. The more *Don Diego* kept back from suffering the Door to be open-ed, the harder he without knock'd, and not satisfy'd with the Noise the Hammer made, took up a great Stone to be heard the better. At length *Don Diego*, weary of that Disturbance, sent one to open the Door, and in came a raking old Companion of his, with a counterfeit Smile, the better to disguise his Resentment for having been kept out so long. They saluted one another in a more courteous Manner than usual, the serious Humour *Don Diego* was in, obliging the other to use more Ceremony than at other times.

Don Antonio, for that was the Man's Name, asked him how he had spent the Carnaval, what Company he had been in, and how he intended to divert himself the remaining Days before *Lent*. *Amazor* was present, and abhorred these Questions, fearing lest he should again put *Don Diego* into the Road he had so newly diverted him from. 'For my Part, continued *Don Antonio*, 'more attentive to turn up his Whiskers, than regardful 'of what he said, I narrowly miss'd last Night catching 'one that you know in a Snare I had laid for him; but I 'shall have him sooner or later, and will make my Advantage of this Disappointment. Who is that? said '*Don Diego*. It is a Gentleman of *Cordova*, replies 'the other, whom we call *Don Diego* the Knight, both

'because

' becauſe he reckons himſelf of that Degree, and to ' diſtinguiſh betwixt him and ſeveral other Friends of ' ours, who bear the Name of *Don Diego*, as you do, and ' therefore we call him the *Knight*. This Spark giving ' too much Way to his Vanity, has declared himſelf a ' Pretender to a young Lady, who is very rich and beauti- ' ful, and Daughter to a Councellor in the Court of Chan- ' cery, who, by Reaſon he is an excellent Orator, and ' in great Vogue, has got the Name of the *Golden Mouth* ' *and Purſe*. And tho' he has never yet diſcovered his ' Love to this Lady, he follows her whereſoever ſhe goes, ' pretends to be jealous and paſſionate, and boaſts in all ' Companies, that he has Grounds for what he does; that ' he has Encouragement to proceed, and hopes for a hap- ' py Event; for Self-Conceit is the common Failing of ' Fools.

' You muſt underſtand that this Lady's Windows look ' into a Church-Yard, which has given many Occaſion ' to ſay, that ſhe lives there on Purpoſe to bury all thoſe ' in one Tomb, whom the Darts of her Eyes ſhall kill. ' This Knight has a Rival, much more fortunate in E- ' ſtate and Parts than he, and better look'd upon by ' the Beauty we ſpeak of. This Gentleman, to put a ' Stop to the other's continual haunting about his Miſ- ' treſs's Houſe, and be more at Liberty to ſee her at ' Nights, as is allowed him, contrived to put him into ' ſome Fright, being informed that he was ſomewhat ' cowardly, and that being engag'd in a Quarrel, he ' had made more Uſe of his Heels than his Hands.

' To this Purpoſe he told him one Day in my Hear- ' ing, that there was a Man lately buried in that Church- ' Yard, who having been a very ill Liver, walk'd there ' duly about Three o'Clock in the Morning, dragging ' Chains, and fetching ſuch dreadful Groans, that all ' who heard him dy'd for Fear; and that moſt of the ' Lodgers and Inhabitants of the neighbouring Houſes, ' removed from thence as faſt as they could, being no ' longer able to live in ſuch Dread; that he had thought ' fit to let him know ſo much, becauſe, tho' his Rival, ' he was willing to ſhow how much he was his humble ' Servant at the ſame Time, and ſhould be ſorry any

'Misfortune might befal him for want of being forwarned; in short, that he adviſed him to retire Home every Night in good Time, as he would do himſelf, promiſing to take the Advice he gave him, and for the future to live more chaſtly and modeſtly than he had done for the Time paſt.

'At the ſame Time I us'd all the Rhetorick I could to fix theſe Notions in his Head; but the Spark, who was no ſuch Fool as we took him for, made a Jeſt of all we ſaid, and of his Rival's Contrivance; and thereupon fell a telling us Stories of his imaginary, not real Atchievements, to let us underſtand that he feared nothing, and that no Ghoſts were able to fright him. We left him in that good Humour, and went away looking upon one another much out of Countenance, becauſe our Project ſucceeded no better. The earneſt Deſire I had to make Trial of his Courage, and to put ſome Affront upon that worthy Knight, made me reſolve to ſpend the Carnaval in finding out ſome ridiculous Invention to catch and make a Jeſt of him.

'The Trick I had a-mind to play him was eaſily contrived, but it was requiſite to find ingenious Perſons to put it in Execution, for Fear leaſt the ill Management of it ſhould turn to our Shame. I have a Houſe in the Apple-Street, which is a By-Part of the Town, in which there are ſeveral Apartments, and fit to lodge three or four ſmall Families. About eight Days ago the People that lived in it run away by Night, and left it upon my Hands, cheating me of a Quarter's Rent that was due; and tho' ſeveral have offered to take the the Houſe and pay the Rent before-hand, becauſe it is very convenient, yet I have ſtill delayed concluding a Bargain with them, becauſe it was to be the Theatre I provided for acting the Comedy I was contriving for *Don Diego*, the Knight, which was to be play'd this laſt Night. I will tell you my Invention.

'About One in the Morning I carry'd into that Houſe three young Men newly come from the Univerſity, Lads of ready Wit and good Management. I told them, that a Friend of mine and I had a Mind, with their Help, to make Trial of the Courage of a

'Spark,

'Spark, who boasted that he feared no Spirits. Having 'thus acquainted them with my Design, I furnished them 'with the Cloaths they were to put on, and led them in 'to the Great Room where the Farce was to be acted, 'which was deep in the House. One of these three young 'Men was taller than I by the Head; by that you may 'guess what a strapping Fellow he was, for I am none 'of the least; he was every Way proportionable and 'well made, and as strong as *Sampson*. This Man was 'to have a Capuchin's Habit on, and to lie along on a 'black Cloath, representing a dead Man. The other 'two were clad in black, like Mourners, their Faces 'covered, except their Eyes; and these two watched the 'dead Man, sitting on two Chairs. At the four Corners 'of the Room hung four little Lamps, which gave a 'Light more dreadful than darkness itself.

'Having order'd all Things as I have describ'd, I told 'him that was to act the dead Man, and his Companions, that I was going to send them the Person I had 'spoken of, and that as soon as they heard him, they 'should ask whether his Name was not *Don Diego*, and 'if he answered, yes, the two Mourners should go out, 'and shut him up alone with the dead Man, who should 'pretend to be a Person the Knight had kill'd foully; 'that he should demand Satisfaction for that Wrong, and 'wrestle with him. In fine, I told them, if they thought 'fit to add any Thing to the Contrivance, they might do 'it freely, being well satisfy'd they would perform it 'very dexterously; but that whatever came of it they must 'be sure to stun, or amaze him so, that the dead Man and 'his Companions might get away and leave him there. 'Ill Fate so order'd it, that all this Preparation came to 'nothing; for as I was going to seek out *Don Diego* to 'touch him in Point of Courage, and dare him to go to 'my House, which I was to tell him was forsaken, be'cause of its being haunted, I was taken up by four 'Officers, who carry'd me before a Judge, to depose 'what I knew of a Crime a Friend of mine was in 'Trouble about. I us'd all the Arguments I could to 'bring myself off, alledging I could give no Evidence in 'that Affair, as being wholly a Stranger to it. The

'Judge positively persisting in the contrary, and justly 'provok'd, order'd me to be secur'd, and that I should 'not be allowed to speak to any Body, for Fear of send-'ing Advice to the Party accus'd; but a certain great 'Man, my Benefactor, hearing of my Misfortune, has 'just got me releas'd. You are the first Person I have 'seen, since I came out of Prison, and I am now going 'to find those young Men, who were to act the Farce 'contrived against my Knight, to know how long they 'waited. No doubt but they will be angry with me, 'for having made them spend the Night in that Mum-'mery, and will believe the Trick was designed to be 'put upon them, and not upon another.'

As *Don Antonio* went on with his Story, *Don Diego* discoved the Original of his unlucky Adventure, befallen him no less through his own Curiosity, than the Mistake of the Name of *Don Diego*, and admiring the Oddness of the Accident, told *Don Antonio* all that had happened to him, with as much Plainness and Jollity, as if he had been no way concerned. *Don Antonio* bless'd himself, and was amaz'd, as not believing that what he said was true; till *Don Diego* swearing to it, and calling *Amazor* to testify what he had said to him before, he stood mute for a While, being much concerned that it had lighted upon a Person he honoured as one of his most particular Friends. *Don Diego* told him, he did not take it ill in the least, and was sensible that the Plot was not laid for him. *Don Antonio*, the better to satisfy himself of *Don Diego*'s Sincerity, invited him to sup at his House, which he readily granted; and being come thither, they were informed that the Person who acted the dead Man was fled to an Ambassador's House, believing the Man he had wrestled with was dead with the Fright. They presently sent to acquaint him that he might safely come away, and if he had a Mind to laugh heartily, he should sup with them, where he would hear a pleasant Story. He came along with the Messenger, and they spent the rest of the Night in discoursing of that strange Accident. *Don Diego* went home in good Time, to the great Satisfaction of *Amazor*, believing it to be the Effect of his good Advice, and of the

the Resolution *Don Diego* had made, to alter his Course of Life for the Time to come.

Adventure V.

THE publick Rejoicings of the Carnaval being over, Lent succeeded it with a meagre Countenance, hateful to those who love good Eating and Drinking. *Don Diego* thought it not so disagreeable; the Mortifications he endured, whilst others feasted and made merry, and the Resolutions he lately made of reforming his Life, had disposed him to give *Ash-Wednesday* a favourable Reception. *Amazor*, who never stirr'd from him, us'd all his Art and Experience to moderate the violent Sallies of his Youth, and to banish his House all those he thought might rob him of the Fruits of his Labour. In short there appeared so great a Change in *Don Diego*'s Behaviour within a few Days, that his best Friends had Cause to bless Heaven for working such a Miracle. During the whole Lent he employed himself in Acts of Piety, sometimes he went to Sermons, sometimes to Hospitals, and sometimes to Prisons, where he gave plentiful Alms. He visited poor Families, which were in great Distress, and asham'd to discover their Wants. In short, such was his Course of Life, that all Men in him admir'd the Virtues of a pious Christian, and of a worthy Gentleman.

But Perseverance in good Actions being a Virtue rarely practis'd among Courtiers; when *Easter* came, and the Spring began to draw Company together, he was again visited by his familiar Acquaintance, to the great Grief of *Amazor*, who perceiv'd they by Degrees would inveigle away the Bird he had so long kept tame. One Day, they carry'd him a-walking, another they invited him to a Collation, and now and then to Supper, yet so that he still came home at seasonable Hours, and made use of Day and Night like other Folks; but at length, by much keeping Company with his Associates, and continually rambling about, he fell back insensibly into his former Course. His Walks continually gain'd more

more and more upon the Night, and at last exceeded the Bounds of Decency.

Having imperiously silenc'd *Amazor*, who endeavour'd to stem the Course of his perverse Inclinations, he cast off all manner of Deference to him, and return'd more eagerly to his former Practices. He took his usual Guard of Sword and Target, and about ten at Night went away to the *Prado* the Place where those Cheats in Love, the Ladies and Courtezans of *Madrid* have settled their Academy, or rather their Exchange. Were there ever a Philosopher in this Age that understood the Murmuring of Waters, as once there was one who understood the Chirping of Birds, he might, by list'ning to the Purling of the Fountains in that Plain, learn abundance of secret Stories, and find Matter enough to compose many Volumes of curious Romances.

Don Diego, having walk'd about two hundred Paces, to see a Coach pass by, which mov'd on as gently as if an Empress had been in it, he drew near to it; and spy'd a young Man singing next the Door of it, with such a Voice, as seem'd very disagreeable. And to mend the Matter, he at the same time play'd very scurvily on a Guitarre that was out of Tune. This Coach stopp'd right against a Ring of Gentlemen and Ladies, who were sitting by one of the Fountains where this Savage *Orpheus*, fitter to carry Souls to Hell than to bring them thence, very impudently set himself a-singing; but as soon as ever he began, he was requited with so many Scoffs and Hisses, that he was soon oblig'd to give over, and withdraw. This wretch'd Singer was Page to an unfortunate Lord, to whom the Coach belong'd.

The Company that had so shamefully put to Flight that Enemy to the Sense of Hearing, were still rallying on that ridiculous Subject, when on a sudden they were diverted by the sweet Sound of an Angelical Voice, which seem'd to proceed from the Mouth of a Woman, and made amends for the Disagreeableness of the Page. They all got up to draw near the Coach she was in, and heard these following Words:

SONG

SONG.

I.

'TIS not alone the Force of Love,
That makes my Paleneſs and my Grief;
Fierce Jealouſy without Relief,
Does to my Reſt more fatal prove.

II.

But I my ſelf alone may blame,
Who durſt preſume to aim ſo high,
My Thoughts above my Sphere did fly,
And ſet me in this quenchleſs Flame.

III.

Then how ſhall I be ever bleſt,
Who cannot even comprehend
The great Perfections that attend
The Cauſe that robs me of my Reſt.

IV.

Tho your Diſdain does pierce my Soul,
Such Charms appear in your bright Eyes,
As do my fainting Senſe ſurprize,
And all the Pain I feel controul.

V.

I'm bound in ſuch a happy Chain,
And burn in ſuch a pleaſing Fire,
That all I dread, or can deſire,
Is or to loſe or keep my Pain.

This harmonious Voice charm'd all that heard it; and even thoſe, whoſe harſh Temper made them before inſenſible of the Sweetneſs of this Art, were enamour'd with it. The Coach was immediately beſet by ſeveral Perſons, and among the reſt, a certain Gallant drawing near, was ſo bold as to lean upon the Coach Door, where this *Urania* was. By his Behaviour he ſeem'd to have ſome peculiar Privilege ſo to do, for neither the young Lady

Lady nor her Mother, who ſate by her, were at all diſturb'd at that Familiarity. Perhaps the Mother, who before had grumbled as moſt old Women do, might have been greas'd, as well as her Coach Wheels, that ſhe might make the leſs Noiſe.

There were abundance of other young Fellows, who would willingly have been no leſs familiar, if their Modeſty had not ſtood in the Way. Whilſt they were walking to and fro about the Coach, another Gentleman not ſo nice came up all in a Heat, who being in Love with the young Lady, had follow'd her from her Houſe to the *Prado*. Drawing near, he perceiv'd ſhe was talking with the other Gentleman, who ſeem'd to take a Pride in it before the Company that ſtood round, which diſturb'd the new Comer, who looking about him ſpy'd *Don Diego Love-Night*, who was his Friend. Having ſaluted him, he took him aſide, and told him how envious and jealous he was of that Man; that he did not like his Behaviour, and had a Mind to pick a Quarrel with him. *Don Diego*, who was much better at giving Advice to another, than at taking it himſelf, allay'd the fierce Commotion of his hot Temper; and the other yielding to his Reaſons contain'd himſelf for ſome Time.

At length our Adventurer ſaw three Gentlemen paſs by very leiſurely, and as it were quarelling among themſelves, one of which by his Voice he took for a Friend of his; and deſiring to be ſatisfied whether it was ſo or no, that he might endeavour to ſerve him if he had Occaſion, he gave his Guitarre to the other that had accoſted him before, to hold, and went after him. The other, who was wholly intent upon his Rival's Behaviour, did not regard what *Don Diego* did, but let him go without offering to bear him Company.

But now the Lady who had charm'd all that heard her with the Sweetneſs of her Voice, was intreated by all there preſent to ſing an Air or two more; and ſhe, to ſhew her Breeding, took up her Guitarre, which, as ill Luck would have it, had two Strings broken. *Don Diego*'s Friend having the Guitarre in his Hand well tun'd, drew near to the Coach, and offer'd it to the Lady; at the ſame Time, he that leant on the Coach Door, without any

Regard

Regard to the other, ſtood upright, and ſcornfully thruſt away the Arm and the Guitarre. Our Adventurer's Friend, who only wanted ſuch an Opportunity, and was like Fuel prepar'd to take the Fire of Paſſion, thought this an inſolent Action, and to revenge it, made uſe of the Arm and the Inſtrument that had been affronted, laying on twice furiouſly about the Favourite's Ears, who was bare-headed, and broke the Guitarrre in Pieces, which return'd a Sound leſs agreeable than when *Don Diego* handled it. At the ſame Time he drew his Sword, as did all the reſt that were preſent, and among them ſeveral Officers of Juſtice, who are frequently at thoſe Hours in the *Prado*, becauſe of the frequent Quarrels that happen there, in which many brave Men are loſt. The Aggreſſor finding himſelf alone among ſo many Strangers, wiſely took the Advantage of the Darkneſs, and winding himſelf into the midſt of the Throng, for fear of being known, ſlipt away without ſpeaking a Word.

The Coach, which had been the Occaſion of all this Diſturbance, made off ſo ſwiftly by the Help of ſix Horſes it was drawn by, that when the Officers would have ſeiz'd it to pay the Coſt of their Diſappointment, they could not find what was become of it. Every one made off a ſeveral Way, when *Don Diego* return'd from running after thoſe three Gentlemen, believing one of them had been his Friend. He was much ſurpriz'd at this ſudden Commotion, not knowing who had been the Cauſe of it. Seeking all about for the Perſon he had entruſted with his Inſtrument, and not finding him, he began to fear it had not met ſuch Uſage as it deſerv'd, for it was one of the rareſt Pieces of the Age. Whilſt he was lamenting its Abſence, the Guitarre was all in Shivers in the Hands of a ſupreme Judge in Criminal Affairs, who was examining that Matter, queſtioning the Man that had been hurt, who could not ſay who ſtruck him, becauſe he knew him not. The Darkneſs caus'd the Confuſion the Officers were in, laying hold of the next that were in their Way, without diſtinguiſhing betwixt the Innocent and the Guilty.

The Surgeons being order'd to ſearch the wounded Man, reported that the Wound was very dangerous.

They

They always make the worſt of things to gain the greater Reputation and to enhance their Pay. *Don Diego* waited two Days without hearing any News of his dear Inſtrument, and perceiving no Likelihood of its being reſtored, went to look for the Perſon he had entruſted with it, and was told he had abſented himſelf, and they knew not when he would come again. He could not unriddle this Myſtery, as being ignorant of the Cauſe of his Departure.

The Loſs of his Guitarre made him let ſlip ſome Nights without taking his Rambles, which induc'd *Amazor* ſtill to live in Hopes; for he obſerv'd all his Actions, endeavouring to diſcover ſome Signs of Amendment, but ſtill could make no ſound Judgment by them. If he happened to live three Days within Compaſs, he ſpent three Weeks in his uſual Extravagancies.

The wounded Gentleman grew worſe and worſe, which threw him into a Fever, ſo that the Surgeons and Phyſicians did not like him. The Judge, tho' he us'd all his Endeavours to diſcover the Offender, could make nothing of it, which troubled him very much, becauſe the Perſon hurt belong'd to a Miniſter of State, whom he was deſirous to oblige.

Every one ſtriving to do ſomething towards finding the Criminal, among the reſt one of the Clerks of the Court, as ſharp as an old Monkey, often view'd the Remains of the Guitarre committed to his Cuſtody, hoping to find the Owner's Name upon it, becauſe abundance of young Men uſed to be guilty of that Folly. However, he took ſo much Pains in putting together the Pieces, that he at length found the Name of the Workman that made it; and as if he had found out the Philoſopher's Stone, haſted away to that Inſtrument-Maker's Houſe, who being ſhew'd the Ruins of the Guitarre, ſoon knew it, and ſaid it belong'd to *Don Diego*, which was confirm'd by his Journeyman and 'Prentice. The Clerk not ſatisfy'd with this verbal Declaration, ſent them all three in cuſtody to the Judge, where they confirm'd what they had before depos'd under Hand and Oath. This done, the Judge forbid them, under ſevere Penalties, acquainting *Don Diego* with what had happened; and thought he had now ſufficient Evidence for ſecuring of the Offenders, and putting them

them to the Rack in case the wounded Man miscarry'd. Search was immedately made for *Don Diego*, in order to secure him the next Night, but the cunning Instrument-Maker, who had made the Guitarre, and given his Deposition against our Adventurer, not regarding his Protestations before the Judge, found him out, and acquainted him what was in Agitation against his Person, and with the wretched Condition of the Guitarre. He told him all the Particulars concerning his unfortunate Instrument, and how it had been beaten to Pieces about a Gentleman's Ears in the *Prado*; so that by this Account and his Friend's Absence, he might easily guess at the rest. He was extremely concern'd that his Guitarre had suffer'd Shipwreck against the Rock of the wounded Person's Head, but was more troubled at his Friend's Absence, concluding that if the Patient dy'd, he must lose him for ever.

Then bringing the Case home to himself, and considering the Advice he had just received, he curs'd the Clerk that had been the Cause of his Trouble. How durst you, false treacherous Wretch, said he, as if the Man had been by him, practise against my Reputation? Have you the Impudence to attack my Honour, and to contrive to oblige me to appear and give an Account of my Actions before a Judge? Must I be this Day liable to the Censures of such a pettifogging Knave as you, who give Crimes what Turn you will, and magnify them according to your Fancy or Malice? Doubtless, this is a Matter of much Moment, I must advise with some Person of Discretion and Experience, who may put me in the Way how to shun the Scandal I may otherwise undergo; but to whom can I better have Recourse than to my faithful *Amazor*.

Thus was he talking to himself when *Amazor* enter'd the Room, to whom he communicated the Perplexity he was in. *Amazor*, without farther Delay, call'd several Porters, and in a Moment remov'd the most valuable Goods into an Ambassador's House, who liv'd close by. The Ambassador's Secretary, who was *Amazor*'s intimate Friend, took Care of those Goods, and provided a Chamber for our Adventurer. Thus did he secure himself a-

gainſt the firſt Strokes of Juſtice; for tho' he was innocent, he would have ſuffer'd much for the abſent Offender, being unwilling to accuſe him, tho' it were to clear himſelf of all the foul Circumſtances that appear'd againſt him.

Having thus diſpos'd his Affairs, *Don Diego* went with *Amazor* to the Ambaſſador's Houſe, where he was courteouſly received by the Secretary; and having acquainted his Maſter with the whole Affair, prevail'd with him to uſe his Intereſt for him. Soon after the Surgeons perceiv'd that the wounded Gentleman began to mend apace, Notice whereof was preſently given to the abſent Gentleman, who had been the Author of all this Miſchief, and of the Trouble he had brought his Friend into. At length the Patient being pretty well recover'd, the other came privately to *Madrid*, where ſeveral Perſons of the greateſt Quality interpoſing, an Accommodation was propos'd, and the Conditions were not long debating. The charming Lady, whoſe Singing had been the Cauſe of all this Diſaſter, had a Hand in theſe Propoſals, and reconcil'd all Differences, engaging her Word to our Adventurer's Friend, that ſhe would by Degrees break off the Familiarity his Rival had contracted with her. Thus the Party offended ſuffer'd the Penalty, becauſe he was not ſo powerful as the other, had the Lady been as good as her Word.

Don Diego ſeeing his Friend had now full Satisfaction, thought of revenging himſelf on the Clerk who had contriv'd to bring him into Trouble. Our Adventurer was very revengeful, and never undertook any but he endeavour'd to make it as publick as he could, that it might be the greater. To this purpoſe he made himſelf acquainted, by the Help of ſeveral Treats, with ſome Bullies that reſorted to the Ambaſſador's Houſe, whence he would not remove 'till he had been even with the Clerk. When he thought it fit Time to put his Deſign in Execution, he ſummon'd all his Inſtruments, being ſeven in Number, and provided them a Supper, in which he ſpar'd for no Coſt; and they all drank plentifully, remembering all their Friends, ſome Particulars whereof being remarkable, we will here ſet down.

The

The first Health was to the Ambassador's Steward, who gave them Sanctuary in that House against all the Serjeants and other Officers of Justice. The second to the generous *Don Diego*, who treated them so often, wishing him Increase of Health to defray those worthy Expences. The third to Sollicitors and Counsellors, because amidst all that have to do in Criminal Causes, they alone defend the Criminals, provided they are able to pay for the Lies and Stories they invent to destroy Truth, and make Falshood take Place. The fourth to Physicians, as being of their own Profession, because their Business is killing, tho' they do it with less Danger to themselves, as venturing nothing, and never failing to murder a Man when they have a Mind to it. The fifth to the Brokers, who so cunningly disguise the Hats and Cloaks they steal at Night. The sixth to Vintners and Innkeepers, who treat and entertain them on the Road, and assist them in all their Frauds. In short, they drank more Sorts of Healths than can be here inserted; and to conclude with *Don Diego*'s Project, it was resolv'd that they would the next Night torment the wretched Clerk; and thus they perform'd it.

Four of the resoluteſt of the Gang dreſt themselves up as we represent Devils, in the most frightful Manner they could, and about Midnight came to the House of the poor condemn'd Criminal, which was in a Lane. They got into the House, the Door being open, by reason that several Families liv'd in it; and a great Dog hearing them, fell a barking, and wak'd the Clerk, who made his Man rise to see what was the Occasion of the Disturbance. The Man coming out met those four frightful Figures on the Stairs, each of them holding a lighted Link in his Hand, which fill'd the Place with a thick stinking Smoke. The Lad was in such a Fright, that without being able to return to his Master, he dropt down in a Swoon. The Devils presently rush'd in at the Door he had left open, and went directly to the Clerk's Bed, where he lay with his Wife, who being both just wak'd out of their first Sleep, believed them to be really what they represented, which put them into such a Fright, that they lay senseless as if they had been dead. Then the Devils, without losing any Time, took hold of the damn'd Clerk, every

one taking an Arm or a Leg, and senseless as he was, laid him down upon the Floor; where they brought him to himself by Virtue of a good Whipping with knotted Ropes, laid on so thick and sharply, that before he could speak a Word he was half flea'd. The first Word he utter'd was the Name of *Jesus*, at which the Devils left him and fled, making a most hideous Noise at the Doors, to confirm the Opinion he had conceived of them; so that when the Storm was over, he absolutely concluded they were Devils, since they vanish'd at his calling upon that holy Name. He lay stretch'd out on the Ground half dead, what with the cruel Flogging and what with the Fright. His poor Wife lay quaking, all bath'd in a cold Sweat, and had shrunk down into the Bed, not daring to put out her Head; so that the wretched Fellow lay all Night as the Devils left him. When Day appear'd, and dissipated all Terrors, the Body was found in the midst of the Floor in a high Fever, and his Wife in the same Condition. They were long in the Hands of the ablest Physicians, and very narrowly escap'd Death.

The News of this Accident was soon spread all over the Town, and even from the Mouths of some who had the Story from the Clerk himself. Every one talk'd of it according to his own Fancy, and some said, he was certainly guilty of some heinous Crimes, unknown to Men, since Heaven had punish'd him by the Hands of hellish Executioners. *Don Diego* hearing this discours'd about the Town, after the Account he had received from those that did the Execution, thought himself sufficiently reveng'd. Our Adventurer only pity'd the poor Wife; but a good Husband and Wife are so closely ally'd and link'd together, that there is no doing the one a Kindness without the Participation of the other. After this noble Exploit, *Don Diego* kept at home for some Time, living in very decent Manner; but this Humour lasted not long; for before many Days were past, he fell again to his Night-Rambles.

ADVENTURE VI.

THE Sun had now run his Course, and Day shut in, when our noble *Don Diego*, whom Experience made never the wiser, resolved to seek new Dangers, or rather to meet them, for they too often presented themselves to him; but before we enter too far upon this Adventure, it will be requisite to make a short Digression.

There was at this Time at *Seville*, a Man of a genteel Presence enough, who kept himself in decent Apparel, and pass'd for a Gentleman; but might be properly enough compar'd to an Eagle, for by Day he look'd the Sun in the Face, and by Night he follow'd his Prey, stealing whatsoever came in his way. At the Beginning of his Reign he took the Name of *Don Diego*, 'till Time having discover'd what Profession he follow'd, he had the Sirname given him of *Love-Night*; so that there were two Men of the same Name at once; for, as has been said, our Adventurer was sometimes call'd *Fly-Light*, and sometimes *Love-Night*, these two additional Names signifying almost the same Thing, tho proceeding from different Causes, some more scandalous than the other.

It seem'd to be fatal to our *Don Diego*, to be brought into Trouble by the mistaking of Names; but that which he met with among the pretended Sprights was no more than a Flea-bite in Comparison of what he endur'd in this new Adventure; for as much as among Persons of a generous Disposition, their Honour is much dearer than their Life. This *Don Diego* at *Seville*, perceiving that his Practices were discovered, and that there was a Talk of calling him to an Account, gave out that he was going away to *Madrid*, the Theatre of Wonders, and the Loadstone that attracts both the Good and the Bad; but the Day he left *Seville*, instead of making towards the Court of *Spain*, he went away to *Granada*, hoping he might play his Cards there, and live a considerable Time before he was discover'd, that City being very kind to Strangers.

The News of his Journey to *Madrid* being spread abroad among all that knew him, the Son of a Jeweller

of *Seville* had Notice of it, who being deceiv'd by common Fame, a Wonder that a Tradesman should be impos'd upon, resolv'd to follow him immediately, and with all possible Speed, to the great Detriment of his Buttocks, which were miserably gaul'd; and of his Stomach, that often return'd more than it had receiv'd, being grievously shaken by the hir'd Mules that are on that Road. The Cause of his enduring all these Hardships, was, that this sharping *Don Diego* had taken away some Jewels and Diamond Rings of his, of Value, which he had trusted him with. As soon as he came to *Madrid*, he delivered printed Bills in all the Goldsmiths Shops, describing those Jewels, and in the mean while insinuated himself into all Companies, in Hopes to meet with his Man.

The second Night after this Jeweller came to *Madrid*, our primitive and legitimate *Don Diego Love-Night*, taking no Warning by his past Misfortunes, set out again, exposing himself in Defiance of Fortune. The Occasion of this Sally was to divert himself with a young beautiful Townswoman, Wife to a Sollicitor, who was reckon'd a sharp witty Woman, and very good Dancer, ready to receive any Thing that was offer'd her, and consequently easy to be brib'd. In order to gain Admittance to her, *Don Diego* made use of a sly old Woman, well vers'd in carrying on amorous Intrigues, and who, under Colour of promoting Chastity, only contrived to destroy it. The Bargain was struck up, and *Don Diego* had Leave to go visit the Sollicitor's Wife that Night betwixt Twelve and One, upon Condition that he should give her two Diamond Rings she had seen on his Fingers, and which he had a great Value for, because they had been his Mother's; but what is there that Lust will not sacrifice when its Insolence is not check'd? Besides he was to lay aside the Habit of a Gentleman, and disguise himself like a Servant, to the End, that if her Husband should happen to meet him going in or coming out, she might tell him it was a Man her Mother had sent to enquire after her Health. For the better carrying on this Plot, the Sollicitor's Wife sent him by the old Woman a Letter she had received that very Day from her Mother, which she had seal'd up again, and wrapt in another Paper,

per, that it might ſerve a ſecond Time, as Occaſion might Offer: Furthermore, that he ſhould come in the Back-Way, going along under an old Mud Wall, and open the Garden Door with a Maſter-Key ſhe ſent with the Letter: Thence he was to go into a Parlour, where he ſhould find his Miſtreſs ready to receive him.

Don Diego ſubmitted to all theſe Conditions, left his Houſe about the appointed Hour, dreſs'd as was order'd him, with the Rings, the Letter, and the Maſter-Key. Being come into the Street where the Sollicitor's Wife lived, he heard a Noiſe in a Houſe, as if People were in a Paſſion, which his curious Temper oblig'd him to inquire into. He went in, and preſently ſpy'd a Man in a Court writing upon the End of a Cask, and another lighting him with a Candle in a Lanthorn, for Fear the Wind ſhould blow it out. About theſe two ſtood many more, ſome half dreſs'd, and ſome half naked; ſome without Stockings and ſlipſhod; others in their Shirts, with only their Cloaks wrapped about them, muffling up their Noſes, and moſt of them with their Swords under their Arms. Our Adventurer ſtood ſtill behind them, liſtening to their Diſcourſe, without being diſcovered by them, and by that Means underſtood that there had been a Robbery juſt then committed in the Houſe; that he who writ was a Notary, and the other that lighted, a Serjeant, who were taking the Depoſitions of the Neighbours, ſome of whom had ſuffered their Share in the Robbery.

Don Diego having thus ſatisfy'd his Curioſity, was for making off fair and ſoftly, to go on with his Intrigue; but, as ill Fortune would have it, the Damp of the Night had given him a Cold in his Head, which made him ſneeze three Times, and ſo alarm all thoſe People, who cry'd out, *Who is there?* *Don Diego* unwilling to be known, doubled his Pace, without ſpeaking a Word; which rais'd a Jealouſy in the others, and made them purſue him as they did, crying out, *Stop Thief.* He finding himſelf purſued, and ſo foully affronted, fac'd about, drawing his Sword, reply'd, *You lie, ye Scoundrels.* Then letting them come on, gave the boldeſt of them a great Cut over the Head; but whatever he could

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do to get out of their Hands, they secur'd and carry'd him before the Notary, who had staid in the House.

There was nothing about him but what seem'd to testify he had been concerned in the Robbery committed there; his Mein and his Habit did not agree; it was easy to guess he was disguised. Being searched, they found in his Pocket a little Casket, in which the Rings were, as also the Master-Key, all dangerous Circumstances against him. The Notary divided the Booty very equally, taking the Rings for himself, and giving the Key to the Sergeants for their good Service; which done, they led him away to Goal.

Finding himself so roughly handled, he began to declare he was a Gentleman; that they were mistaken in him, desiring to be carry'd before the Lord Mayor, whom he would acquaint with his Name, and make known his Innocency before him. But whatsoever he could say, they made no Account of it; he was put into a Dungeon in the Prison, as a Night-Robber, a Shoplift, and a Breaker of the Peace. He was immediately confronted with two real Thieves that had committed the Crime; they hearing him say that he was a Gentleman, and had a sufficient Estate to live according to his Quality, without robbing another, resolv'd to own him for one of their Gang, not doubting but that if he was of that Rank he pretended, their Cause would be long depending, and, in the mean while their Friends making Restitution, would procure their Liberty; besides that, they might happen to get off by his Interest, and, if it came to the Worst, they would be condemned to some easy Punishment. *Don Diego* perceiving that these Men depos'd quite contrary to what he expected, having thought himself sure that they would clear him, and that consequently he should be set at Liberty, and discharg'd of all that was alledged against him, began to rave, and behave himself like a Madman. Let us leave him a While in that Frenzy to make him the soberer.

As soon as it was Day, the News of his Imprisonment flew all about the Town, his Friends were acquainted with it, who came immediately, offering to be bound

bound Body for Body for him, affirming he had no Hand in the Crime laid to his Charge; but they were not allowed so much as to see him, and went their Ways astonished, and out of Countenance, to hear it affirmed, that a Man of his Quality should be taken in a Robbery, disguised, and with a Pick-lock in his Pocket.

This Rumour being handed about, it came to the Ears of the Jeweller at *Seville*; who, overjoyed with the Conceit that he had found his Jewels, and that our Adventurer was the same *Don Diego* he was in Search of, went hastily to the Prison to enter his Action against him, and to the Notary's to seize the Rings he had taken, as belonging to him. The many Examinations and Depositions, on Account of this last Accusation, help'd to swell the Bulk of the Writings in this Process, in which the Sollicitor, Husband to our Adventurer's design'd Mistress, who had been the Cause of all this Confusion, was employed by the Jeweller of *Seville*, to manage his Cause. He coming to inquire into the Fact, knew the Master-Key to all the Locks in his House, and understood that the Party accus'd had been taken in his Street. This made him suspect his Design had been to rob him as well as his Neighbours, and therefore finding himself particularly concerned in this Matter, he declared himself a Party, and followed the Business so hotly, that he had *Don Diego* examined again upon fresh Circumstances and Articles, which he alledged against him; but our Adventurer being discreet and ingenious, answer'd so cautiously, that he no Way dishonoured the Party who provok'd him, sparing him for her Sake.

This was the Posture of Affairs, when, thro' the Sollicitation of his Friends *Don Diego* was taken out of the Hands of the Criminal Judge, as not subject to his Jurisdiction, and turn'd over to his own proper Court, where the Sollicitor declar'd himself the principal Prosecutor. *Don Diego* finding himself so hard press'd, sent the old Woman, that had been Messenger of Love to the Sollicitor's Wife, to advise her ingeniously to persuade her Husband to desist from his violent Prosecution, or else he should be obliged, in his own Defence, to expose them both, and divulge that which would make them infamous.

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The Jilt, who thought of nothing but her Pleasure, and how she might secure the Rings rather than her Honour, took no Notice of this Admonition.

The Judges and Parties were strangely perplex'd about the Circumstances of this Process, because none of them knew the Secret; till at length *Don Diego* finding he was daily drove to greater Distress, by the Obstinacy of the Sollicitor, resolved to clear himself of what he laid to his Charge, to his own Shame and Confusion. He gave a full Account of the whole Intrigue to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who was very intimate with the Judge, and expounded the Riddle to him; and having diligently weighed all the Circumstances, he resolved to expose the whole naked Truth in Publick, to save the Honour of *Don Diego*, at the Expence of the impertinent Sollicitor's Reputation. The old Woman privately depos'd what she knew of the Affair; the Letter from the Sollicitor's Wife's Mother was produc'd, which she had sent to *Don Diego*. The Jeweller of *Seville* was summoned, and being brought Face to Face with our Adventurer, stood amaz'd, as if he had been Thunder-struck, and frankly own'd that was not the Man he sought after. Hereupon the Judge discharged the Process, ordering the Rings to be restor'd to *Don Diego*, as being his proper Goods; the Master-Key to be put into the Hands of the Sollicitor for the same Reason, and the Letter to be delivered to his Wife, as a Token of her Mother's Affection.

This just Judgment being pronounced, the Jeweller and Sollicitor stood gazing upon one another like two Statues, not knowing what to say, or how to look, and at last went away muttering; the Jeweller vex'd that he had travelled so far, and been at such Expence to so little Purpose; and the Sollicitor in a Rage, for having been the Instrument of his own Disgrace. *Don Diego*, whose Courage was cool'd by the Raillery of his Friends, got off with his Rings safe, valuing them much more than the Sport he was going to lose them at, had he not been prevented by the Misfortune he met with. Thus we conclude this Adventure, observing the Truth of

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the Proverb, which says, *'Tis an ill Wind which blows no Body good.*

Adventure VII.

THO' the unaccountable *Don Diego* was discharged out of Prison, and clear'd of the Crimes laid to his Charge, yet was he resolved to impose a Penalty on himself. He had been so much put out of Countenance by his Friends ripping up all the extravagant Actions of his Life, that it went to his very Heart, and therefore he resolved to banish himself for a Time from *Madrid*, and endeavour to reform, rather in Compliance to those who wish'd him well, than for his own Satisfaction. He set out for that City in *Spain*, which is reckon'd to abound in Learning above any other in *Europe*; and in Reality, Sciences are so common there, that they are not only taught by Day in the Schools, but at Night in the Cellars. This is the City of *Salamanca*, seated on the River the *Spaniards* call *Tormes*, which they reckon more fruitful than the *Nile*, because its Banks are covered with infinite Plenty of several Sorts of delicious Fruit, fit to please the most dainty Palates.

This voluntary Banishment was the more acceptable to *Don Diego*, because the principal Motive of it was to recover two Thousand Ducats become due to him, as the only Heir of his Family, by the Courtesy of his Brothers, who were pleased to die out of Kindness to him. He had substantial Creditors to deal with, who brought him the Sum in lawful Money, as soon as they heard of his Arrival. This made him not return the sooner, the Wonders he had heard of *Salamanca* prevailing with him to make some Stay there. Having satisfy'd his Curiosity, he set out from thence doubly enriched, carrying away Abundance of Books, tho' perhaps principally out of Ostentation, like many others in this Age, who have great Numbers of valuable Books, finely bound, but without making any other Use of them, than as as Hangings or Pictures.

Being come back to *Madrid*, he lock'd up his Ducats in a curious Cabinet, with his Rings and Jewels, resolving

ing they ſhould not ſee the Sun, but lie bury'd, till he had ſome ſufficient Occaſion to ſhow them the World again. The two firſt Nights after his Return home, were dedicated to Repoſe, and he diverted himſelf in turning over his new Books; but when that ſhort Term was expir'd, growing weary of this Confinement, and fancying he forfeited the Liberties and Franchiſes of his natural Inclination, he reſolved to go to take the Air next Night, and that earlier than uſual, that he might have more Leiſure to walk the Streets of *Madrid*.

However he could not put his Deſign in Execution, on Account of the Viſits he received from his Friends, who being informed of his Return, came to welcome him. The Forwardeſt in this Point of Civility, was a Gentleman call'd the *Miraculous Knight*, becauſe, tho' he had no Eſtate or Income, he made a very good Figure at Court, keeping a handſome Retinue, and dreſſing as well as any Man, which made many ſuſpect he had ſome under-hand Way of cheating; but they did him Wrong, as will appear in the Sequel of this Story. *Don Diego* gave him an Account of the Succeſs of his Journey, and to confirm what he ſaid, opened his Cabinet before him, and ſhow'd him his Ducats and Jewels; for he was ſo full that his Satisfaction overflowed. After much common Diſcourſe of what had happened at *Madrid* during *Don Diego*'s Abſence, the *Miraculous Knight* took Leave of him; and tho' he would fain have ſtay'd him to Supper, the Knight excus'd himſelf with much Ceremony.

When he was gone, our Adventurer receiv'd two or three Viſits more, which kept him at Home till near Midnight, much againſt his Will, becauſe they were People of no Conſequence; but ſuch Things muſt be often born with in this World. At length they departed; *Don Diego* took a light Supper, as if he had been upon earneſt Buſineſs; and about One in the Morning ſet out from his Houſe, yet ſomewhat uneaſy in his Mind, for having been ſo open hearted with the *Miraculous Knight*, fearing leſt he, or ſome other by his Inſtigation, ſhould plot againſt his Ducats. Being diſturb'd with theſe Thoughts, he turn'd back to go Home again; deſign-

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ing to remove his Cabinet out of the lower Room up Stairs, as believing it safer there; and passing by a Church-Yard which was near his House, he heard a doleful Voice, intermixed with many Groans, which seemed to come from the Charnel-House, where the Bones of the Dead were laid up, which made his Hair stand up an End, his Eyes to stare, and his Ears to give more than ordinary Attention. He stopt short, and heard the Groans redouble; whereupon he began to consider that it was one of the most heroick Adventures that could befal a walking Knight Errant; and that if he did not attempt to see the End of it, he should ever after have a worse Conceit of his Courage.

He call'd to Mind the Adventure in the *Apple-Street*, which was only a Representation by Persons disguised, but concluded, that this being the real Habitation of the Dead, there could be no Deceit. He drew near, and perceived a small Glimmering through a Cranny in a Board, and going round it, found a Door, out of which there came more Light. Being about to go in boldly, he trod on a dead Man's dry Rib, that snapp'd under his Foot, at which Noise a manly Voice asked him, *Who is there?* At the same Time out came a handsome Man, with a Sword in one Hand, and a dark Lanthorn in the other, so that there was no seeing him that held it. *Don Diego* perceiving the Glittering of the Sword, drew his, and immediately the Man that made towards him, cry'd out, *Don Diego*, my dear Friend. He knew him by his Voice, but not by his Person, by Reason of the Shade of the Lanthorn, and perceived it was the *Miraculous Knight*, who had been to visit him that Evening.

Don Diego, amaz'd to meet him in that Manner, ask'd what he did there? 'Alas, *Don Diego*, said he, you 'come at a Time when I am full of Trouble; but, in 'short, I must tell you, I have been marry'd almost these 'two Years, to a young Lady of Quality, and yet no 'Creature knows of it but only two Friends, and the 'Priest that marry'd us. This young Lady has ever 'since continu'd at her Father's House, without being 'the least suspected by any Body, either at Home or 'Abroad. Immediately after I left you, she sent for me,

'and told me, that her Time was up, the Pains began to 'come fast upon her; that fearing her Father's Severity, 'who would certainly murder her, if he discovered her Of- 'fence, she desired me to take her away from his House, 'and convey her to some Place where she might be de- 'livered with less Dread. Being altogether surpriz'd at 'this Accident, and considering your House was clear, 'you not being marry'd, I was going to put myself into 'your Protection, and to commit my Secret, and this 'young Lady's Honour to your Discretion. But as we 'were passing by this Church-Yard, I conducting her 'with this Lanthorn, the Throws came so fast upon her, 'that she could go no farther; and I was forced, as fast 'as I could, to bring her into this Charnel-House, which, 'by good Luck, I found open.'

The Knight was just come to these last Words, when the Woman gave Notice of her being there, crying out, *Jesus, Jesus,* and then fetching up a long Sigh, *God be prais'd,* said she, *it is over.* The Knight ran hastily to her, and so did *Don Diego,* and found she was delivered of a beautiful Child, born under most inauspicious Circumstances, had they been superstitious, as entring into Life in the very Mansion of Death. It was a strange Spectacle to see the poor Lady stretch'd out upon so many dry Bones, and the Infant born amidst the Dead. The Father took up the little Babe, and wrapping it up in his Cloak, recommended the Mother to *Don Diego,* and went away with the Child to a Midwife's he had in Fee several Days before for that Purpose, and order'd her to provide a Nurse.

Don Diego was left there by himself, with the Lanthorn in his Hand, comforting and encouraging the poor Lying-in-Lady. There was so little Candle in the Lanthorn, that as soon as the Knight was gone it went out, leaving them in that dreadful Darkness. I am in the Wrong to call it dreadful, at least to our Adventurer, who most delighted in it. Whilst he was taken up about this Work of Charity, one of the notablest Thieves in *Madrid* had got Intelligence of his Ducats, and understanding he had left them desolate that Night, he made so his House with a good Pick lock that opened all

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the Doors. Having ſearch'd all the Rooms, he met with the Cabinet the Treaſure was committed to, broke it open very dextrouſly, and ſeiz'd the Bag with all the Jewels. Not ſo ſatisfied, he opened a Trunk, whence he took two Suits of Cloaths, and making all up into a Bundle, with the Gold in the Middle, and the Jewels ty'd up in a Napkin, he laid it on his Back, and made away with all poſſible Expedition.

He was not gone far from *Don Diego*'s Houſe, when he ſpy'd the Watch going the Rounds, and before they could diſcover him, he fled towards the Church-Yard we laſt ſpoke of. The Watch hearing him run, ſuſpected he muſt be ſome Malefactor, and made after him; but he being light of Heels, got to the Charnel-Houſe, where he dropt the Bundle at the Lying-in-Woman's Feet, which ſtruck ſuch a Terror into her, not knowing what it might be, that ſhe forgot all her Pains. *Don Diego* little thinking that he was put into Poſſeſſion of his own Goods, ſtept out with his Sword in his Hand, to know what was the Occaſion of the Noiſe he had heard. The Thief hearing him walk over the dry Bones of the Dead, which crackled under his Feet, thought it had been ſome Evil Spirit ſent by Providence to puniſh him for his Crime; for a wicked Man fears every Thing; and conſidering they could not find the Theft upon him, choſe rather to fall into the Hands of human Devils, than of the Infernal.

Coming out of the Church-Yard he meets the Watch, who had purſued him full Butt, they having laid in Ambuſh to catch him; but the Thief being ſtrong and skilful at his Weapon, drawing a good Back-Sword, laid about him ſo ſucceſsfully, that he made Way through them, and got ſafe off.

In the mean while *Don Diego* coming out to the Entrance of the Church-Yard, without meeting any Thing, and hearing no more Noiſe, thought it a Raſhneſs to go any farther, and an Indiſcretion to forſake the poor weak Woman he was entruſted with, and therefore returned to her, whom he found full of Grief, and complaining heavily againſt the *Miraculous Knight*, blaming his Stay with ſuch Words and Expreſſions, as teſtify'd they came from a Woman

of Family. *Don Diego* perceiving she was somewhat recovered, offer'd to conduct her to a married Man's House, who had been his Servant, and lived close by there. She consented to the Proposal, he help'd her up, groping, and letting her rest on his Arm, led her gently to that House, where she was courteously received, as well out of Respect to him that brought her, as for the Regard due to her Beauty, which charm'd all that beheld it. Had not *Don Diego*'s Thoughts been then wholly taken up with the Care of his Ducats, I cannot tell but he might easily have given Way to be in Love with that Lady, for when he saw her by the Light, he perceived Beauty enough to enamour him. A Midwife was sent for to assist her in all that remains to be done after Delivery, and in the mean while she was put into such a delicate neat Bed, as might have still'd the Thoughts of a jealous Man, and lull'd him asleep. Let us leave them both there in this Condition, and go see how the *Miraculous Knight* was spending his Time, for he very well deserved that Name, Fortune having in him given wonderful Instances of her unaccountable Favours.

He being very sollicitous to have the Child taken Care of, because it was indispos'd, and considering the Mother would be in Trouble for his Stay, desired the Nurse's Husband to take a Lanthorn, and go make his Excuse to *Don Diego* and the Lady he would find with him, and to beg he would make Provision for the unfortunate Woman, putting her into some safe Place, where she might be furnished with what was necessary in her Condition. When the Man came to the Church-Yard, *Don Diego* was already gone to fulfil his Request, tho' he had not heard it. The Nurse's Husband coming into the Charnel-House, where the Knight had told him he should find *Don Diego* and the Mother of the Child, and seeing nothing but the Horrors of Death, was going out backwards, not daring to turn his Back upon all those dreadful Spectacles, for fear they should rise and fall upon him unawares. When he was near the Door of the Charnel-House, he happened to set his Foot on the Bundle the Thief had dropt there, as he fled from the Watch, and finding it sink under him, cry'd out, fancying he had

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trod on some Corps newly brought in, till drawing near it with his Lanthorn, he found his Mistake, and perceived it was only a Bundle of Cloaths. He considered with himself whether he should carry it away or no; but concluding, that the Dead could lay no Claim, he resolved to lay it on his Back, thinking it very strange that he should be so well clad, where all People are left naked.

Don Diego having left the Lady in Safety, and being, anxious for his Treasure, hasted Home to see if all were safe, and coming to his House, went directly up Stairs to the Room where he had left his Cabinet, and found it broke open, which touch'd him so to the Quick, that he had like to have dropt down; but recovering himself, he perceived the Mischief had been done, his Cabinet rifled, and his Trunk open. Not knowing who to charge this upon, he concluded it was the *Miraculous Knight* had play'd him this Game, whilst he staid to guard his Lady; for his long Stay gave Occasion to suspect he might be guilty of this foul Action. To lose no Time, he return'd to the Church-Yard with more Haste than he came, fancying that the Knight would not fail to be there, to look for his Wife, the better to counterfeit Innocence. By good Luck *Don Diego* came to the Charnel-House, just as the Man sent by the Knight, was going out. Our Adventurer in a Rage for the Robbery, and fully concluding that was the Knight, as he had before conceited, fell upon the Man so furiously, that he dropt the Bundle, calling him Thief, and threat'ning to make an Example of him. At the same Time an Officer of the Watch happen'd to pass by, going Home discontented for having spent the whole Night patrolingabout with his Companions, without lighting on any Booty. He bid them both to keep the Peace, and answer his Questions, which they immediately obey'd; for in *Spain* the meanest Officer of Justice is much respected.

The Day then began to break, and the Heat of *Don Diego*'s Passion being somewhat over, he had Leisure to observe, that the Man he had taken was not the Knight, and the unknown Person finding himself at Liberty, and wisely considering, that, tho' innocent, being found with the Bundle upon him, he might be brought into Trouble, he

thought fit to make the beſt of his Way, and truſt to his Heels to bring him off. In ſhort, he vaniſh'd in a Moment, leaving *Don Diego* to anſwer for both. Whilſt the Officer was putting himſelf into the Poſture of an Examiner, up comes the real Thief, who having made his Eſcape from the Watch, had waited till it was Day to come and carry off the Bundle he had ſtole from among the Dead, with whom he had left it in Truſt. He diſcovered, at ſome Diſtance, two Men, which were our Adventurer, and the Officer contending together; however, he by Degrees drew near them very impudently, with Hat in Hand, liſt'ning to their Diſcourſe, and at the ſame Time ſquinting upon the Bundle. At laſt the Officer touching *Don Diego* with his Rod, commanded him, in the King's Name, to follow him. The Thief ſeeing them in Motion, took up the Bundle, by ſilent Conſent of *Don Diego* and the Officer, and followed them, each of them thinking he had been the other's Servant.

Whilſt all theſe Things were in Agitation, the *Miraculous Knight* was fretting with Impatience, expecting the Return of the Man he had ſent to *Don Diego*. Being tir'd with waiting, he went out to ſeek him, and coming to the Church-Yard, found neither the Meſſenger, nor thoſe he had ſent him to. Thence he went on to *Don Diego*'s Houſe, where he heard the diſmal News of the Robbery, but no Body could tell where he was. This was a mighty Trouble to him, being at once concerned for the Misfortune befallen his Friend, and becauſe he knew not where the Lady was that he had committed to his Charge, tho' he did not queſtion but ſhe was in good Hands, and that he had too much Courage to forſake her.

In the mean while *Don Diego* going along with the Officer, came to the Juſtice's Door, and looking about for the Man that had taken up the Bundle, whom, as has been ſaid, he took to be the Officer's Man, and the Officer concluded to be his, and not ſeeing him, he asked the Officer where he was, threat'ning to make him accountable for it. The Officer reſenting his Words, anſwered him boldly, That he was not now in a Place where he could play his knaviſh Pranks. This Expreſſion

put

put *Don Diego* into such a Heat, that he laid the Officer on several Strokes with the Flat of his Sword about the Head, at whose Cries the Justice came out, and having heard both Parties, and understanding *Don Diego*'s Quality, he order'd him to be confin'd to his House, and two Officers to guard him.

The *Miraculous Knight* being tired with running up and down, without hearing any News of those he sought after, return'd to his Child's Nurse, whom he found unfit to suckle it. Her Husband flying from Justice, had call'd there in a mighty Fright, telling her, he was oblig'd to be gone, and abscond for some Time, because some stolen Goods had been found upon him, and therefore he must get out of the Way, for Fear of being thrown into Goal; and, without explaining himself any farther, he scamper'd off, leaving his Wife in such a Consternation, that her Milk immediately went away. This new Accident put the *Miraculous Knight* into such Confusion, that had he not been a Man of great Temper, it would have gone near to distract him. He had the Charge of a Child, and was deprived of the Means of giving it necessary Sustenance to support Life. In this Perplexity, Heaven put it into his Thoughts to send for a Hackney Coach, into which he went with the Infant, carrying it to a Village near *Madrid*, called *Xetafe*, designing to have it bred there very privately. The Thief, who had again so boldly possess'd himself of the Bundle, before *Don Diego* and the Officer, and seem'd to follow, had drop'd them at the first turning of a Street; and to prevent being followed by the Tract, thought it best to depart *Madrid*, to enjoy the Fruit of his wicked Success with more Safety, disguising the Cloaths and Jewels, with the Assistance of some knavish Brokers and Goldsmiths, who made it their Business to metamorphose stolen Goods. The Lying-in-Woman was infinitely afflicted, being in a Manner forsaken by her Lover, and by him who had brought her into that House among People that were altogether Strangers to her, who nevertheless attended her with all possible Care, in Pursuance of the Orders given by *Don Diego*.

Her

Her Father and Mother missing her, left no Stone unturn'd to hear what was become of her, but all in vain. In short, there was nothing but Trouble and Confusion among all the Parties concern'd, each had their Affliction and Sorrow, as well as the other.

The *Miraculous Knight* came to *Xctafe* in the Evening, where he found all he had Occasion for to his Heart's Content; he had put the Infant into a good Nurse's Hands in less than an Hour, and was preparing to return to *Madrid*. As he was getting into the Coach, he heard a mighty Noise in the Inn; he turn'd in again, and spy'd a Man, who held another by the Collar; and tugg'd him about, as if he would have throttl'd him. *Have I got you*, said he, *thou Villain, thou Thief; you are the Man that robb'd me about a Year ago at my House in* Toledo; *I am resolv'd I will cut your Throat, that your Blood may make Satisfaction for my Goods you stole. This Bundle you bring is certainly some fresh Robbery you have committed at* Madrid, *for which it is likely several as unfortunate People as my self are now at their Wits End.*

The House was immediately fill'd with People at the Cries of this passionate Man. The *Miraculous Knight* broke through the Throng, came up to the Person impeach'd, examin'd him, and by his Answers perceiv'd he was the Thief that had robb'd *Don Diego*, who, as Providence had order'd it, took up his Lodging in that Inn with a Merchant of *Toledo*, whom he had robb'd some Time before. The Mayor of the Town was call'd, the Bundle open'd in his Presence, and an Inventory taken of all there was in it, which was left in the Custody of the Master of the House. The Criminal was put into Goal, and the Knight return'd to *Madrid*, to carry *Don Diego* the good News, which was very acceptable to him; and in return, he carry'd the Knight to see his Lying-in Lady, who was no less overjoy'd at this Visit.

Don Diego was much troubled in his Conscience, for having suspected the *Miraculous Knight* to be guilty of so foul an Action, yet he was in some measure excusable, having grounded this Conceit on the common receiv'd Opinion, that the Knight could not live at so high a Rate without being concern'd in some base Em-

ploy-

ploy ; but now *Don Diego* underſtood that he was maintain'd by the Lady that fed his amorous Flame, ſhe being the only Daughter of very rich Parents ; and having for four Years laſt paſt ſupply'd him plentifully with as much as kept him handſomely at Court. *Don Diego* being eas'd of the Care of the young Lady, apply'd himſelf in the next Place to recover what had been ſtolen from him. He got an Order from Court to fetch up the Thief, to have him try'd at *Madrid* ; where, as ſoon as he came, he confeſs'd all his Crimes, and for his Ingenuity was rewarded with a Halter. *Don Diego* was again put in Poſſeſſion of his Goods, not but that his Purſe paid for it, becauſe Juſtice is a precious Thing, and muſt be purchas'd at a dear Rate. The firſt Nurſe's Husband was recalled from his voluntary Baniſhment.

In the mean while the *Miraculous Knight* being deſirous to deliver the Lady's Father and Mother from the great Pain and Trouble they were in, apply'd himſelf to ſeveral Perſons of Note, as Prelates, Religious Men of known Piety, Miniſters of State, who being prevail'd upon by the continual ſubmiſſive Intreaties of that beautiful Creature the Knight's Miſtreſs, or rather Bride, took the Matter in hand with ſuch Zeal and Diſcretion, that in a few Days they prevail'd on the Father and Mother, and perſuaded them not only to forgive the Daughter and her Lover, but to approve of their Marriage, as if they had been realy conſenting to it. Love, which had been the Cauſe of the Offence, was now the chief Pleader in this Cauſe, and ſo entirely gain'd the Hearts of both Father and Mother, that upon making the Reconciliation, they demanded the Infant to entail their Eſtate upon him.

All their Relations were invited to the Celebration of the Nuptials ; for all the Ceremonies of the Church had been perform'd before. *Don Diego* took particular Satisfaction in his Friend's good Fortune, and contracted a more intimate Friendſhip with him than before. On the other Hand, the Knight ſtudy'd nothing more than how to find Opportunities of expreſſing how ſenſible he was of his Obligation to him, for his Care, and the ſignal Services he had done his Beloved, who own'd herſelf no leſs indebted to him for his Kindneſs.

Moſt

Moſt People thought that *Don Diego* having had ſo much Experience of the many Troubles and Misfortunes the Life of Man is ſubject to, his own having been ſo often in Danger, would for the future have liv'd within ſome Bounds, and endeavour'd to employ his Time better, but the World was much deceived in him. He was ſo highly pleas'd with the Succeſs of his Adventures, that it embolden'd him to look out for others ſtill more dangerous. Beſides he fancy'd, that the Night Adventures, befallen to other Men, which Parents tell their Children by the Fire-ſide, as wonderful and prodigious Accidents, were nothing but mere Cheats and Fables to ſcare Fools; becauſe thoſe Men being frighted at the firſt Show of Danger, and wanting Courage to ſee the utmoſt of it, have impos'd their wild Notions upon others for Wonders. In ſhort, they are generally weak People that tell us Stories of Spirits and Hobgoblins; for there is no Church-yard ſo frightful as a timorous Man's Heart.

Adventure VIII.

THE Vanity which had fill'd *Don Diego*'s Heart, for having come off ſo advantageouſly in ſo many perilous Adventures, made him deſpiſe all Sorts of Dangers. He thought himſelf now Proof againſt any Accidents, and believ'd that Fortune could not controul his Reſolution. Upon this Conceit, he ſtill ſought new Perils, to give the greater Proofs of his Valour, and gain the Reputation of a Hero, but inſtead of purchaſing that good Name, he was reckoned a raſh Man of an extravagant Temper; for whoſoever aſpires to be ſingular, draws upon himſelf either the Envy or the Scorn of others.

Don Diego was inform'd, that the Travelling Waggons, which paſs through the Sea of Duſt in Summer, and of Dirt in Winter, that is betwixt *Toledo* and *Madrid*, perform'd their Journey by Night. For this Reaſon, and that he might have the Opportunity of converſing with Darkneſs, not to delight his Eyes with ſeeing *Toledo* once more, tho' a Place the Sun it ſelf beholds with Pleaſure, he reſolv'd to undertake that great Progreſs, which is juſt twelve Leagues. He was alſo mov'd to it by an earneſt Deſire

Desire he had to hear the Railing and Ribaldry there is betwixt the mean Sort of People who travel that Way. For this Purpose, he put on the Servant's Habit the Solicitor's Wife had before persuaded him to wear for her Sake, lest being clad according to his Quality, he should happen to give a Check to the Freedom of those Sort of People, and be disappointed of the Satisfaction he expected to receive in their Billingsgate and Nonsense. Having arm'd himself with Sword and Dagger, he left *Madrid* about Eight at Night.

The Company he had in the Waggon consisted of some Country Fellows, such as contract Friendship over a Pot of Wine; for in *Spain* they drink no Ale. *Don Diego* took his Place as it fell to his Lot, for no Compliments are used there. As soon as the Wheels were got off the Stones, every one began to let his Clack loose, making a hideous Noise, like a Clock when the Spring breaks, and all the Wheels run off in Confusion out of their ordinary Course. Our Adventurer was amaz'd at this *Babylonian* Confusion of Tongues, and no less at the barbarous Expressions he heard; but was pleas'd, that tho' the Discourse was not Rhetorical, yet to him it was new. One told how he had paid his Foy at taking Leave; another, how he had been treated by his Friends on that Account; another, that he had pick'd his Father's Lock to get Money; a fourth, that he bid no Body Farewel, for Fear of being stopt by his Creditors. In short, it was a mad Medley of open Confession of all their Exploits, and scarce three Words of Sense to be made out of it.

With this pleasant Discourse they came to *Illescas*, where being at the Inn-Door, before any of them alighted out of the Waggon, they fell a brawling about a Leather Bag, which serv'd one of the Company for a Cloak-Bag and Portmanteau, and being now missing, the Owner would have the Waggoner to be accountable for it. They all set up the Cry against him, and from foul Words came to Blows, so that the poor Waggoner was knock'd down before the Inn, much hurt, where the Maid of the Inn then was, who shed salt Tears upon the Body of her unfortunate Driver; but he was soon revenged, for he that struck him, hasting to get out of the Waggon

Waggon, to make his Escape, hung his Foot in a Rope, and fell headlong upon the Stones, where he lay for dead. The Officers of Justice, who are much of the Temper of Surgeons, that wish for nothing so much as Wounds and broken Bones, came in readily to keep the Peace, being as nimble with their Feet as with their Hands, when they see they have their Prey in their Nets. They presently examin'd, took Depositions, and sent some to Goal; and for the more Security, they seiz'd the Waggon and Mules; all which they rather do, to serve their own Turn than the Publick Good.

Don Diego, who stood aside, as not concern'd in the Quarrel, was nevertheless taken up for being one of the Company; and had been infallibly committed to Prison, but that he happened to be known by some of the Country inferiour Gentry, who prevailed with the Mayor of the Town to discharge him. His Disguise was the Occasion of his being put to that Trouble; and therefore when a Man goes where he is not known, it is necessary his Habit should recommend him, because by that most People guess at his Quality, and sometimes at his Humour. He stay'd seven or eight Days at *Illescas*, diverting himself with the agreeable Frankness of a travelling Damsel, that was going from *Toledo* to *Madrid*, to present the Courtiers with a fresh Treat. She lay in the same Inn with *Don Diego*, who falling into a Love-sick Fit, she endeavour'd to apply the Cure, not by administring Potions or Cordials, but by bleeding his Purse, whence she drew some Ounces of Gold. But this Metal being the very Blood and Spirit that supports Life, a few of the first Evacuations put him into such a Condition that he resolv'd to make use of no more that Physician's Prescriptions, but to dismiss her, or rather discard himself. To this Purpose, he hir'd a Mule, as unlucky a Jade as the other he had quitted; only that being us'd to the Pranks of the former, he thought the latter more tolerable.

This Mule having been hard wrought, and ill fed, had much ado to move, tho' the Rider did not forget to put her in mind with his Spurs. She stumbled every Step she went, which seem'd to forbode that he would not go far without

without a Fall, and so it happen'd; this might have been more fatal to him than it was, had he not been so frequently forewarn'd of what he was to expect. It was a Blessing he was so well upon his Guard against his Fall, for he must have broke his Neck, or not much short of it, being like to tumble into a Quarry, had he not thrown himself off on the other Side. Getting up, like a good Christian, he us'd Charity with his Neighbour, helping his Steed upon her Legs, but renounc'd riding any more. He led her for a good League to an Inn, to which he came just with the Dawn of the Day, having set out of *Illescas* about Midnight, and travelling all the rest of the Night, in Compliance with his old Humour. Here he made a plentiful Breakfast, or rather a Supper, for he inverted Times and Seasons, Breakfasting when others Supp'd, and went to Bed.

About four in the Afternoon he was wak'd out of his Sleep, by a Post-Boy's Horn, who came along with a Messenger, sent by Order of Council, and reckon'd a most sharp sighted Fellow at knowing a Thief, tho' it is likely he was not so well skill'd as imagin'd, since he knew not himself; but it is the surest Way to set a Thief to catch a Thief. This Man was come Post from *Madrid*, in Pursuit of a Parcel of cunning Knaves, well skill'd at making other Mens Goods their own; who had now given a sufficient Proof of their Abilities, at the Cost of one of the richest Persons of Quality about the Court. He alighted at this Inn, search'd it narrowly, and then examin'd the Host and all his Guests very severely. *Don Diego* was rais'd to be present at this Examination, and being in Disguise, had paid for all, but that the Messenger happened to know him.

Having made a thorough Search and Enquiry in the Inn, he was very much concerned that he could hear no News of the Criminals, nor so much as find any Body to bring into Trouble; for those Men desire no more than to find a Subject fitly disposed, and they know how to give it a Form. Not knowing whether he had better go on, or turn back, he stood at the Inn Gate, inquiring of all Comers and Goers; *Don Diego* bearing him Company, and treating him with much Complaisance, in Requital

for the Favour he had ſhew'd him. Juſt as the Day was ſhutting in, they diſcovered at a Diſtance a Funeral coming towards them, attended by four Religious and four Lay-Men in Mourners Habits. Theſe came about a Bier, carry'd by two luſty Mules, on which was a Coffin cover-ed with rich black Bayes. The four Religious Men who came foremoſt, ſtopp'd as ſoon as they came into the Hamlet, telling the others, they muſt reſt a little, and ſay there a ſhort Prayer for the Dead, that they might preſerve the Living. The Officer bleſſing himſelf when they came up to him, ask'd, Whether they had not met ſuch and ſuch People, ſo and ſo habited, who had com-mitted a notable Robbery at *Madrid? We have ſeen no Body*, reply'd one of the Religious Men, *but here is a Robbery committed by a famous Female Thief, ſhe alone was concern'd in it. Where is that Robbery*, anſwer'd the Officer full of Concern, *and who is that Female Robber? Alas! Sir*, ſaid the Religious Man, *the Robbery is in the Coffin, uncovering the Bier, and ſhe that has committed it is Death. This is a noble Body, and as precious as Gold.* Then taking the Officer by the Hand, and drag-ging him roughly towards the Coffin, for he was very ſtrong, *Come, Sir*, ſaid he, *come and ſee this unaccount-able Robbery; come and ſee what Mortals are ſubject to.* The Officer, who was not uſed to converſe with the In-habitants of the other World, not liking that Sort of Invitation, anſwer'd him in a very angry Tone: *Pray let me go, Father; I am not come hither to call in Queſti-on the Actions of Death; beſides I have no Stomach to look into a Coffin; the fineſt Creature in the World ſtinks within four and Twenty Hours after it is dead; and tho' you compare that Body to Gold, I do not think it as incor-ruptible as that precious Metal, which alone has that Pri-vilege by Nature.* This ſaid, he mounted a Horſeback, and went his Way.

Don Diego continued in the Inn with this Funeral Re-tinue. The Drivers unladed their Mules under a great Portal, they were carry'd into the Stable, and a Table covered near the Coffin, which they watched very care-fully, and there they ſupp'd, inviting our Adventurer to keep them Company, becauſe they ſaw he was alone.

He

He sat down among them without any Ceremony, and they soon fell to down-right drinking of Healths upon Healths, which must have prov'd everlasting, had they received any Addition by their frequent hearty Draughts.

The Hostess somewhat surprised, as well as *Don Diego*, to see those mourning Companions, so little mortify'd, whilst they were attending Death, very innocently said to them, *Chear up, Gentlemen, chear up, make much of your selves, and be merry, for I dare say, there are others that lament for that poor Body you bring, God give it rest.* He that sat at the upper End of the Table, and dealt about the Cups as he thought fit, answer'd her, *You have spoke such a Sentence, Sweet Heart, as I little expected would drop from that barren Mouth. It is very certain, the House from which this rich Body came, for it is no poor one, as you call it, is now under very extraordinary Affliction; and what grieves them the more, is, to consider that this Person was taken away suddenly, to their eternal Sorrow: He died in my Arms, and my Hands bury'd him. Pray to God that we may carry him safe to the Place appointed, and be not scandaliz'd to see us take a little Refreshment; the Trouble of attending him a Foot, requires good Nourishment.* This said he drank to the Hostess's Health, and clapping a great Glass of Wine into her Hand, desir'd she would pledge him; for Men call the complying with their Extravagancies doing them Honour. Amidst this Multitude of Healths, one of the Mourners found his Indisposition, his Head proving too weak for the Fumes of the Wine he had drunk. He began to stammer, and talk an unknown Tongue, and at last dropt down in a Trance, that made him look like the departed Person, for he fell into profound Sleep, the perfect Image of Death.

It was about ten at Night, when such of the Company as were most in their Senses, thinking it Time to depart, because they would not lie there all Night, laid the Bier upon the Mules, which had been as well fed as their Masters, and paid the Hostess very generously, who gave them a thousand Blessings, and made as many Prayers for the Departed. They desir'd her to take Care of the Man that was asleep, who would follow them

when he awak'd; and considering that the Mourner's Habit he had on, was of no use for him to stay there, they stripp'd him of it, seeming desirous to hire another Man in his stead, to compleat their Number.

Don Diego prompted by his hellish Curiosity, for we may well give such a Name to that which pretends to dive into those Things it is no way concern'd with, and being very desirous to be particularly inform'd whither that Funeral was going, and who the dead Person was, offer'd them to fill up that vacant Place, and put on the Mourning Robe. They having found him to be a good Companion at the Supper, took another View of him, observing that he had the Looks of a Man of Courage, and a good Guard, and therefore receiv'd him with open Arms, instead of the other that lay entranc'd under the Power of *Bacchus*, and so they set out of the Inn merrily.

No sooner were they out of the Village, but they left the High-Way, striking a-eros the Country, at which our new Mourner was not a little surpriz'd, not knowing whether they did it through Inadvertency or designedly, but durst not ask. They travell'd in this manner about two Hours, till they came to a very uncouth Mountain, all Rocks and Woods, the Habitation of Wolves, Wild-Boars, and other savage Creatures. When they were got far into the Mountain, they halted, and one of the Gang, a very ill look'd Fellow, in a very haughty Tone, said, So far good, Brethren, it is now Time to divide this Body. Well said, answer'd the rest, you are in the right, this is a convenient Place to divide it. Our Adventurer was never so startled in his Life, as at the hearing of this Proposal, not able to imagine, to what Purpose they would use that Body so barbarously. He drew alittle aside, and presently perceiv'd, they were all falling at Variance about sharing theLimbs of the dead Body. From Words they came to Blows, drawing out short Hangers and Pistols they had under their long Robes, as well the Religious as the Seculars, which *Don Diego* had not discover'd before. They grew to such a Heat, that after much Clattering of their Swords, and many Wounds given, they fir'd their Pistols, which put the Mules into such a Fright, that they fell a snorting, braying, and running

running as fast as their Legs could carry them. *Don Diego* run after to stop them, but they were so swift, that before he could overtake them they were got into a hollow Way, and so narrow, that it was impossible to pass by, and come before them; so that he was forc'd to follow them with much Trouble; for besides that it was dark, there was scarce any Sign of a Road, so that he stumbled at every Step, and very often fell down upon Tufts of Briars and Brambles, which would have torn his Legs but that he had Boots on. However, still hoping to get out from among those Bushes, he travell'd about a League, with the Horrors of Death always before his Eyes, and thinking on the strange and sudden Conversation of those Religious Men into Soldiers, wearing Swords and Pistols about them, instead of Beads and Breviaries. He was amaz'd at their Wickedness and Barbarity, in designing to cut in Pieces a Body, which, if of the Quality they represented it, deserv'd to be preserv'd entire; for this he thought was a Practice altogether unusual among Christians, who allow of the opening of Bodies to embalm them, but not of quartering them like Cattle.

Whilst he was taken up with these Thoughts, he found himself near a Shepherd's Cottage, where Providence order'd it, that the Mules stopp'd of themselves, which if they had not, they would have fallen into a Precipice with the dead Body. The Shepherds alarm'd by the Barking of the Dogs, came out of their Cottage with Light, and were somewhat startled, seeing this dismal Funeral Pomp. Then *Don Diego* muffled, up in his Mourning Weed, in as few Words as he could, inform'd them that he had lost his Way in the dark, and was carrying a dead Body, enquiring whether there was not some Village hard by, where he might rest him till Day. Those good People being willing charitably to assist that wandering Mourner, conducted him to the Village, where he found a Reverend Curate, who had formerly had his Swing in the World, and was now by the Frowns, or rather the Kindness of Fortune, brought to this Place, where he spent his Days happily in his Studies and Peace. He lodg'd the Living in his own House, and the dead Body in the Church; and it was very good Luck to meet with such

such an Hoſt, as had Lodging both for the Living and the Dead. The Sexton and others belonging to the Church were call'd, who carry'd the Coffin and the travelling Corps into the Chapel belonging to the Patron of the Church, who was Lord of the Village. *Don Diego*, took Leave of the Shepherds that had conducted him, and contented them both with good Words and Bounty, a ſort of Payment not common. Being left alone with the good Curate, he gave him a Relation of his ſtrange Adventure; and his Hoſt having given him a Glaſs of Wine, and ſome preſerv'd Quinces, conducted him to a Bed ſo neat, that it added much to the Inclination he had before to ſleep; ſo that tho' he had thought to have lain there only the remaining Part of the Night, he ſtuck by it ſo long, that when he got up he could go no farther a Journey than from the Bed to the Table, living that Day like a true Courtier. The good Prieſt was very well inclin'd to make much of *Don Diego*, who was a very pleaſant Companion, and therefore deſir'd him to ſtay there till next Day, to ſee whether any Body would come to enquire after the Corps. *Don Diego* lik'd his Propoſal and conſented to it. After Dinner, the Curate, to divert our Adventurer, carry'd him out a walking about the Village, which was agreeably ſeated; and ſitting by a pleaſant Spring, they fell into Diſcourſe of News, by which *Don Diego* perceiv'd that the Curate had not been bred among Peaſants. This Obſervation, together with his own natural Curioſity to enquire after every thing, mov'd him to deſire the Prieſt to tell him how he came to ſettle his Abode in that Country-Dwelling. The other being of a complaiſant Temper, to comply with his Gueſt's Requeſt, addreſs'd himſelf to him as follows:

'I was born at *Seville*; the only Kindneſs Fortune 'would have me indebted to her for, that I might not 'call my ſelf altogether unfortunate; but ſince it is below 'the Character of a brave Soul to blame the Stars, let us 'proceed. My Father was of noble Extraction, and more 'famous for his Virtue than for Wealth. He caus'd 'me to be inſtructed in Human and Divine Learning, 'that he might leave me a never failing Inheritance; 'and my Genius ſuiting with the Employment my Fa-

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ther had chosen for me, I out-stripp'd most of my Fellow-Students, and soon took my Degree of Doctor of the Civil Law. The Fame of this being spread abroad throughout the City, made many ambitious to marry me into their Families. I had some beautiful Maids, with good Fortunes, propos'd to me, sufficient Baits to allure Sensuality and Covetousness; but having as yet no Inclination to confine my self to the Bonds of Matrimony, I could not approve of any of the Propofals; so that having rejected so much Wealth and so many Beauties, as might have mov'd the most insensible to Pleasure and Avarice, and having so often withstood the Persuasions of all those that endeavour'd to engage me in Matrimony, it was generally concluded, that I had some secret Aversion to Women; but the Charms and Perfections of a certain Lady banish'd the Notion conceiv'd of my being a Woman-hater. Her Personal Beauty, and excellent Wit, were irresistible Weapons, and indissoluble Spells, that conquer'd and inslav'd all such as could gain Admittance to her. Among the many that aspir'd to this Honour, she admitted of my Addresses, and not many Days after, with the joint Consent of her Friends and mine, the Knot of perfect Union betwixt us was ty'd in the Church. I liv'd with her two Years in a happy Condition; and considering the Mutability of worldly Affairs, I may say that was a long Time; but I must not dwell upon those Thoughts, the Remembrance of them would but refresh the Wounds which the Loss of her has made in my Heart.

'This dear better Half of me had a Brother, whose youthful Gallantries grew into such scandalous Extravagancies, that he became odious to all the Inhabitants of *Seville*. He often fell into the Hands of Justice, and went through the Disgrace of a Goal, whence my Care, or rather my Purse, still deliver'd him; for it is certain Money is the surest Friend upon all Occasions. A scandalous disorderly Course of Life was become so habitual to him, that instead of being restrain'd by the Consideration of such shameful Punishments undergone, since Virtue had no Power over him, he still gave himself up

'inordinately

'inordinately to Vice. Perceiving that whatsoever 'Course of Mildness or Severity I took, it was impossible 'for me to overcome his vicious Inclinations; I forbid 'him my House, and order'd all my Servants to keep him 'out if he came; but my Orders were in vain. A Law-'giver must proportion the Power the Subjects have to 'obey, to the Laws he enacts; for if they cannot be ob-'serv'd, they make the Law-giver contemptible, and are 'sometimes the Cause of disturbing the publick Peace, and 'the Source of many Troubles. This was my Case; 'and when I call to mind these Things, I cannot forbear 'shedding Tears. I should be asham'd to expose 'my Weakness before you, were I not convinc'd that 'you will think me excusable, when you have heard the 'Cause.

'My Wife lov'd this young Man, as Nature obliged 'her, and as her only Brother, so that his Debauchery 'and lewd Life no way diminish'd her Affection, and 'therefore she countenanc'd his coming into my House, 'and suffer'd him to visit her in my Absence. He had 'Spies that followed me continually, and carefully gave 'him Notice of my Return, that he might be gone, or 'at least hide himself before I came Home. But when ill 'Fate pursues us, it overtakes us in those very Ways we 'take to avoid it. They us'd to hide him in my Cham-'ber, in a Corner behind the Bed where my Wife and I 'lay; and this Contrivance having often proved success-'ful, they still made use of it whensoever they had Occa-'sion. It happen'd that going home one Evening, and 'entering that Chamber without thinking any thing, the 'young Man having been fail'd by his Spies, was surpri-'zed, and thinking to hide himself hastily, his Foot 'hitch'd in a Table, and he fell flat on the Ground. I 'hearing the Fall, without seeing who it was, for Day 'was shut in, ran in swiftly and laid hold of him, as he 'was rising to get into his Hiding-place. Unhappy 'haste! I clapt my Hand unfortunately on a Dagger he 'wore by his Side, and thinking he had been a Thief, 'stabb'd him three Times with it, and he dropt down. 'At the same time I was sensible of my Mistake by his 'Voice; and being struck with Horror at this Misfor-

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'tune, let him go, and drew back. He having ſtill 'Strenth enough, got up with his Sword in his Hand, to 'revenge himſelf, and puſhing at random in the dark, 'thruſt my Wife, who was come running in upon the 'Noiſe, through the Body, and then dropt down dead. 'If he deſign'd that Thruſt to kill me, he well knew 'where to give me my mortal Wound, ſince I liv'd more 'in his Siſter's Life than in my own. By this time my 'Servants came all in with Lights, to increaſe the Grief 'and Horror of ſeeing one that held me ſo dear, die in 'my Arms. As ſoon as ſhe was dead, my Sorrow pre-'vailed ſo far upon me, that to make ſome Amends for 'my inconſiderate Offence, I went to deliver myſelf up 'into the Hands of Juſtice, like one in Deſpair, accu-'ſing myſelf of the Murder of my Brother-in-law and 'Wife. I was caſt into Priſon till the Buſineſs came to a 'Trial; but my Affliction ſwell'd to ſuch an unlimited 'Exceſs, that it diſtracted me; ſo that from the Common 'Goal I was remov'd to the Mad-houſe; where, for a 'long time, I was the ridiculous Diverſion of my Enemies, 'who came to ſee me, for the Satisfaction of making me 'their Scorn. However, thro' God's Mercy I recover'd 'of that Diſtemper, tho it ſeem'd incurable. I was then 'ſet at Liberty, having ſuſtain'd a conſiderable Loſs in 'my Eſtate, which had been conſumed both in ſuing out 'my Pardon, and defraying the Charges of the Law, a-'mounting to a conſiderable Sum.

'At that Time an Uncle of mine, threeſcore and ten 'Years of Age, who was Curate here, fell ſick of a Hec-'tick Fever, and being willing I ſhould ſucceed him 'in this Place, as knowing I was well enough diſ-'poſed for this Profeſſion, he obtain'd of his Holineſs to 'take off the Irregularity I had incurr'd; after which I 'receiv'd Holy Orders, and ſo became capable of holding 'this Benefice, which he reſign'd up to me. This is the 'Occaſion of my coming to ſettle in ſuch a ſolitary Coun-'try-Manſion, ſo agreeable to my Temper, where my 'only Care is to fulfil the Duty of my Function to the 'beſt of my Power. What ſpare Hours I have are ſpent 'in reading good Books, the better to enable my ſelf to 'inſtruct thoſe Souls committed to my Charge. Thus do

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'I spend my Days, expecting 'till it shall please God to 'call me to give an Account of my Actions.

Don Diego admiring that reverend Curate's strange Fortune, commended his Resolution of spending the rest of his Days in that solitary Place. Thus discoursing together of the Happiness of a Country-Life, they came to the Curate's Church, which they found open; and that being unusual at such a Time of Day, the Curate went in, and found several Persons there in Mourning, who had just brought the Body of the Patron of the Church, and Lord of the Village, lately dead, and were in deep Contest with the Vicar and Sexton, because they had laid a Coffin and strange Corps in the Chapel, which was reserv'd only for that Family. The Curate discreetly pacify'd those People, and *Don Diego* coming in at the same Time, concern'd that his dead Body could find Rest no where, and that they were for turning it out, desired those Gentlemen to allow him the Term of eight Days, in which Time he offer'd to make out that his Corps belong'd to the Person they had then brought, and in case of Failure, he promised to remove it. His Request was granted, upon the Condition by him propos'd. I know not whether it was an enthusiastick Fit of Prophecy or Madness that made him talk so, for they say that Madmen speak prophetically sometimes; the Event will decide it. The Truth is, he told the Curate he had made use of that Stratagem, believing that those People would be gone the next Day, and then they two might consult where to bury that stray Corps that was left upon his Hands, and on which he would bestow that last charitable Act of Christian Piety.

All the People of the Village were concern'd at their Lord's Death, which they said was through too much Grief, conceiv'd on Account of a Robbery committed upon him, to the Value of twenty-five Thousand Ducats in ready Money and Jewels. This being a Robbery in which several Persons must have a Hand, all that were any ways concern'd, in Hopes of being Heirs to the Family, took special Care for their own Ends, to have all possible Search made after the Robbers; so that having sent out Officers and other People several Ways, some of them

them at the Entrance of a Wood, found a Man whom they took upon Suſpicion, as well on Account of his ill Look, as becauſe upon Examination he gave no good Account of himſelf. They preſently ſearch'd him upon the Spot, and found about him ſufficient circumſtantial Proofs for a farther Trial; for in his Pockets they found Hooks, Pick-locks, *&c.* They that took him carried him to the next Village, which happen'd to be the ſame where *Don Diego* was, and being put to the Rack, he ſoon own'd as much as they deſir'd, and diſcover'd ſtrange Secrets.

He confeſs'd he was the eighth Perſon concern'd in the mighty Robbery committed at *Madrid*, of a Cabinet full of Jewels and Gold, of a very great Value. That for the better removing it out of *Madrid* without Danger, they had contrived to diſguiſe themſelves, ſome in the Habit of Religious Men, and others in the Apparel of Mourners that attend at Funerals; then to put their Booty into a Coffin, upon a Bier carry'd by two Mules, all cover'd with black Bayes, and to pretend it was a dead Corps they were attending to the Place of Burial. That this Contrivance had ſucceeded well enough, carrying them off at their Eaſe, and even in Sight of ſuch as might be concern'd in the Loſs. That he the Deponent falling aſleep through Wearineſs at *Xetafe*, where the whole Gang refreſh'd themſelves, they had left him behind, and taken off his Mourner's Garb; but that when he awak'd he run after them, knowing whither they were to go, to get his Part of the Booty. That before he could come up with them, his Companions had fallen out about dividing the Robbery, and had fought ſo furiouſly at Sword and Piſtol, which they had under their Habits, that he found two dead upon the Spot, and the reſt mortally wounded. One had loſt an Arm, another was ham-ſtrung, a third had his Head cloven, a fourth half his Face ſlic'd off. In ſhort, they were all ſo mortify'd, that every one had left ſome of his Fleſh, and much Blood on the Field of Battle. That beſides he left them half mad, and curſing one another bitterly, becauſe, whilſt they were in their Fury, murdering one another, a Stranger taken inſtead of the Deponent, had drove away the Mules with the Theft, ſo

that

that they knew not what was become of it, and he was then going to hear some News of them.

By this ample Confession, the Examiner plainly perceived this was the Robbery committed on the Lord of the Village, for Grief whereof he was dead. He run immediately to the Curate, and told him all this wonderful News in the Presence of *Don Diego*, at which both he and his Guest were so surpriz'd and astonished, that for some Time they could move nothing but their Eyes and Hands, so much were they overjoyed at this strange Adventure. Being recover'd from this Transport, they went together to the Church, and to the Chapel where the two Coffins were, the one of the Lord, and the other of his Treasure, which Providence had order'd he should follow when dead, as well as living, since his Heart was in it. They presently opened it in Presence of several Witnesses, every one admiring how ingeniously those Thieves had distributed their Prize, consisting in three Sorts of Things of Value, Silver, Gold, and precious Stones.

Then *Don Diego* plainly understood the Riddle of the false Religious Man, when he told the Officer, who met them at *Xetafe*, that it was a precious Body, as noble as Gold and Silver from Head to Foot, *&c.* He might also boast that he, once in his Life, had the Gift of Prophecy, when he said before, that his dead Corps was near a-kin to the Patron of the Church, which he sufficiently made out; and might have added it was the Relation he lov'd best, since he dy'd for Love of it. The News was immediately sent to the Gentleman, that was Heir to the Party deceas'd, who came with the Messenger, to take Possession of that Treasure. He being willing to shew Mercy to the Thief that was taken, as the Cause of his recovering so much Wealth, order'd the Goaler to contrive that the Malefactor might escape, as if it had been by want of Care in securing him, which was accordingly put in Execution.

All the Gentleman now wanted, was to satisfy the earnest Desire he had of being acquainted with our Adventurer, that he might make him a Present, or at least to return him Thanks, for that thro' his Means, and the good

Fortune

Fortune that attended him, the Robbery was conducted to such a Place of Safety; but *Don Diego*, who had a generous Soul, desiring no Acknowledgement of this Sort, shunn'd all Occasions of meeting that Gentleman, who paid all the Charges very nobly, and gave the two Mules to the Curate, who durst not refuse the Present coming from his Lord, though they were none of his. This done, he return'd to *Madrid*, taking along with him the precious Corps, to be bury'd in another Tomb.

Don Diego was satisfy'd with his Intention of going to *Toledo*, without proceeding any farther, and, at the Request of that good Man the Curate, stay'd a Week longer with him, passing the Time in Discourse of Man's sovereign Good, and the Peace and Tranquility of such as are free from worldly Passions, and the true Blessings of this Life. When our Adventurer took his Leave, he was forc'd to admit of half the Present the Lord had made the Curate, that is, of one of the Mules, in regard he had been the Cause of that Bounty. *Don Diego*, whose Heart was haughty, could scarce be prevail'd on to take it, but was constrained at length to submit, rather out of Complaisance than Covetousness. They embraced, and parted with sincere Affection, *Don Diego* promising to write to him often, and to send to him the News of the Court, as the most diverting Present to those that have known the World. The Hopes of this Correspondence alleviated the Curate's Trouble for this Separation; and the Desire of returning to *Madrid*, made our Adventurer try whether his Mule had any Share of Heels.

Adventure IX.

It had been happy for *Don Diego* to have made a longer Stay with that Reverend Churchman, whose pleasing and virtuous Conversation might have, in Time, produc'd some Change in his extravagant Manners. The Company of good Persons often excites us to follow their Example; but *Don Diego*'s Libertine Temper was not to be contain'd within the Bounds of Society, tho' he behav'd himself well enough when he was in it; for besides some little Learning he had, his excellent Memory and

good Senſe made his Converſation agreeable. However, he only lov'd to keep Company with wild young Fellows like himſelf, who had no other Employment but ranging the Streets at Midnight. As ſoon as he return'd to *Madrid*, he ſent to acquaint all his Gang, deſiring them to meet at a certain uſual Place of Rendezvous, to renew their Acquaintance, and drink a Glaſs together. Eight of this mad Gang, who lov'd to grope out their Fortune in the Dark, met at the Place appointed; where they ſupp'd together, by Way of Club, that every Man might be at his full Liberty, not obliged to one another, and have no Occaſion to make any Compliment at parting.

When they had perform'd the Solemnity of his Welcome-Home, and offered Sacrifice to *Bacchus* and *Comus*, the two Deities they particularly honour'd, they all ſally'd out in a Body with their Guitarrs, to ſerenade their Miſtreſſes, and ſound a Reveille to ſome, that had rather have devoted their Eyes to *Morpheus*, than their Ears to *Orpheus*. Among theſe was an Apothecary, whom they made their Sport, only becauſe they unexpectedly found themſelves by his Shop, and *Don Diego* remember'd he ow'd him a good Turn. He had lived very near our Adventurer when he fell ſick, after the Death of *Leander*, and *Sirena*'s becoming a Religious; and becauſe he made Uſe of another Apothecary, this Man, out of Envy to his Brother Tradeſman, or to be revenged on *Don Diego*, never ceas'd ratling his Mortar, and made more Noiſe with flouriſhing his Peſtle, and chiming on the Sides of the Mortar, than with pounding his Powders; and the Shrilneſs of the Sound gave ſufficient Cauſe to ſuſpect that there was nothing, or but very little in it; ſo that ſick *Don Diego* being very much diſturb'd with this Ringing, ſent ſeveral Times to intreat him to make leſs Noiſe; but he anſwer'd, That he might do what he pleas'd in his own Houſe, ſince he paid for it; that he muſt work for his Living; that if he wanted a Dinner, *Don Diego* would not give it him; and much more to this Purpoſe; ſo that *Don Diego* was fain to make Uſe of all his Intereſt, Friends and Money, to make him remove from thence, as he did at laſt, becauſe he was but a quarterly

terly Tenant, and yet he had not this Satisfaction till towards the End of his Sickneſs, after he had endur'd very much by him. So that not thinking himſelf ſufficiently reveng'd of him for his Impertinency, being then accidentally upon the Spot, he had a Fancy to play him a Prank.

Our brave Adventurer, being at this Time highly inſpir'd by the Fumes of *Bacchus*, whence moſt of thoſe wonderful Conceits proceed, which we commonly attribute to *Apollo*, deſir'd his Companions to halt. Then advancing eight or ten Paces, he fell a knocking furiouſly at the Apothecary's Door, who was going to Bed, and held the following Dialogue with him.

Apothecary. Who is there? Who is it that knocks at my Gate ſo late? Sure they are ſome Lunaticks, or Night-Magiſtrates; for no others durſt do ſo at ſuch an unſeaſonable Hour. How now!

Don Diego. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to tell me whereabouts lives a certain Apothecary and half-Doctor, whoſe Name is Maſter *Robert?*

Apothecary. Maſter *Robert?* He is certainly a whole Doctor; and as for you, Sir, he lives here, in this very Place, and is the ſame that is talking to you in Perſon; ſpeak what you would have with me, for I have more mind to ſleep than to talk.

Don Diego. Sir, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart. Is it poſſible you are the very Man? Pray, good Sir, let me entreat you, do not deceive me, I am in more haſte than you imagine, and I muſt needs ſpeak with himſelf. Alas! poor Gentleman, he'll die this Bout, if he has not Help immediately. Pray, good Sir, open the Door, for God's Sake.

Apothecary. I know you not; I will not open my Door at unſeaſonable Hours, but tell me what it is you want; ſpeak in plainer Terms, for I do not underſtand half what you ſay.

Don Diego. O good Lord! Why muſt he die then without Help? I perceive you have not prepar'd that Medicine the Phyſician ſaid he had preſcrib'd and left the Bill here.

Apotrybeca-

Apothecary. God-a-mercy, Thanks to my Stars, now I begin to comprehend. Is it for the *Neapolitan* Gentleman, that is troubled with the Pain at his Stomach ?

Don Diego. The very same.

Apothecary, Why, is he in such Danger ? My Servant told me the Physician had not order'd it till *Thursday,* which is not till after to Morrow.

Don Diego. For *Thursday* ! Lord, Sir, what do you talk of ? Your Man is mistaken, and the poor Gentleman will pay for it, at the Expence of his Life and Health.

Apothecary. My Friend, be not impatient, don't fret, I will put on my Cloaths directly, and assure your self the Composition will be ready in less than a Quarter of an Hour, which will be Time enough to ease the Distemper, if God so pleases.

Don Diego. Make haste then in the Name of God ; but not with so much Precipitation, as to mistake *Quid pro quo* ; you know the Gentleman is a Person that will requite your Trouble. Adieu, Sir ; I am going to tell them you are coming after me.

Apothecary. Go, go, no Man questions my Ability besides your self ; but I pardon your Ignorance.

Don Diego making as if he were going home very hastily, and trampling hard on the Stones to be heard, went off five or six Paces, and then returning softly, drew near the Shop, and heard the Apothecary calling his Man, and saying, *Hey Boy, where is that laxative Potion I made the Day before Yesterday, for the Patient that dy'd as I was carrying of it ; that same may be good for this Man, the Disease is almost the same, you need only pour it out into a little Mortar, and there make an Infusion of a little* Granus simplicissimus, *and a Dram of* Cerebrosion, *then* fiat Mixtio, *&c. Quick, quick, let us have done.*

Don Diego hearing this Discourse, was fain to quit the Place for fear of spoiling his Design, for he could no longer forbear bursting out into Laughter. He return'd to his Companions, who had been listening to his Dialogue, admiring what sudden Fancy it was that took him, without speaking a Word to them, to go beat up the Apothecary, and banter him ; wondering at his Readiness to lay hold of the Apothecary's own Words to put the Trick upon

upon him. *Don Diego* told them, what Orders the Apothecary had given his Man, about the Compoſition of the Medicine, and the Terms of Art he us'd, at which they bleſs'd themſelves a thouſand Times, and beſtow'd as many Curſes on him.

To ſee the Event of the Jeſt, they reſolv'd to watch his coming out at the Corner of the Street, that they might follow him, and know the unfortunate Perſon the Potion was deſign'd for, to be ſacrific'd to their Frolick. They had not watch'd above half a Quarter of an Hour before they ſaw that Executioner come out of his Houſe, with the Viol of the poiſonous Potion in his Hand, and a Diſh to drink out of, charging his Man to take Care of the Houſe. They follow'd him cloſe at his Heels for a conſiderable Way, and ſaw him go into the *Neapolitan* Gentleman's Houſe he had ſpoke of, after knocking along time before they heard him. That Gentleman was of a very weakly Diſpoſition, above ſixty Years of Age, and wholly in the Hands of the Doctors and Apothecaries; but tho' ſickly, he was worſe in Conceit than in Reality, which was a great Trouble to thoſe that had him in Cure. He was of a melancholy Temper, which had ſo far the Predominancy over him, that it led him into Superſtition, ſo that he did not ſtick to ſeek Eaſe by Charms and Spells. His Friends deſiring to divert him from ſo great a Crime, prevail'd with him to have one more Conſultation of two able Phyſicians beſides his own, where it was reſolv'd that he ſhould take a Purge three Days after, which was on the *Thurſday* following. The Patient was ſo eager to be cur'd, that he follow'd all their Preſcriptions; and the implicite Faith he had in the Medicines, hoping in them to find Eaſe from his Miſery, made him reliſh the moſt loathſome and unſavoury Potions, as if they had been *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. And being extreamly nice in obſerving all Rules preſcrib'd by the Phyſician, and in taking the Medicines exactly at the Hours appointed, he kept a *Valet de Chambre*, in whoſe Care and Fidelity he confided, and who had no other Buſineſs but to take the Doctor's Bills, and carry them to the Apothecary; ſo that the other Servants had nothing to do to concern themſelves in it. This Man perceiving that the laſt Conſulta-

tion of Phyficians gave his Maſter ſome ſmall Reſpit, and that he was to take Nothing in three Days, made uſe of that Time to go viſit a young Maid he was in love with; and it fell out unluckily, that the Apothecary brought his choice Medicine, juſt after this Nurſing-Servant was gone abroad; ſo that the other Servants, and the Patient himſelf, believ'd the Phyſician had thought fit to give him ſome Potion before-hand, to prepare his Body for Purging, and that the Servant had gone to acquaint the Apothecary with it. So the courteous *Neapolitan*, without enquiring any farther, took the Cup, and pour'd down the Drench.

All this while our Adventurer and his Gang were in the Street, full of different Thoughts. Some laugh'd at the Action, whilſt others were much concern'd, as foreſeeing the ill Conſequences that might happen; inſomuch, that the wiſeſt of them prevail'd upon the reſt to withdraw, and reſt ſatisfy'd for that time, referring it to the next Day, to enquire after the Succeſs of that helliſh Purge, which vented *Don Diego*'s Revenge upon the Life of an innocent Perſon. As they went out of the Street, they obſerv'd their Number was not compleat, there being but ſeven left of eight that were at the Apothecary's Houſe, which ſomewhat perplex'd them; but one of them, who was better acquainted with the abſent Party's Secrets, told them they need not be concern'd, for he was gone to a Place where there was no need of a Guard.

The Reader for his better Information, is to obſerve that Maſter *Robert*, our famous Apothecary, had a Daughter ſo beautiful, that ſhe might vie with the moſt celebrated Ladies in *Madrid*. The Knowledge of theſe Favours Heaven had beſtow'd on her, made her ſo vain and conceited, that ſhe valu'd her ſelf much above her Quality; for tho' but of mean Parentage, yet ſhe had a haughty Spirit, and aſpir'd to ſome great Fortune. She ſcorn'd the Addreſſes of ſuch as were not above her Rank, tho they were very rich, and only delighted in being courted by Gentlemen, ſtill retaining ſuch an abſolute Command over her Paſſions, that without wronging her, none of all her Admirers could boaſt, that he had gain'd the leaſt upon her Inclination. She maintain'd her ſelf in this Freedom a long time; but at laſt *Riodan*, that Compa-

nion

nion of *Don Diego*'s, who had ſlipt away from the reſt of the Company, being overcome by her Perfections, was ſo dexterous, or rather ſo forunate, that he gain'd Admittance to *Dorothy*, ſo this Beauty was call'd, by the means of Maſter *Robert*'s Maid, whom he had gain'd, by the Preſents he continually made her. The Truth is, he was ſo well qualify'd, ſpeaking after the manner of the World, as might excuſe the amorous Frolicks a Maid might be guilty of for his Sake.

This Man being one of the Perſons invited to the Meeting made to welcome our Adventurer, was in Complaiſance oblig'd to go a walking with them after Supper, as he did, but with a Reſolution to leave that inſipid Diverſion, and ſlip away from the Company, to repair to that which was much more delightful to him. This was the beautiful *Dorothy*, whom that Maid he ſo bountifully rewarded, had put him in Hopes of enjoying that very Night; ſo that ſeeing them make towards that Quarter of the Town, where his Buſineſs lay, he follow'd them with the better Will. He was overjoy'd when *Don Diego* fell upon that Frolick againſt his Miſtreſs's Father, and accordingly gave the greateſt Commendations of any in the Gang to our Adventurer, for his Wit and Contrivance. In ſhort, it look'd as if that Whimſy had been put into his Head, on purpoſe to favour his good Fortune, and the Medicine he ask'd for ſo earneſtly, deſign'd to cool his amorous Flame.

He ſeeing the Apothecary go abroad, let his Companions follow him, and ſtaid behind upon the Watch, expecting the Signal the Maid was to give; for to add to his good Fortune, the Aſſignation made him was juſt at the very Time the Maſter went out, as if he had contributed towards compleating of *Riodan*'s Felicity. He was ſcarce got to the Corner of the Street, before the Confident, by the Conſent of the amorous *Dorothy*, came to the Door, and taking *Riodan* by the Hand, led him, as if he had been blind and dumb, into her Miſtreſs's Chamber, obſerving ſtrict Silence, for Fear of awaking her Mother. There *Riodan* found a Candle burning, and *Dorothy* ſitting at the Feet of her Bed, half undreſt. At his firſt coming in, ſhe pretended to be ſurpriz'd, fell a railing

railing at her Maid, and ſtarting up deſignedly, let fall her Night-Rail, which cover'd her Breaſt, and ſhow'd her Lover Wonders of Beauty, tho' ſhe pretended to clap her Hands before her, to hide them. *Riodan* was not ſo much a Stranger to theſe Affairs, but he could ſee through her Artifice, but ſhe did it with ſo good a Grace that it charm'd him. He drew near in the moſt reſpectful manner, endeavouring to excuſe his Boldneſs, and oblige her to grant him ſome Favour; but ſhe acting much Coyneſs and Reſervedneſs, deſir'd him to be gone the ſame Way he came, telling him, her Honour was too dear to her to part with at ſo eaſy a Rate, and that whatever he thought of her, he muſt expect nothing of her but in a lawful Way.

Riodan ſeeming to approve of her virtuous Reſolution, made her all the moſt obliging Compliments that could be imagin'd, for he had a ready Wit, offering to give her what Aſſurances ſhe could deſire of the Sincerity of his Affection; and if Promiſe of Marriage would ſatisfy, he was ready to make it. *Dorothy*, being well diſpos'd towards him, and wanting only a good Pretence to give way to her Inclination, took him at his Word, and laid Paper before him, to perform what he had ſaid. The Maid, at the ſame time, ſet a great, heavy, leaden Standiſh on the Table, which ſeem'd to prognoſticate the heavy Burden he was going to lay on his Shoulders. He readily took the Pen, and with his own Hand writ the Sentence of his Condemnation, and being juſt ready to ſign it, he look'd upon *Dorothy*, who ſmil'd for Joy to ſee him ſo forward; but as he turn'd his Head towards her, he laid his Hand on the Standiſh, which unluckily fell down on a great Braſs Mortar, that ſtood by the Leg of the Table.

This was a Stab that pierc'd *Dorothy*'s Heart, giving a Sound like the Clapper of a great Bell, which wak'd her Mother, and made her ſit up in her Bed, to obſerve whence it came. Seeing a Light in her Daughter's Chamber, ſhe call'd to her, and at the ſame time got out of her Bed with much Difficulty, for ſhe was diſabled with Age. *Dorothy* fearing ſhe ſhould ſee *Riodan*, was thruſting him out of the Room juſt as her Mother was coming

coming in, which put the old Woman into such a Fright, that she dropt down, crying, *Help, Help.* Her Daughter disturb'd at this Accident, and fearing her Father's Return, whom she dreaded more than Death, immediately resolved to quit the House, and relying on *Riodan*'s Fidelity and Discretion, to put herself into his Custody, and run all Hazards with him.

The Maid, who had carry'd on the Intrigue between 'em, fled in their Company, leaving her Mistress on the Ground, crying out, till she was hoarse, for Help, which was all she could do. At length she awak'd all the Neighbours, and among the rest, a Croney of her Husband's, who was the first that came in, representing *Adam* and *Mars*, quite naked, with his Sword in one Hand, and his Target in the other. He search'd and peep'd into all the Corners, Holes and Crannies of the House; but all the Pains he took, only serv'd to fright the Cats, and tear the Cobwebs.

Dorothy's Father having drench'd the *Neapolitan* Gentleman with his curs'd Potion, came home and found all in Confusion, his Wife half dead, and his Friends standing about, endeavouring to comfort her. Being told the Cause of these strange Alarms, it touch'd him so near, that he stood a while as if he had been senseless, and void of Motion. Let us leave them a while to recover themselves in the Arms of their Kindred and Friends, and go see what was the Effect of the extravagant Purge, compos'd by the malicious Ingenuity of *Don Diego*, and so innocently taken by the poor *Neopolitan* Gentleman.

It happen'd that the Medicine being stale, made up of decayed Drugs, and administered before the Body was any way prepar'd for it, besides that the Patient's Stomach was loaded with the Supper he had eaten at Night, it put the poor Gentleman into such Anguish, as if he had live Dogs within him, tearing his Bowels. He cryed out incessantly for Mercy, and sometimes added, *O my God, this false Dog has murder'd me!* He continued all the remaining Part of the Night in that grievous Anguish, and about eight in the Morning in came his *Valet de Chambre*, who was to look to him in his Sickness. He found his Master groaning in a most dismal manner, and all the

Servants

Servants condoling him; and inquiring into the Cauſe of it, the whole Blame was laid at his Door, for having ſent the Apothecary, who put him into that Condition. He ſwore and proteſted he knew not what they ſaid; that certainly this Misfortune had happened either through the Malice or Ignorance of the Apothecary, who always condemn'd the Phyſicians, ſaying, they did not preſcribe proper Medicines for the Patient, and that it was likely he had prepared this Medicine of his own Head, without the Advice of the Phyſician; fancying he might work ſome Wonder, in hopes of a conſiderable Reward. This Notion was thought to be well grounded, and whilſt they were diſcourſing of it, in came the Phyſician, who often viſited this Patient, becauſe he gave better Fees than others. They aſk'd, whether he had given any new Preſcription for the ſick Man? he anſwer'd, he had not, felt his Pulſe, and being told what had happen'd, was in a ſtrange Conſternation. He preſently gave the Gentleman ſomething to carry off the Poiſon he had in his Body, and by Degrees eas'd him of his Pains. This done, he went with the *Valet de Chambre*, and acquainted the College of Phyſicians with the Apothecary's Offence, who complain'd to the Magiſtrates, repreſenting to them how much the Publick was concerned, whereupon they inſtantly iſſued out a Warrant for apprehending of the unfortunate Apothecary. Let us now go back and ſee what Condition he is in.

When the firſt violent Pangs of his Affliction were over, he began to take Heart, and reſolv'd to uſe the utmoſt Means for retrieving of his Honour, and revenging the Affront he had received. After ſeriouſly reflecting on the whole Affair, he concluded that *Agrimont* had done him this Wrong; this was the Name of the *Neapolitan* Gentleman's *Valet de Chambre*; and that the better to compaſs his Deſign, he had ſent him word to make haſte and carry the Medicine, to get him out of his Houſe; whereas it ought not to have been adminiſtered that Day. He call'd to mind that he had often heard him commend his Daughter, declaring he had a great Mind to offer her his Service; beſides that he was not at his Maſter's when he gave him the Medicine, contrary to the Duty of his Place, and the Care he always had at other Times, ſo that upon all

all concurring Circumſtances, he could no longer doubt but it was *Agrimont* who had done him this Wrong.

Upon this Conceit he went away to a Lawyer, to whom he told the whole Matter, and what ſtrong Preſumptions he had againſt *Agrimont*, and it being natural for thoſe People to make a mighty Crime of a ſmall Conjecture, and to conclude thoſe guilty againſt whom there is but a ſlight Suſpicion; this Lawyer repreſented the Story ſo lively with his bloody Pen, and interſperſed with ſo much Shew of Scandal, that upon View of it, the Judge iſſued out his Warrant for apprehending of the Party accus'd, to anſwer the Crime laid to his Charge. Maſter *Robert* followed his Buſineſs ſo cloſe, and beſtowed his Money ſo freely in the Purſuit, that before many Hours were paſt he had ſerved his Warrant. He employed ſeveral Officers after *Agrimont*, and had him ſeiz'd with a great Deal of Noiſe and Diſturbance, tho' he could not imagine the Cauſe of this hard Uſage. However, he had his Revenge at the ſame Time; for the Phyſician, who had informed againſt him, took no leſs Care to ſee his Warrant ſerv'd, and he knowing as little as *Agrimont* why he was ſecur'd, imagin'd they took him for another; he made his Proteſtations, and threatned to ſue all that were concern'd againſt him; but all avail'd nothing, for he was clapt into Goal. His Friends came to ſee him, and told him the Cauſe of his Confinement, and at whoſe Suit he was impriſon'd, whence he concluded it was only a Piece of Revenge of the *Neapolitan*'s, to clear his *Valet de Chambre*, and get him out of Priſon. The poor Gliſterpipe broken with ſo many Diſaſters in his old Age, and having ſuch a powerful Adverſary to contend with, was caſt down, and fell into a burning Fever, which had like to have turn'd his Brain, as it waſted his Body.

In the mean while *Agrimont* finding himſelf accus'd of Houſe-breaking, and raviſhing a Virgin of Reputation, was in as fair a Way to run mad as his Adverſary. His Maſter was much concern'd at his Troubles, which went the nearer to his Heart, becauſe he knew not how to live without him. He ſpared no Money to get him at Liberty, and to puniſh the Apothecary at the ſame Time. In ſhort,

ſhort, for four Days they were in ſtrange Confuſion and Trouble, during which Time, Madneſs and Death were ſtruggling whether ſhould lay hold of their Perſons; but at laſt all theſe Riddles were expounded by one of thoſe that were the Contrivers of them.

The amorous *Paris*, Raviſher of the beautiful *Dorothy*, was with her at *Toledo*, where he had generouſly perform'd the Promiſe he left behind him unſign'd, when the unfortunate Fall of the Standiſh happen'd; he had given his Hand and Heart to *Dorothy* as her Huſband; and having Notice ſent him by a Friend he confided in at *Madrid*, how many were in Trouble upon his Account, he writ to Mr *Robert*, calling him Father-in-Law, and gave him an Account of the happy Succeſs of his Rape, and how great a Value he had for his Daughter, whoſe Beauty and Diſcretion made him love her more than himſelf, and honour her as if ſhe had been a Princeſs; and to conclude, that in a very few Days he hop'd to bring her to his Preſence, to beg his Pardon, and, at the ſame Time, his Approbation of what ſhe had done.

The Apothecary was ſo overjoyed with this Letter, that as the Grief for the Loſs of his Daughter, had like to have been the Death of him, ſo was he now in no leſs Danger of loſing his Life, through Exceſs of Pleaſure for having found her. He preſently diſcharged *Agrimont*, ſtopp'd all Proceedings againſt him, offering to pay all Coſts and Charges, and to make him ſuch Amends for his Reputation as he ſhould require. This done, *Agrimont* came out of Priſon; but Mr *Robert* ſtill continued to be reſponſible, as a falſe Cook, for the dangerous Meſs he diſh'd the *Neapolitan* Gentleman. Yet, after much Examination, his Simplicity was made to appear, and there having been too many Witneſſes to *Don Diego*'s Action, he was diſcovered to be the Contriver of all that Diſorder. *Riodan* came ſoon to Town in the *interim*, and having been a Party concern'd in all the Offence, made Uſe of all his Intereſt, and laid out much Money to clear his Father-in-Law, and at the ſame Time put a Stop to the Proceedings againſt *Don Diego*.

He ſoon got off the Apothecary, by Virtue of a little Ointment of *Peru*, wherewith he greas'd the Phyſician that

that profecuted him; but he found more Difficulty in delivering our Adventurer from the Hands of Juſtice, for it was a hard Matter to excuſe him, after ſo many Follies and Extravagancies as he had been accuſed of, to the Diſturbance of ſeveral Perſons. So that all the Favour he could obtain, thro' the Mediation of powerful Interceſſors, and the much greater Authority of many double Piſtoles beſtowed among the Officers, was to confine him to be at Home at Seven o'Clock in Winter, and at Eight in Summer, with a ſtrict Prohibition not to go Abroad before Day, under Pain of being look'd upon and puniſh'd as a Night-Walker, common Felon, and Diſturber of the publick Peace.

Thus our Adventurer was compelled to endeavour to grow wiſer, and to obey this Decree for fear of farther Shame; and this Order being yet but of a freſh Date, he hitherto obſerves it exactly; but it is to be fear'd he will not be long kept within Bounds, but that he will be led away by his natural Inclination, and inveterate ill Habits, which may perhaps afford Matter for a ſecond Volume of his Life and wonderful Exploits.

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The Pleasant

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE and ACTIONS

OF

PAUL,

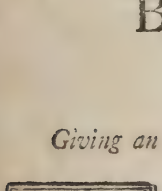
The Spanish Sharper;

The Pattern of Rogues and Mirrour of Vagabonds.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I

Giving an Account of his Birth and Country.



I Was born at *Segovia*, my Father's Name was *Clement Paul*, a Native of the same Town; I hope his Soul is in Heaven. I need not speak of his Virtues, for those are unknown, but by Trade he was a Barber, tho so high minded, that he took it for an Affront to be call'd by any Name but that of a Hair-Cutter. They say he came of a good Stock,

and his Actions shew'd it. He was marry'd to *Aldonza Saturna de Rebillo*, Daughter to *Octavio de Rebillo Codillo*, and Grand-Child to *Lepido Ziuracontt*. The Town foully suspected that she was of a *Jewish* Race, tho she strongly urg'd the Names of her Progenitors, to prove herself descended from those great Men that form'd the Triumvirate at *Rome*. She was very handsome, and so famous, that all the Ballad-Rhimers of her Time made Verses of her, which were sung about the Streets. She run through many Troubles, when first marry'd, and long after, for there were scandalous Tongues in the Neighbourhood that did not stick to say my Father was willing to wear the Horns, provided they were tipp'd with Gold. It was prov'd upon him, that whilst he was lathering the Beards of those he was to trim, a small Brother of mine, about seven Years of Age, rifled their Pockets. The poor Child dy'd of a whipping he had in the Goal; and my Father was much concern'd at the Loss, because he was such a hopeful forward Boy. He was himself a while in Prison for some small Trifles of this Nature; but I am told he came off so honourably, that at his first walking abroad one went behind flapping the Flies off his Back; all the Mob of the Town follow'd, huzzaing and saluting him with Turnep-tops and rotten Oranges, and the Ladies stood at their Windows to see him pass by; for my Father always made a good Figure, either a Foot or a Horseback. I do not speak it out of Vanity, for every Body knows I am not guilty of it.

My Mother, good Woman, had her share of Troubles. An old Woman that bred me, commending her one Day, said, She was of such a taking Behaviour, that she bewitch'd all she had to do with; but they say, she talk'd something concerning her being too familiar with a great He-Goat, which had like to have brought her to the Stake, to try whether she had any thing of the Nature of the Salamander and could live in Fire. It was reported that she had an excellent Hand at soldering crack'd Maiden-Heads, and disguising of grey Hairs. Some gave her the Name of a Pleasure Broker, others of a Reconciler; but the ruder sort, in coarse Language, call'd her down-right Bawd, and universal Money-Catcher. It

would

would make any Body in Love with her, to ſee with what a pleaſant Countenance ſhe took this from all Perſons. I ſhall not ſpend much Time in relating what a penitential Life ſhe led; but ſhe had a Room, into which no Body went beſides her ſelf, and ſometimes I was admitted on account of my tender Years; it was all beſet with dead Mens Sculls, which ſhe ſaid were to put her in mind of Mortality, tho others in ſpite to her, pretended they were to put Tricks upon the Living. Her Bed was corded with Halters Malefactors had been hang'd in; and ſhe us'd to ſay to me, D'ye ſee theſe Things? I ſhow them as Remembrances to thoſe I have a Kindneſs for, that they may take heed how they live, and avoid coming to ſuch an End.

My Parents had much bickering about me, each of them contending to have me brought up to their Trade; but I, who from my Infancy had more Gentleman-like Thoughts, apply'd my ſelf to neither. My Father us'd to ſay to me, *My Child, this Trade of Stealing is no mechanic Trade but a liberal Art.* Then pauſing and fetching a Sigh he went on, *There is no living in this World without ſtealing. Why do you think the Conſtables and other Officers hate us as they do? why do they ſometimes baniſh, ſometimes whip us at the Cart's Tail, and at laſt hang us up like Flitches of Bacon?* (I cannot refrain from Tears when I think of it, for the good old Man wept like a Child, remembring how often they had flogg'd him) *The Reaſon is, becauſe they would have no other Thieves among them but themſelves and their Gang; but a ſharp Wit brings us out of all Dangers. In my younger Days I ply'd altogether in the Churches, not out of any religious Zeal, and had been long ago Carted, but that I never told Tales, tho they put me to the Rack; for I never confeſs'd but when our holy Mother the Church commands us. With this Buſineſs, and my Trade, I have made a Shift to maintain your Mother as decently as I could. You maintain me!* anſwer'd my Mother, in a great Rage, (for ſhe was vex'd I could not learn to be a Wizard,) *it was I that maintain'd you; I brought you out of Priſon by my Art, and kept you there with my Money. You may thank the Potions I gave you for not confeſſing, and not your own Courage. My*

good Pots did the Feat, and were it not for fear I should be heard in the Streets, I would tell all the Story, how I got in at the Chimney, and brought you out at the Top of the House. Her Passion was so high, that she would not have given over here, had not the String of a Pair of Beads broke, which were all dead Men's Teeth she kept for private Uses. I told them very positively I would apply my self to Virtue, and go on in the good Way I had propos'd, and therefore desir'd them to put me to School, for nothing was to be done without Reading and Writing. They appprov'd of what I said, tho they both mutter'd at it a while betwixt them. My Mother fell to stringing her dead Men's Teeth and my Father went away, as he said, To trim one, I know not whether he meant his Beard or his Purse. I was left alone, praising God that he had given me such ingenious Parents, and so zealous for my Advancement.

CHAP II.

How I went to School, and what happen'd to me there.

THE next Day my Primmer was bought, and my School-Master bespoke; I went to School, and he receiv'd me with a pleasant Countenance, telling me, I had the Looks of a sharp Lad, and witty. That he might not seem to be mistaken in his Judgment, I took Care to learn my Lesson well that Morning. My Master made me sit next to him, and appointed me a Monitor every Day, because I came first, and went away last, staying behind to run on some Errands for my Mistress, and thus I gain'd all their Affections. They favour'd me so much, that all the other Boys were envious. I made it my Business to keep Company with Gentlemen's Sons, above all others, but particularly with a Son of *Don Alonso Coronel de Zunniga:* I us'd to eat my Afternoon's Luncheon with him, went to his House every Holy-day, and waited on him, upon other Days. The other Boys, either because I took no Notice of them, or that they thought I aim'd too high, were continually giving of me Nick-names relating to my Father's Trade. Some call'd me

me Mr. *Scrape*, others Mr. *Tickle-Beard*. One to excuſe his Envy, would ſay he hated me, becauſe my Mother had ſuck'd two little Siſters of his in the Night; another, that my Father had been ſent for to his Houſe, to frighten away the Vermin, for nothing was ſafe where he came. Some, as I paſs'd by, cry'd out, *Cat*; others, *Puſs*, *Puſs*, to ſignify my clawing Deſcent. Another would ſay, I threw rotten Oranges at his Mother, when ſhe was carted. Yet for all their Backbiting, I praiſe God, my Shoulders were broad enough to bear it; and tho' I was out of Countenance, yet I took no Notice, but put all up, till one Day a Boy had the Impudence to call me, *Son of a Whore and a Witch*; he ſpoke it ſo plain, that tho' I had been glad it had been better wrapp'd up, I took up a Stone, and broke his Head. Away I went, running as faſt as I could to my Mother to hide me, telling her all the Story. She ſaid, *It was very well done of you, and like your ſelf; but you were in the wrong, that you did not ask him who told him ſo.* Hearing what ſhe ſaid, and having always had aſpiring Thoughts, I turn'd to her, and ſaid, *Mother, all that troubles me is, that ſome of the Standers-by told me, I had no Cauſe to be diſturb'd at it; and I did not ask them, what they meant, becauſe he was ſo young that ſaid it.* I pray'd her to tell me, whether I could have given him the Lie with a ſafe Conſcience, or whether I was begot in a Huddle, by a great many, or was the true Son of my Father. She ſmil'd, and anſwer'd, *God-a-Mercy, Lad! are you ſo cunning already, you'll be no Fool, you have Senſe enough; you did very well in breaking his Head, for ſuch Things are not to be ſaid, tho' never ſo true.* This ſtruck me to the Heart, and I was ſo very much out of Countenance, that I reſolved, as ſoon as poſſible, to lay Hold of all I could, and leave my Father's Houſe. However, I diſſembled; my Father went and cur'd the Boy, all was made up, and I went to School again. My Maſter received me in an angry Manner, till being told the Occaſion of the Quarrel, his Paſſion was aſſuaged, conſidering the Provocation given me. *Don Alonſo de Zuniga*'s Son and I were very great all this while, becauſe he had a natural Affection for me; and beſides, I us'd to

change

change Tops and Gigs with him, if mine were better than his; I gave him any Thing I had to eat, and never ask'd for what he had; I bought him Pictures, I taught him to wrestle, play'd at Leap Frog with him, and was so obliging in all Respects, that the young Gentleman's Parents observing how fond he was of my Company, would send for me almost every Day to dine and sup, and sometimes to stay all Night with him.

It happened one Day about *Christmas*, as we were going to School, that a Counsellor, call'd *Pontio de Auguirre*, pass'd by; little *Don Diego* seeing him, bid me call him *Pontius Pilate*, and run away when I had done. To please my Friend I did so, and the Man was so affronted at it, that he scour'd after me as hard as he could, with a Knife in his Hand to stab me, so that I was forced to take Sanctuary in my Master's House, crying out with Might and Main. The Man was in as soon as I; My Master sav'd me from his doing me any Mischief, promising to whip me, and was as good as his Word, tho' my Mistress, in Consideration of the great Service I did her, interceded for me. He bid me untruss, and every Lash he gave me, cry'd, *Will you ever call* Pontius Pilate *again?* I answer'd, *No, Sir*, every Time he put the Question; and it was such a Warning to me, that dreading the Name of *Pontius Pilate*, the next Day, when we were order'd to say our Prayers, according to Custom, coming to the Belief, (pray observe the innocent Cunning) instead of saying he suffer'd under *Pontius Pilate*, believing I was never more to name *Pilate*, I said, *He suffered under* Pontio de Auguirre. My Master burst out a laughing at my Simplicity, and to see how I dreaded the Lashing; and embracing me, promis'd to forgive the two first Whippings I should deserve; which I took as a great Favour of Fortune, and Kindness in him.

To be brief, Twelftide came, and our Master, to divert the Boys, and make Sport, order'd that there should be a King among us, and we cast Lots for that Honour among Twelve he had appointed for it. I was the lucky Person it fell upon, and spoke to my Father and Mother to provide me fine Cloaths. When the Day came, abroad I went upon a starv'd poor Jade of a Horse, that

fell

fell down upon his Knees at every Step, his Back look'd like a Saw, his Neck like a Camel's, but ſomewhat longer; his Head like a Pig, only it had but one Eye, and that Moon-blind; all this plainly ſhewed the Knavery of his Keeper, who made him do Penance, and faſt, cheating him of his Provender. Thus I went, ſwinging from Side to Side, like a jointed Baby, with all the reſt of the Boys after me, trickt up as fine as ſo many Puppets, till we came into the Market-Place, the very naming of it ſcares me; and coming to the Herb-Women's Stalls, the Lord deliver us from them, my Horſe being half ſtarved, ſnapp'd up a ſmall Cabbage, which no ſooner touch'd his Teeth, but it was down his Throat, tho', by Reaſon of the Length of his Neck, it came not into his Belly in a long Time after. The Herb-Woman, like the reſt of them, was an impudent Jade, ſet up the Cry, the others of the Trade flock'd about her, and among them Abundance of the Scoundrels of the Market; all theſe fell a pelting the poor King with Carrot and Turnep-Tops, rotten Oranges, and all the Offals of the Market. Conſidering the Enemies Forces were all Foot, and therefore I ought not to charge them a Horſeback, I would have alighted; but my Horſe received ſuch a Shot in the Head, that as he went to rear, his Strength failing him, we both came down into the Kennel. You may imagine what a Condition I was in. By this Time my Subjects, the Boys, had arm'd themſelves with Stones, and charging the Herb-Women, broke two of their Heads. For my Part, after my Fall into the Kennel, I was good for little, unleſs it were to drive all from me with Stink and Naſtineſs. The Officers coming up, ſeiz'd two of the Herb-Women and ſome of the Boys, ſearching them for their Weapons, which they took away, for ſome had drawn Daggers they wore for the greater Show, and ſhort Swords. They came to me, and ſeeing no Weapon about me, becauſe I had taken them off, and put them into a Houſe to be clean'd, with my Hat and Cloak, one of them ask'd me for my Arms; I anſwer'd, that in that filthy Condition, I had none but what were offenſive to the Noſe alone. I cannot but acquaint you, good Reader, by the by, that when they began to pelt me with

with the rotten Oranges, Turnep-Tops, *&c.* my Hat being ſtuck with Feathers, as they do the Bawds in *Spain* when they cart them, I fancy'd they miſtook me for my Mother, and thought they threw at her, as they had done ſeveral Times before. This fooliſh Notion being got into my young Head, I began to cry out, *Good Women, tho' I wear Feathers in my Cap, I am none of* Aldonza Saturno de Rebillo, *ſhe is my Mother*; as if they could not perceive that by my Shape and Face: However, the Fright I was in may excuſe my Ignorance, eſpecially conſidering the Misfortune came ſo ſuddenly upon me. To return to the Officer; he would willingly have carry'd me to Priſon, but did not, becauſe he could not find a clean Place to lay hold of me, for I was all over Mire. Some went one Way, and ſome another, and I went directly home from the Market-Place, giving all I met by the Way a moſt helliſh Perfume. Aſſoon as I got Home I told my Father and Mother all the Story, who were in ſuch a Paſſion to ſee me in that naſty Pickle, that they would have beat me. I excus'd myſelf the beſt I could, laying all the Blame on the Skeleton Jade they had provided for me to ride; and finding nothing would appeaſe them, left the Houſe, and went away to ſee my Friend *Don Diego*, whom I found at Home with a broken Head, and his Parents fully reſolv'd, for this Reaſon, that he ſhould go to School no more. There was I informed, that my Steed, finding himſelf in Diſtreſs, ſummoned up all the Strength he had to ſalute his Enemies with his Heels, but was ſo weak, that he put out his Hips with the Effort, and lay in the Dirt expiring. Conſidering that all the Sport was ſpoil'd, the Mob alarm'd, my Parents in a Rage, my Friend's Head broken, and my Horſe dead, I reſolved to go no more to School, nor to my Father's Houſe, but to ſtay and wait upon *Don Diego*, or rather to bear him Company, which his Parents were well pleaſed with, becauſe their Son was ſo taken with me. I writ to my Father and Mother, telling them, I had no Need to go to School any longer, for tho' I could not write a good Hand, that was no Fault, becauſe it was more becoming me, who deſigned to be a Gentleman, to write an ill one; and therefore, from that Time,

Time, I renounced the School, to ſave them Charges, and their Houſe, that they might have no Trouble with me. I acquainted them where, and what Poſt I was in, and that I ſhould ſee them no more, till they gave me Leave.

CHAP. III.

How I went to a Boarding-School, to wait upon Don Diego Coronel.

DON ALONSO reſolv'd to ſend his Son to a Boarding-School; both to wean him from his tender Keeping at home, and at the ſame time to eaſe himſelf of that Care. He was inform'd there was a Maſter of Arts in *Segovia*, whoſe Name was *Cabra*, that made it his Buſineſs to breed up Gentlemen's Sons; thither he ſent his, and me to wait on him. The firſt *Sunday* after *Lent* we were brought into the Houſe of Famine, for 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Penury of the Place. The Maſter was a Skeleton, a meer ſhotten Herring, or like a long ſlender Cane, with a little Head upon it, and red hair'd; ſo that there needs no more to be ſaid to ſuch as know the Proverb, *That neither Cat nor Dog of that Colour are good.* His Eyes almoſt ſunk into his Head, as if he had look'd thro' a Perſpective Glaſs, or the deep Windows in a Linen-Draper's Shop; his Noſe turning up, and ſomewhat flat, for the Bridge was almoſt carry'd away with an Inundation of a cold Rheum, for he never had the Pox, becauſe it coſts Money; his Beard had loſt its Colour for fear of his Mouth, which being ſo near, ſeem'd to threaten to eat it for meer Hunger; his Teeth had many of them forſaken him for want of Employment, or elſe were baniſh'd for being idle Livers; his Neck as long as a Crane's, with the Gullet ſticking out ſo far, as if it had been compell'd by Neceſſity to ſtart out for Suſtenance; his Arms withered; his Hands like a Bundle of Twigs, each of them, taken downwards, looking like a Fork or a Pair of Compaſſes; with long ſlender Legs. He walk'd leiſurely, and whenſoever he happen'd to move any thing faſter, his Bones rattl'd like a Pair of Snappers. His Voice was weak

weak and hollow; his Beard bushy and long, for he never trimm'd to save Charges, tho he pretended it was so odious to him to feel the Barber's Hands all over his Face, that he could rather die than endure it. One of the Boys cut his Hair. In fair Weather he wore a threed-bare Cap, an Inch thick in Grease and Dirt, made of a thing that was once Cloth, and lin'd in Scurf and Dandruff. His Cassock, some said, was miraculous, for no Man knew what Colour it was of; some seeing no Sign of Hair on it, concluded it was made of Frogs Skins; others said it was a meer Shadow, or a Phantome; near at Hand it look'd somewhat black, and at a Distance blueish. He wore no Girdle, Cuffs nor Band; so that his long Hair and scanty short Cassock made him look like the Messenger of Death. Each Shoe might have serv'd for an ordinary Coffin. As for his Chamber, there was not so much as a Cobweb in it, the Spiders being all starv'd to Death. He put Spells upon the Mice, for fear they should gnaw some Scraps of Bread he kept. His Bed was on the Floor, and he always lay upon one Side, for fear of wearing out the Sheets; in short, he was the superlative Degree of Avarice, and the very Neplus of Want. Into this Prodigy's Hands I fell, and liv'd under him with *Don Diego*. The Night we came, he show'd us our Room, and made us a short Speech, which was no longer, out of meer good Husbandry. He told us how we were to behave ourselves, and the next Morning we were employed till Dinner-time; thither we went, the Masters din'd first, and the Servants waited. The Dining-room was as big as a Half Peck, five Gentlemen eat in it at one Table: I look'd about for the Cat, and seeing none, ask'd a Servant, who was an old Stander, and in his Leanness bore the Mark of the Boarding-School, how it came they had none? The Tears stood in his Eyes, and he said, *What do you talk of Cats? Pray who told you that Cats lov'd Penance and Mortification? Your fat Sides show you are a new Comer.* This to me was the Beginning of Sorrow, but I was worse scar'd, when I observ'd that all those who were before us in the House, look'd like so many Pictures of Death. Master *Cabra* said Grace, and sat down, and they eat a Meal, which had neither Beginning

ning nor End. They brought the Broth in wooden Diſhes, but it was ſo clear, that a Man might have ſeen to the Bottom had it been ten Fathom to it. I obſerv'd how eagerly they all div'd down after a poor ſingle Pea that was in every Diſh. Every Sip he gave, *Cabra* cry'd, *By my Troth there is no Dainty like the Olla, or* boil'd Meat and Broth. *Let the World ſay what it will, all the reſt is meer Gluttony and Extravagancy.* As ſoon as the Words were out of his Mouth, he farted out all the Porrenger of Broth, ſaying, *This is good for the Health, and ſharpens the Wit.* A Curſe on thee and thy Wit, thought I, and at the ſame time ſaw a Servant like a walking Ghoſt, and no more ſubſtantial, bring in a Diſh of Meat, which look'd as if he had pick'd it off his Bones. Among it was one poor ſtray Turnip, at whoſe Sight the Maſter ſaid, *What, have we Turnips to Day, no Partridge is in my Opinion, to compare to them. Eat heartily, for I love to ſee you eat.* He gave every one ſuch a wretched Bit of Mutton, that I believe it all ſtuck to their Nails, and between their Teeth, ſo that no part of it ever went into their Bellies. *Cabra* look'd on, and ſaid, *Eat heartily, for it is a Pleaſure to me, to ſee what good Stomachs you have.* Pray do but think what a Comfort this was for them, that were pining with Hunger. When Dinner was over, there remained ſome Scraps of Bread on the Table, and a few Bits of Skin and Bones in the Diſh, and the Maſter ſaid, *Let this be left for the Servants; they muſt dine too; it is not for us to gormandize all.* A Vengeance on thee, and may what thou haſt eaten choak thee, thou wretched Miſer, thought I; what a Conſternation have you put my Guts into. He gave Thanks, and ſaid, *Now let us give Way to the Servants, and do you go uſe ſome Exerciſe 'till Two of the Clock, leſt your Dinner do you Harm.* I could no longer forbear Laughing for my Life, but burſt out into a loud Fit. He was very angry, and bid me learn to behave myſelf modeſtly, ripping up two or Three old mouldy Sentences, and ſo went his Way. We ſat down, and I ſeeing ſuch ſhort Commons, and hearing my Guns roar for Provender, being cunning and ſtronger than the reſt, clapt both Hands in the Diſh, as others did, and

whipp'd down two Scraps of Bread out of three there were left, and one Skin. The others began to mutter, and making a Noise, in came *Cabra*, saying, *Eat lovingly together like Brethren, since God provides for you, do not fall out, for there is enough for you all.* This said, he return'd to sun himself, and left us to our selves. I declare it, there was one of these Servants, his Name *Surre*, a *Biscayner*, who had so absolutely forgot the Way and Method of Eating, that he put a small Bit of Crust, which fell to his Share, to his Eyes twice, and knew not the third Time how to carry it to his Mouth. I ask'd for Drink; the rest, who had scarce broke their Fast, never thinking of it, and they gave me a Dish with some Water, which I had no sooner laid to my Lips, but the sharp-gutted Lad I spoke of, snatch'd it away, as if I had been *Tantalus*, and that the flitting River he stands in up to the Chin. I got up from the Table in most sorrowful Manner, perceiving I was in a House, where they drank to the Guts, but would not permit them to pledge. I had Occasion to untruss, tho' I had not din'd, and ask'd an old Stander, for the Necessary-house; he answer'd he knew not where any was, *There is no such thing*, said he, *in this House, you may ease your self any where this one time, for you will never have Occasion again as long as you stay. I have been here two Months, and never did any such Thing, after the first Day, when I parted with the Supper I had eaten at home.* It is impossible to express my Trouble and Concern; and considering how little was like to go into my Belly, I durst not, tho' hard press'd, let go what was there already.

Thus we past on 'till Night. *Don Diego* ask'd me how he should do to persuade his Guts that they had din'd, for they would not believe it. That House was an Hospital of dizzy Heads, proceeding from empty Stomachs, as others are of Surfeits. Supper-time came, for After-noonings were never heard of there, it was much shorter than the Dinner, and not Mutton, but a little roasted Goat, sure the Devil could never have contrived worse. Our starveling Master *Cabra* said, *It is very wholsome and beneficial to eat light Suppers, that the Stomach may not be*

be overburthen'd; and then he quoted ſome curſed Phyſician, that was long ſince in Hell. He extoll'd ſpare Diet, alledging that it prevented uneaſy Dreams; tho' he knew that in his Houſe it was impoſſible to dream of any Thing but eating. Our Maſters and we ſupp'd, but in Reality none of us ſupp'd. We went to Bed, and neither *Don Diego* nor I could ſleep one Wink all that Night; for he lay, contriving how to complain to his Father, that he might remove him, and I adviſing him ſo to do, and at laſt I ſaid to him; *Pray, Sir, are you ſure we are alive, for to tell you the Truth, I have a ſtrong Fancy, that we were ſlain in the Battle with the Herb-Women, and are now Souls ſuffering in Purgatory, in which Caſe it will be to no Purpoſe to talk of your Father's fetching us away, without he has our Souls prayed out of this Place of Puniſhment.* Having ſpent the whole Night in this Diſcourſe, we got a little Nap towards Morning, till it was Time to riſe, Six o'Clock ſtruck, *Cabra* call'd, and we all went to School; but when I went to dreſs me, my Doublet was two Handfuls too big; and my Breeches, which before were cloſe, now hung ſo looſe as if they had been none of my own. My very Teeth were already all furred, and looked as yellow as Amber, ſuch a wonderful Change had one Day wrought. When we came to School, I was order'd to decline ſome Nouns, and was ſo wonderful hungry, that I eat half my Words, for want of more ſubſtantial Diet. Any Man will eaſily believe this, who does but hear what *Cabra*'s Man told me; which was, that at his firſt coming he ſaw two great *Flanders* Geldings brought into the Houſe, and two Days after they went out perfect Racers, ſo light, that the very Wind would carry them away; that he ſaw Maſtive Dogs come in, and in leſs than three Hours they went out converted into Greyhounds: That one *Lent*, he ſaw Abundance of Men, ſome thruſting their Heads, ſome their Feet, and ſome their whole Body, into the Porch; and this continued a long Time, very many People flocking from all Parts to do ſo; and that he asking one Day, what could be the Meaning of it, *Cabra* was very angry, but one in the Crowd anſwer'd, Some of thoſe People are troubled with Chilblains, others with the Itch, and others with

Lice, all which Distempers and Vermin dy'd as soon as they came into that House, so that they never felt them more. He assur'd me this was very true, and I, who was acquainted with the House, believe it, which I am fain to take Notice of, lest what I say should be look'd upon as an Hyperbole.

To return to the School, he set us our Lesson, and we conn'd it, and so we went on in the same Course of Life I have here deliver'd, only that our Master added Bacon in the boiling of his Pot, because going abroad one Day, he was told, that to boil Meat without Bacon, betokened a scandalous Race descended either from *Moors* or *Jews*. For this Reason he provided a small Tin Case, all full of Holes, like a Nutmeg-Grater, which he open'd and put in a Bit of Bacon that fill'd it; then shutting the Box close, hung it with a String in the Pot, that some Relish of it might come tho' the Holes, and the Bacon remain for the next Day. Afterwards he thought this too great an Expence, and therefore for the future, only dipt the Bacon into the Pot. It is easy to guess what a Life we led with this sort of Diet and Usage. *Don Diego* and I were in such a miserable Condition, that since we could find no Relief as to eating, after a Month was expir'd, we contriv'd, at last, not to rise so early in the Morning, and therefore resolv'd to pretend we were sick, but not feverish, because that Cheat we thought would be easily discover'd. The Head or Tooth Ach were inconsiderable Distempers; at last we said we had the Gripes, and were sick for want of going to Stool in three Days, believing, that rather than be at a Penny Charges, our Master would apply no Remedy. The Devil order'd worse than we expected, for *Cabra* had an old Receipt, which descended to him by Inheritance from his Father, who was an Apothecary. As soon as he was told our Distemper, he prepar'd a Glister, and sending for an old Aunt of his, threescore and ten Years of Age, that serv'd him for a Nurse upon Occasion, order'd her to give each of us a Potion backwards. She began with *Don Diego*; the poor Wretch shrunk up, and the old Jade being blind, and her Hands shaking, instead of giving him it inwardly, let it fly betwixt his Shirt

and

and his Back up to his very Poll; ſo that became an outward Ornament, which ſhould have ſerv'd for a Lining within. The young Man cry'd out; in came *Cabra*, and ſeeing what had happen'd, order'd I ſhould be ſerv'd next, and they would come again to *Don Diego*. I was dreſſing my ſelf very haſtily; but all would not do, for *Cabra* and others held me, whilſt the old Woman gave it me; but I, to requite her Kindneſs, return'd it all into her Face. *Cabra* was in a Rage with me, and ſaid he would turn me out of his Houſe, for he plainly ſaw it was all a Cheat, but I was not ſo fortunate. We complain'd to *Don Alonſo*, and *Cabra* made him believe we did it out of Idleneſs, becauſe we would not mind our Book. Thus all our Hopes and Intreaties came to nothing; our Maſter took the old Woman into the Houſe, to dreſs the Meat, and look after the Boarders, turning away his Man, becauſe he ſpy'd ſome Crumbs of Bread on his Coat upon a Friday Morning. Only God knows how we were plagu'd with the old Woman. She was ſo deaf, that ſhe heard nothing, but underſtood by Signs, tho ſhe was half blind; and ſuch an everlaſting Prayer, that one Day the String of her Beads broke over the Pot as it was boiling, and our Broth came to Table ſanctify'd. Some ſaid theſe are certainly black *Æthopian* Peaſe: Others cry'd they were in Mourning, and wonder'd what Relation of theirs was dead. Our Maſter happen'd to bite one of them, and it pleas'd God he broke his Teeth.

On *Fridays* the old Woman would dreſs us ſome Eggs, but ſo full of her reverend grey Hairs, that they appear'd no leſs aged than herſelf. It was a common Practice with her to dip the Fire-Shovel into the Pot inſtead of the Ladle, and to ſerve up Porrengers of Broth ſtuff'd with Coals, Vermin, Chips, and the Hurds of Flax ſhe us'd to ſpin, all which ſhe threw in to fill up and cram the Guts. In this Miſery we continu'd till the next Lent, at the Beginning of which one of our Companions fell ſick. *Cabra*, to ſave Charges delay'd ſending for a Phyſician, till the Patient was juſt giving up the Ghoſt, and deſir'd to prepare for another World; then he call'd a young Quack, who felt his Pulſe, and ſaid, Hunger had been beforehand with him, and prevented his

killing that Man. These were his last Words; the poor Lad dy'd, and was bury'd meanly because he was a Stranger. This struck a Terror into all that liv'd in the House; the dismal Story flew all about the Town, and came at last to *Don Alonso Coronel*'s Ears; who having no other Son, began to be convinc'd of *Cabra*'s Inhumanity, and to give more Credit to the Words of two meer Shadows, for we were no better at that Time. He came to take us from the Boarding-School, and ask'd for us, tho we stood before him; so that finding us in such a deplorable Condition, he gave our Pinch-gut Master some hard Words. We were carry'd away in two Chairs, taking leave of our famish'd Companions, who follow'd us, as far as they could, with their Eyes and Wishes, lamenting and bewailing, as those do who remain Slaves at *Algiers*, when their other Associates are ransom'd.

CHAP IV.

Don Diego *and his Man rescu'd from the Jaws of Famine, and recover'd, are sent to the University of* Alcala; *their pleasant Adventure by the Way.*

WHEN we came to *Don Alonso*'s House, they laid us very gently into two Beds, for fear of ratt'ling our Bones, they were so bare with starving; then with magnifying Glasses, they began to search all about our Faces for our Eyes, and were a long time before they could find out mine, because I had suffer'd most, being treated like a Servant, and consequently mine was superlative Hunger. Physicians were call'd, who order'd the Dust should be wip'd off our Mouths with Fox-Tails, as if we had been Paintings, and indeed we look'd like the Picture of Death; and that we should be nourish'd with good Broths and light Meats, for fear of overloading our weak Stomachs. Who can be able to express the Rejoicing there was in our Guts, the first good Soup that we tasted, and afterwards when we came to eat some Fowl? All these Things to them were unknown Novelties. The Doctors gave Order, that for nine Days no body should talk in our Chamber, because our Stomachs were so empty

ty, that the leaſt Word return'd an Eccho in them. Theſe and ſuch like Precautions us'd, caus'd our Spirits to return to us in ſome Meaſure; but our Jaws were ſo tann'd and ſhrivell'd up, that there was no ſtretching of them, and therefore Care was taken, that they ſhould be every Day gently forc'd out, and as it were, ſet upon the Laſt with the Bottom of a Peſtle. In a few Days we got up to try our Limbs, but ſtill we look'd like the Shadows of other Men, and ſo lean and pale, as if we were lineally deſcended from the Fathers in the Deſart. We ſpent the whole Day in praiſing God for having deliver'd us out of the Clutches of the moſt inhumane *Cabra*, and offer'd up our earneſt Prayers, that no Chriſtian might ever fall into that miſerable Thraldom. If ever when we were eating, we happen'd to think of the miſerable Boarding-School Table, it made us ſo hungry, that we devour'd twice as much as at any other Time. We us'd to tell *Don Alonſo*, how, when *Cabra* ſate down to Table, he would enveigh againſt Gluttony, tho he never knew any Thing of it in his Life; and he laugh'd heartily, when we inform'd him, that in ſpeaking of the Commandment, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, he made it extend to Partridges and Capons, and ſuch other Dainties as never came within his Doors; and even to killing of Hunger, which he certainly counted a heinous Sin, and therefore had an Averſion againſt all eating. We were three whole Months upon our Recovery, and at the End thereof, *Don Alonſo* began to think of ſending his Son to *Alcala*, to finiſh his Humanity. He ask'd me whether I would go, and I thinking I could never be far enough from that inhumane Monſter of Miſery and Famine, offer'd to ſerve his Son faithfully, as Experience ſhould ſhew. He provided him another Servant, in the Nature of a Steward, to look to him, and give an Account of the Money he ſent for his Expences, by Bill upon one *Julian Merluzza*. We put all our Equipage into a Cart belonging to one *Diego Monge*, it conſiſted of a ſmall Bed for our Maſter, and a Truckle Bed to run under it, for me and the Steward, whoſe Name was *Aranda*, five Quilts, four Pair of Sheets, eight Pillows, four Hangings, a Trunk of Linnen, and other Furniture for a Houſe. We went our-

ſelves

selves into a Coach in the Evening, a little before Night-fall; and about Midnight came to the ever accurs'd Inne of *Viveros*. The Inn-keeper was of Moorish Race, and a down right Thief, and all my Life I never saw Cat and Dog so peaceable as that Day. He receiv'd us very lovingly, because he and the Carters went Snacks, for we travell'd so slowly, that they were there before us. He came to the Coach-side, gave me his Hand to alight, and ask'd me, *Whether I was going to the University?* I told him *I was*. He put me into the House, where two Sharpers were with some Wenches, a Curate praying by them, an old covetous Shopkeeper endeavouring to spare his Supper, and two scoundrel shabby Scholars, contriving how to fill their Bellies free cost. My Master, as being the last Comer, and but a Boy, said, *Landlord, get what you have in the House for me and two Servants. We are all your Servants, Sir*, said the Sharpers, *and will wait on you. Here, Landlord, take Notice, this Gentleman will satisfy, fetch out all you have in the Larder.* This said, one of them step'd up to *Don Diego*, and taking off his Cloak, laid it by, saying, *Pray, Sir, sit down and rest you.* This puff'd me up so full of Vanity, that the Inn was too little to hold me. One of the Damsels said, *What a curious shap'd Gentleman it is, is he going to his Studies? Are you his Servant, Sir?* I fancying that every Word they said was sincere, answer'd, *That I and the other were both his Servants.* They ask'd me his Name, and it was scarce out of my Mouth, before one of the Scholars went up to him, with Tears in his Eyes, and embracing him, as if he had been his Brother, said, *O my dear* Don Diego, *who would have thought, ten Years ago, to have seen you thus: Unhappy Man, I am in such a Condition that you will not know me.* My Master and I were both amaz'd, and swore we had never seen him in our Days. The Scholar's Companion star'd *Don Diego* in the Face, and said to his Friend, *Is this the Gentleman, of whose Father you told me so many Stories; it is extraordinary fortunate that we have met him, and know him; he is grown very tall, God bless him.* With this he began to bless himself, and seem'd so overjoy'd, that any Man would have thought we had been brought up together. *Don Diego* made him

him many Compliments ; and as he was asking him his Name, out came the Inn-keeper, and laid the Cloth ; and underſtanding the Banter, ſaid, *Let that alone, and talk of it after Supper, for the Meat will be cold,* One of the Sharpers ſtepp'd up, and ſet Stools for every body, and an Arm-Chair for *Don Diego* ; the other of them brought in a Diſh. The Scholars ſaid, *Do you ſup, Sir, and whilſt they dreſs what the Houſe affords for us, we will wait on you at Table. God forbid,* anſwer'd *Don Diego, pray Gentlemen ſit down if you pleaſe.* The Sharpers, tho he did not ſpeak to them, readily anſwer'd, *Preſently, good Sir, all is not ready yet.* When I ſaw ſome invited, and the others invite themſelves, my Heart was in my Mouth, and I dreaded what came to paſs ; for the Scholars laying hold of the Sallad, which was a good Diſh-full, and looking upon my Maſter, ſaid, it would be unreaſonable that theſe Ladies ſhould be left Supperleſs, where a Gentleman of ſuch Quality is ; *Pray, Sir, give them leave to take a Bit.* My Maſter like a true Cully, invited them to partake. They ſate down, and between the Scholars and them, there was but one ſingle Lettice of all the Sallad left in a trice, which laſt Bit *Don Diego* had ; and as the damn'd Student gave it him, he ſaid, *Sir, you had a Grand-Father, who was my Father's Uncle, that, ſwooned at the Sight of a Lettice, he was a Man of ſuch an odd Diſpoſition.* This ſaid he tumbled down a Brick of Bread, and his Companion did the like. The Damſels had made a great Hole in a good Loaf ; but yet the poor Curate eat more than all of them with his Eyes and Wiſhes, the Sharper bringing in a whole Side of Kid roaſted, and a Diſh of Pigeons and Bacon boyl'd, took their Places at the Table, ſaying to the Prieſt, *Why Father, what makes you ſtand there? Draw near and reach a Bit, for* Don Diego *treats us all.* No ſooner were the Words ſpoken, but he ſate down. When my Maſter perceiv'd that they had all intruded upon him, he began to be much concern'd. They divided the Spoil, giving *Don Diego* ſome few Bones to pick, the reſt the Curate and the others devour'd. The Sharpers ſaid, *Pray, Sir, do not eat too much Supper, leaſt it does you Harm* ; and the curſed Scholar anſwer'd, *Beſides Sir, you muſt begin to prac-*

practise to be abstemious, considering the Life you are to lead at Alcala. I and the other Servant pray'd heartily that God would put it into their Hearts to leave something; and when they had devour'd every Bit, and the Curate was picking the Bones over again, one of the Sharpers turn'd about, and said, *God bless us, we have left nothing for the Servants; come hither Gentlemen. Here, Landlord, give them all the House affords, take this Pistole to pay for it.* Up started immediately my Master's confounded imaginary Kinsman, I mean the Scholar, saying, *With your Leave, good Sir, I must tell you, I fear your Breeding is not much; 'tis a sign you are not acquainted with my Cousin, he will provide for his own Servants and for ours too, if we had any, as he has done for us. Be not in a Passion, Sir,* reply'd the other, *we did not know so much before.* When I saw all this sly Dissimulation, I began to curse them, and thought I should never have done. The Cloth was taken away, and they all desir'd *Don Diego* to go to Bed; he would have paid for the Supper, and they answer'd in the Morning will be time enough. They stay'd a-while chatting together, my Master ask'd the Scholar his Name, and he answer'd, *Don* something *Coronel.* The Devil confound the deceitful Dog, wheresoever he is. Then perceiving that the griping Shop-keeper was asleep, he said, *Will you have a little Sport, Sir, to make you laugh? Let us put some Trick upon this Fellow, who has eaten but one Pear upon the Road, and is as rich as a Jew.* The Sharpers cry'd, *God-a-mercy, Master Licenciate, do so, it is but Reason.* With this Approbation he drew near the poor sleeping old Fellow, and slipt a Wallet from under his Feet, unty'd it, and took out a Box, all the Company flocking about, as if it had been lawful Prize taken in War. He open'd it, and found it full of Lozenges; all which he took out, and supply'd their Place with Stones, Chips, and any Rubbish that came next to Hand. Then he eas'd himself a-top of all that, and over the Excrement laid about a dozen of little glittering Stones there are among some fine Lime in *Spain*, with which they plaister the Out-sides of Houses, and it glitters in the Sun like Bits of Glass. This done, he shut up the Box,

Box, and ſaid, I have not done yet, for he has a Leather Bottle, out of which he pour'd all the Wine, only ſome little he left in the Bottom, and then ſtuff'd it up with Tow and Wool, and ſtopp'd it. The Scholar put all again into the Wallet, and a great Stone into the Hood of his travelling Coat, and then he and all the reſt went to Bed, to ſleep about an Hour, or little more.

When it was time to ſet out, all the Company wak'd and got up, and ſtill the old Man ſlept; they call'd him, and he could not get up for the Weight of the Stone that was in his Hood. He look'd to ſee what it was, and the Inn-keeper pretended to quarrel with him, ſaying, *God is my Life, could you pick up nothing elſe to carry away, Father, but this Stone. I had been finely ſerv'd, Gentlemen, if I had not diſcover'd it; I value it above an hundred Crowns becauſe it is good for the Pain in the Stomach.* The old Man ſwore and bann'd, that he had not put it into his Hood, the Sharpers reckon'd up the Bill, which came to ſix Crowns; but the beſt Arithmetician in Chriſtendom could never have made out that Sum. The Scholars aſk'd what Service they could do us at *Alcala*; the Reckoning was paid, we breakfaſted, and the old Man took up his Wallet; but for fear we ſhould ſee what he had in it, and ſo he might be oblig'd to diſtribute any, he unty'd it in the dark under his great Coat, and laid hold of a bit of Lime well daub'd, which he clap'd into his Mouth, and going to cranch it with a Tooth and a half he had, was like to loſe them both. He began to ſpit, and make Faces, what with the Pain, and what with the loathſome Bit he had put into his Mouth. We all went up to him, and the Curate among the firſt, aſking, What ail'd him? He began to curſe and ſwear, dropt down the Wallet, and the Scholar came up to him, ſaying, *Go behind me, Satan, here is the Croſs.* The other open'd a Breviary, and would perſwade him he was poſſeſt, till at laſt he told what ail'd him, and begg'd they would give him leave to waſh his Mouth with ſome Wine he had in his Leather Bottle. They let him go, he open'd his Bottle, and pouring into a ſmall Diſh, out came a little Wine, ſo hairy and full of Tow, that there was no drinking, or enduring

enduring the Sight of it. Then the old Man fell a raving beyond Measure, but seeing all the Company burst their Sides with laughing, he was fain to grow calm, and get up into the Waggon with the Sharpers and Wenches. The Curate and Scholars mounted on Asses, and we went into the Coach. We were scarce gone from the Door, before they all began to banter and ridicule us, declaring the Trick they had put upon us. The Inn-keeper cry'd, *Good Master Fresh-water Scholar, a few of these Handsels will make you old and wise.* The curs'd Scholar said, *Pray, Cousin, the next Time scratch when it itches, and not afterwards.* In short, every one had his Saying; but we thought best to take no Notice, tho', God knows, we were quite out of Countenance. At length we got to *Alcala*, and alighted at an Inn, where we spent all that Day, for we came in at nine in the Morning, in reckoning up the Particulars of our last Supper, but could never make out the Account.

CHAP. V.

Our Entrance into Alcala, *the Reception we had, paying for our Freedom, and what Tricks they put upon me, as being a New Comer.*

TOwards the Evening, before it was dark, we left the Inn, to go to the House that had been hir'd for us, which was without St *James*'s Gate, in a Court full of abundance of Scholars; but in our House there were only three Families of us. The Owner, or Landlord of it, was one of those who believe in God out of Complaisance, or only in outward Show, such as they vulgarly call'd *Morisco*'s, because descended from the *Moors*; for there are abundance of this sort of People, and of those that have great Noses, and cannot endure the Scent of Bacon. Yet I do not by this mean to reflect upon the People of Quality, which are there very numerous, and unspotted in Blood. The Landlord receiv'd me with a worse Countenance than if I had been an Inquisitor; I know not whether he did it to make

us reſpect him the more, or whether it was the Nature of the Beaſt, for it is no Wonder they ſhould be ill natur'd who are of ſuch bad Principles. We brought in our Goods, made the Beds, and reſted that Night. When it was Day, all the Scholars in the Houſe came in their Shirts to demand Entrance-Money of my Maſter. He being an utter Stranger to that Affair, aſk'd me, What it was they would be at? whilſt I at the ſame Time, for fear of what might happen, thruſt my ſelf between two Quilts, with only half my Head out, like a Tortoiſe. They demanded a Couple of Crowns, which were given them; and they ſet up a helliſh Cry, ſinging, *Long live our Companion, and let him be admitted into our Friendſhip; Let him enjoy all the Privileges of a Freeman, and be allow'd to have the Itch, to be greaſy, and as hungry as we are.* This ſaid, pray obſerve the Privileges; they all tumbled down the Stairs, we dreſt our ſelves, and ſet out for the Schools. My Maſter was conducted by ſome Collegians, his Father's Friends, and ſo took his Place in the School; but I being to go to another Place, went all alone, and began to quake for Fear. I had ſcarce ſet my Foot into the great Court, before they all fac'd me, and began to cry, *A Novice.* The better to colour the Matter, I fell a laughing, as if I had not regarded it; but it avail'd me not, for eight or nine of them ſtanding about me began to grin and laugh out. I bluſh'd; would to God I had not, for immediately one that was next me clapt his Hand to his Noſe, and ſtepping aſide, ſaid, *This* Lazarus *is not rais'd from the Dead, he ſtinks ſo.* Then they all ſtood off, ſtopping their Noſes. I thinking to eſcape that Way, held my Noſe too, and ſaid, *You are in the right, Gentlemen, here is a great Stink.* They all burſt out a laughing, and getting farther off, gather'd about an hundred ſtrong. They began to hauk, and give the Alarm with their Throats, and by their coughing, and opening and ſhutting of their Mouths, I perceiv'd they were preparing a Volley of Glaunders for me. By this Time a brawny Bumkin-Scholar, who had got a Cold, ſaluted me with a dreadful one, ſaying, *Thus I begin.* Seeing my ſelf beyond all Hope of Redreſs, cry'd out, I vow to

God you shall —— I would have spoke out the rest, but there fell such a loathsome Shower upon me, that I could not utter a Word more. I had cover'd my Face with my Cloak, and stood such a fair Mark, that they all shot at me; and no doubt but it was worth while to see how they took their Aim. By this Time I was dawb'd all over from Head to Foot; but a sly Dog observing that I was cover'd, and had nothing on my Face, came running towards me, crying out, as if he had been in a Passion, *Enough; do not murder him.* I thinking by their Usage that they had really design'd it, uncover'd my self, to see how the Case stood, and that very Moment the Villain, who made all that Noise, shot a Glander just betwixt my two Eyes. Consider what an Anguish I was in; the Hell-hounds gave such a Shout, that it quite amaz'd me; and I concluded, from their cleansing of their Stomachs upon me, that, to save the Charge of Apothecaries and Doctors, they took the Advantage of new Comers to purge themselves. After all this, they would have neck'd me as they do Rabbets to kill them; but there was no touching me, without carrying off some Part of their loathsome Bounty, which hung all about my wretched Cloak, then turn'd grey with Filth, tho' it came in black. They left me, looking all over like an old Man's Spitting-sheet. I went home, tho' I scarce knew the Way; and it was good Luck that this happen'd in the Morning, for I met but two or three Boys, who, I believe, were good natur'd, for they only threw half a dozen dirty Clouts at me, and went their Ways. I got into the House, and the Moorish Landlord seeing me, fell a laughing, and made show as if he would have spit upon me; which I dreading, cry'd out, *Hold, Landlord, for I am not the Picture of Christ.* Would to God I had never said it, for he laid me on several Pounds with the Weights he had in his Hand. Having got this good Help, besides all the rest, tho' half reveng'd, I went up, and was a long Time before I could find out where to take Hold of my Cloak or Cassock. At last I took them off, hang'd them up in a Gallery, and laid me down upon the Bed.

My

My Maſter coming in found me aſleep, and not knowing of my loathſome Diſaſter, was in a Paſſion, and fell a tugging me by the Hair ſo furiouſly, that had I not wak'd immediately, he had made me bald before my Time. I ſtarted up, crying out, and complaining, and he ſtill more paſſionate, ſaid, is this the Service I am to expect from you, *Paul!* I muſt turn a new Card. This went to my Heart, and I anſwer'd, *You are a great Comfort to me, Sir, in my Afflictions; do but ſee what a Condition that Cloak and Caſſock are in, which have ſerv'd for Handkerchiefs to the filthieſt Noſes, and ſpitting-ſheets to the fouleſt Throats that ever poiſon'd clean Linnen.* This ſaid, I fell a-weeping; which he perceiving, believed me, look'd for the Caſſock, and ſeeing it, took Pity on me, and ſaid, Paul, *look out ſharp, and take Care of yourſelf, for you have no Father or Mother to take your Part here.* I told him all that had befallen me, and he order'd me to ſtrip, and go to my Chamber, where four Servants of the other Lodgers in the Houſe lay. I went to Bed and ſlept, and being refreſh'd with that and a good Supper, I found myſelf as well, as if nothing had happened to me. But when Misfortunes begin to fall, there is ſuch a Series of them link'd together, as if they would never have an End. The other Servants came to Bed, who all ſaluted and ask'd me, Whether I was ſick, and what made me ſo ſoon a-Bed? I told them the whole Story; and immediately, as if they had been Innocence it ſelf, they began to bleſs themſelves, and ſaid, *Was there ever ſuch Wickedneſs acted? This would not be tolerated among Infidels.* Another cry'd, *The Proctors are in the Fault, that they do not take Care to prevent it. Shall you know them again?* I anſwer'd, I ſhould not, and thank'd them for the Kindneſs they ſeem'd to ſhow me. This Diſcourſe held till they ſtripp'd, went to Bed, put out the Candle, and I fell aſleep, as if I had been with my Mother and Brothers. It was about Twelve of the Clock, I believe, when one of them wak'd me, roaring out in a diſmal Manner, *Help, Help, they kill me, Thieves!* At the ſame Time there was a Noiſe in his Bed of Talking and Laſhes. I held up my Head, and ſaid, *What is the Matter there?* As ſoon as ever I uncovered myſelf, they laid me on the

Back with mighty Cat and Nine-Tails. I cry'd out, and would have got up; the other complain'd as much as I, but they only flogg'd me. I call'd out to God for Vengeance, but the Lashes fell so thick upon me, they having pull'd all the Cloaths off me, that I had no other Refuge but to creep under the Bed. I did so, and immediately the other three, who seem'd to sleep, began all to roar out, and I hearing the Lashes still, concluded that some Stranger scourg'd us all. In the mean while the Hell-Hound that was next me, skipp'd into my Bed. This done the Lashes ceas'd, and all four of them got up, crying out amain, *It is a great Villany, and not be endured.* Still I lay under my Bed, whining like a Dog that is pinch'd in a Door, and shrinking myself all up, as if I had been drawn together by the Cramp. The others made as if they had shut the Door; then I crept out, got into my Bed again, and asking, whether any of them was hurt, they all complain'd bitterly. I lay down, cover'd myself up warm, and fell asleep again; and happening to tumble about in my Sleep, when I wak'd, I found myself all daub'd up to my very Neck. They all got up, and I pleaded the Flogging for an Excuse to lie a-Bed. The Devil himself could not turn me from one Side. I was full of Confusion, considering whether the Fright and Disorder had occasion'd my committing that Beastliness, or whether I did it in my Sleep. In short I was innocent and guilty at the same Time, and knew not what Excuse to make for myself. My Chamber-Fellows drew near to me, complaining, and slily ask'd me how I did; I answer'd, I was very ill; for I had been cruelly lash'd; and enquir'd of them, What the Meaning of it could be? They reply'd, *We will answer for it, whosoever it was shall not carry it to Heaven, nor Hell; for the cunning Man will tell us all; but waving that, let us see whether you are not hurt, for you made a piteous Complaint.* So saying, they went about to take off the Bed-Cloaths, to expose me. By this Time my Master came in, saying, *Shall I never make any good of you,* Paul? *It is eight of the Clock, and you are a-Bed still. Rise, you shameless Scoundrel.* The Knaves, the better to impose upon me, told *Don Diego* the whole Story, and desired

ſired him to let me reſt; but one of them added, *If you will not believe me, Sir, let us ſee, Brother*; and then he laid hold of the Bed-Cloaths to uncover me. I held faſt with Teeth and Hands, for Fear of diſcovering the filthy Secret; and when they found that Way would not do, one of them cry'd, *Ads bobs, what a Stink is here. Don Diego* ſaid ſo too, becauſe it was Matter of Fact; and then they all began to look about the Room, whether there was ever a Cloſe-ſtool, or other Filth, ſaying, there was no enduring of the Place; and one of them added, *We ſhall have a fine Time of it, to ſtudy in this Room.* They looked into the Beds, and removed them all, to ſee under, and then ſaid, *Doubtleſs there is ſomething under* Paul's *Bed, let us remove him into one of ours, and look there.* I perceiving this was like to be unavoidable, and that they were juſt going to lay Hands on me, pretended I had a Fit of the Falling-ſickneſs, lay'd about me on all Hands, and made ſtrange Faces. They underſtanding the Cheat, took the faſter Hold of me, crying, *What a Pity it is. Don Diego* held and pull'd by my middle Finger, accounted a Help in that Diſtemper; and ſo at length, between them all five they rais'd me up; and when they laid open the Sheets, all ſmear'd and daub'd from the Head to the Feet, they burſt out into ſuch a loud Laughter, that the Room eccho'd. *Poor Lad,* cry'd the impudent Scoundrels, whilſt I pretended to be in a Swoon, *pull him hard, Sir, by that middle Finger*; and my Maſter thinking he did me ſome ſignal Service, tugg'd till he put it out of Joint. The others propoſed cramping my Thighs, to fetch me to myſelf, ſaying, *Alas, poor Lad, no doubt but he be-foul'd himſelf juſt now when the Fit came upon him.* It is impoſſible to expreſs the Anguiſh I was in, what with Shame, what with my Finger that was diſjointed, and what with the Dread of being cramped. At length, fearing they would really put that Villainy in Execution, for they had really put Cords about my Thighs, I made as if I came to myſelf; yet I was not ſo quick, but that the Rogues being knaviſhly bent, had whipp'd the Cords about my Thighs, and tugg'd ſo hard, that they ſunk them an Inch into my Fleſh. Then they left

me, crying, *Bless us, what a puny Creature you are.* I cry'd for meer Vexation, and they archly said, *Hold your Peace, your betraying yourself is the least Concern, your Health is all.* This done, they wash'd me, laid me in the Bed again, and went their Way. Being left alone, I lay and considered, that what I had endur'd in one Day at *Alcala*, was worse than all my Sufferings under *Cabra* at the Boarding-School. At Noon I dress'd me, clean'd my Cloak and Cassock the best I could, washing it like an old Clout, and waited for my Master, who, when he came, asked me, *How I did?* All the Family din'd, and so did I, tho' I eat but little, having but an indifferent Stomach at that Time, and after Dinner we all met to chat in an open Gallery. The other Servants, when they had sufficiently banter'd me, discovering the Trick they had put upon me, laugh'd heartily: I was worse out of Countenance than before, and said to myself, *Look to yourself,* Paul, *stand upon your guard.* I resolv'd to begin a new Course of Life; we were all made Friends, and from that Day forwards lived as lovingly in the House together, as if we had been all one Mother's Children, and no Man disturb'd me any more at the Schools, or publick Places.

CHAP. VI.

Of the wicked old House-keeper, and the first knavish Pranks I play'd at Alcala.

WHEN you are at *Rome*, do as they do at *Rome*, says the Proverb, and it is well said. I took it so seriously into Consideration, that I fully resolv'd to play the Knave among Knaves, and to out-do them all if possible. I know not whether I succeeded as I design'd, but I am sure I us'd all my Endeavours. In the first Place, I made a Law, that it should be no less than Death for any Pigs to come into our House, or for any of our old House-keeper's Chickens to run out of the Yard into our Room. It happen'd one Day, that two of the cleverest Porkers, that ever my Eyes beheld, slipp'd into our Dominions; I was then at Play with the other Servants,

Servants, and hearing them grunt, ſaid to one of my Companions, *Go ſee who it is that grunts in our Houſe*; he went and brought Word they were two Swine. No ſooner had I heard theſe Words, but I went out in a Paſſion, ſaying, *It was a great deal of Impudence in them to grunt in other People's Houſes.* Then clapping the Door too, in the ſame Heat of Blood I run my Sword into the Throats of them both, and then we cut off their Heads. To prevent their Cry being heard abroad, we all ſet up our Throats, roaring as loud as poſſible we could, as if we had been ſinging, and ſo they gave up the Ghoſt among us. We paunch'd them, ſav'd the Blood, and by the Help of our Straw Bed, half ſing'd them in the Yard; ſo that when our Maſters came home, all was over, tho after an indifferent Manner; only the Puddings were not yet made, which was not for want of Expedition, for we had left half of the Filth in the Guts, meerly to ſave Loſs of Time. *Don Diego* and our Steward were told the Story, and flew into ſuch a Paſſion againſt me, that the other Lodgers, who were ready to burſt with Laughing, thought fit to take my part. *Don Diego* ask'd me, What I could ſay for my ſelf, if the Thing ſhould be found out, and I ſhould be taken up for it? I anſwer'd, I would plead Hunger, which is the common Sanctuary of all Scholars; and if that was not enough, I would urge, That ſeeing them come into the Houſe without knocking, as if they had been at home, I thought they had been our own. They all laugh'd at my Plea, and *Don Diego* ſaid, *By my Troth*, Paul, *you begin to underſtand your Trade.* It was very well worth obſerving, the Difference between my Maſter and me, he ſo ſober and religious, and I ſo arch and knaviſh, ſo that the one was a Foil to the other, and ſerv'd to ſet off either his Virtue or Vice. Our old Houſe keepper was pleas'd to the very Heart, for we both play'd our parts, and had conſpir'd againſt the Larder. I was Caterer, and a meer *Judas* in my Employment, and ever ſince retain'd an Inclination to cribbing and ſtealing. The Meat always waiſted in the old Jade's keeping, and ſhe never dreſs'd Weather-Mutton when ſhe could get Ewe or Goat; beſides, ſhe pick'd the Fleſh off the Bones before ſhe boil'd them; ſo

that

that the Dishes serv'd up, look'd as if the Cattle had dy'd of a Consumption; and the Broth was so clear, that, had it been consolidated, it might have past for Chrystal; only now and then, for Change, that the Soup might look a little fat, she clapp'd in a few Candles-Ends. When I was by, she would say to my Master, *In troth, Sir,* Paul *is the best Servant in* Spain, *bating his Unluckiness; but that may well enough be born with, because he is honest. He buys the best the Market affords.* I gave the same Character of her, and so we put upon the whole House. If there was any Store of Coals, Bacon, or Oil, laid in, we stole half of it, and some while after would say, Pray, Gentlemen, retrench your Expences a little; for if you go on at this rate, you had need have a Mint of Money; the Coals or the Oil is spent, but no wonder at the rate that you use it; you had best order more to be brought in. Sir, give *Paul* the Money, and you will have a better Account of it. Money was accordingly given me, and we sold them the other half we had stole, and half of what we brought, and that was in full.

If ever I happen'd to buy any Thing in the Market at the real Value, then the old House-keeper and I would pretend to fall out and quarrel, and she seeming to be in a Passion, would say, *Do not tell me* Paul, *that this is a Penny-worth of Salad.* Then I would seem to cry, and make a great deal of Noise, went to complain to my Master, and perswaded him to send the Steward to enquire, that the old Woman might be convinc'd, who still scolded on designedly. The Steward went and found as I said; by which means both Master and Steward were impos'd upon, and had the better Opinion of me for my Honesty, and of the House-keeper for her Care. *Don Diego* being thus fix'd in his good Opinion of me, us'd to say to her, *Would to God* Paul *were otherwise as virtuous as he is honest; I see plainly he is as trusty as you represent him.* Thus we held them in Ignorance, and suck'd them like Horse-Leaches. I don't at all doubt, Reader, but you wonder how much we might cheat them of at the Year's End; the Sum was certainly considerable, yet I suppose we were not obliged to make Restitution, for the old Woman never miss'd going to Church daily, yet I never

never ſaw any Diſpoſition in her to reſtore the leaſt Part; nor did I perceive any Scruple of Conſcience ſhe made of it, tho ſhe was ſo great a Saint. She always wore a Pair of Beads about her Neck, ſo big, that the Wood of them might have ſerv'd to roaſt a Sirloin of Beef. It was all hung with Croſſes, Medals, Pictures, and other Trinkets, on all which ſhe ſaid ſhe pray'd every Night for her Benefactors. She had a Catalogue of an hundred and odd Saints that were her Patrons; and in truth ſhe had need of no leſs Help to bear her out of all her Wickedneſs. Her Chamber was over my Maſter's, where ſhe was longer at Prayers than a phanatical Preacher is in his Sermon; and all in *Latin*, ſuch as it was, for neither Mortals on Earth, nor Angels in Heaven, could underſtand it, which ſhe did to appear the more innocent and ſimple; but we were ready to ſplit our Sides with laughing. Beſides theſe ſhe had many other excellent Qualifications, for ſhe was an extraordinary Meſſenger of Love, and Contriver of Pleaſure, which is the ſame as a Bawd; but her Excuſe to me was, that it came to her by Deſcent, as the Kings of *France* had the Gift of curing the King's Evil. You will imagine perhaps that we always liv'd in Unity; but who does not know, that the two beſt Friends, if they are covetous, and live together, will endeavour to cheat one another, and I took Care to let ſlip no Opportunity.

The old Woman kept Hens in the Yard, and had about a dozen or fourteen well grown Chickens, which made my Teeth water to be at them, for they were fit to be ſerv'd up to any Gentleman's Table. It happen'd one Day, that ſhe going to feed them, as the common Cuſtom is in *Spain*, call'd them together, crying, *Pio, Pio, Pio.* This ſhe repeated very often, and I being upon the Catch, cry'd out as loud as ſhe, *As God ſhall ſave me, Nurſe, I wiſh I had ſeen you kill a Man, or clip and coin, for then I might have kept your Counſel, rather than do as you have done, and now I muſt be forc'd to diſcover it. The Lord have Mercy upon us both.* She ſeeing me act all that Concern and Diſorder, was ſomewhat ſtartled, and ſaid, *Why what have I done,* Paul? *If you are in jeſt, do not perplex me any longer.*

What

What do you mean by jesting? said I; *a Curse on it, I cannot possibly avoid giving Information to the Inquisition, else I shall be excommunicated. The Inquisition,* quoth she, trembling like a Leaf on a Tree, *Why, have I committed any Crime against Religion? Why, there's the Case,* answer'd I; *don't you think to dalley with the Inquisitors, you had better own you were in the wrong, that you spoke like a Fool, eat your Words, and not deny the Blasphemy and Irreverence.* She reply'd in a great Consternation, *But tell me,* Paul, *will they punish me if I recant, No,* said I, *for then they will only absolve you. Then I recant,* quoth she, *but do you tell me what it is I am to recant, for I know nothing of it as I hope for Mercy. Bless me,* reply'd I, *Is it possible you should be so dull, as not to reflect that, but I don't know how to express it, the Disrespect was so great, that I am afraid to repeat it. Don't you remember you call'd the Chickens* Pio, Pio, *and* Pius *is the Name of several Popes, who are Christ's Vicars upon Earth, and Heads of the Church? Now do you consider whether that be any trifling Sin.* She stood as if she had been Thunder-struck, and after a while cry'd, *'Tis true, I said so* Paul, *but may I be curs'd if I did it with any ill Design. I recant; do you consider whether some Means may not be found, to avoid informing against me; for I shall die if they get me into the Inquisition. Provided you will take your Oath,* answer'd I, *on the Holy Altar, that you did it not with any ill Intent; I may, upon that Assurance, forbear impeaching you; but then you must give me those two Chickens that fed when you were calling them by that most sanctify'd Name of the Popes, that I may carry them to an Officer of the Inquisition, for him to burn them, for they are defil'd; and in the next Place you must swear positively never to be guilty of the like again. This you must do now; and to morrow I'll swear.* For the better fixing of this Notion in her Head, I went on, *The worst of it is,* Tabitha, (for that was her Name,) *that I shall be in Danger; for the Inquisitor will ask whether I am not the Person, and may put me to Trouble. Do you e'en carry them your self, for I am afraid. For the Lord's sake,* cry'd she, Paul, *take Pity on me, and do you carry them; there is*

no

no Danger of your coming to any Harm. I made her court me a long while, and at laſt, tho' it was the Thing I aim'd at, I ſuffer'd my ſelf to be perſwaded. I took the Chickens, hid them in my Chamber, made Show as if I went abroad, and came in again, ſaying, *It has fallen out better than I expected, the cunning Officer would fain have come after me to ſee the Woman, but I gave him the Slip curiouſly, and did my Buſineſs.* She hugg'd and kiſs'd me, and gave me another Chicken for my Pains, which I carry'd to his Companions, had them all dreſs'd at the Cook's, and eat them with my Fellow-Servants. *Don Diego* and the Houſe-keeper came to hear of the Trick, and all the Family made excellent Sport with it. The old Woman had like to have fretted her ſelf to Death for meer Vexation, and was a thouſand times in the Mind, for Revenge, to diſcover all my Cheats, but that ſhe was as deep in the Dirt as I was in the Mire. Being thus at Variance with the old Woman, and no Way now left to put upon her, I contriv'd new Ways to play my Pranks, and fell to that the Scholars call ſnatching and ſhoplifting, at which Sport I had many pleaſant Adventures.

One Night, about Nine of the Clock, at which Time there are but few People abroad, paſſing through the great Street, I ſpy'd a Confectioner's Shop open, and in it a Frail of Raiſons upon the Counter. I whipp'd in, took hold of it, and ſet a running; the Confectioner ſcour'd after me, and ſo did ſeveral Neighbours and Servants. Being loaded, I perceiv'd, that tho' I had the Start, they would overtake me, and therefore turning the Corner of the Street, I clapt the Frail upon the Ground, ſate down upon it, and wrapping my Cloak about my Leg, began to cry out, holding it with both Hands; *God forgive him, he has trod upon me, and crippl'd me.* They heard what I ſaid, and when they came up, I began to cry, *For the Lord's ſake pity the Lame, I pray God you may never be lame.* They came to me, panting, and out of Breath, and ſaid, *Friend, did you ſee a Man run this Way? He is before you,* anſwer'd I, *for he trod upon me.* With this they ſtarted again, and vaniſh'd. I was left alone, carry'd my Frail home, and

told

told the Story, which they would not believe, tho' they highly applauded the Ingenuity; for which Reason I invited them to see me steal a Box of Sweet-meats another Night. They came, and observing that all the Boxes were so far within the Shop, that there was no reaching them, concluded the Thing was impracticable, especially because the Confectioner having heard what had happen'd to the other, was upon his Guard. However I went on, and drawing my Sword, which was a stiff Tuck, about a Dozen Paces short of the Shop, run on, and when I came up to the Door, I cry'd out, *You are a dead Man*, and made a strong Pass just before the Confectioner's Breast, who dropt down, calling for Help, and my Sword run clear through a Box of Sweet-meats, which I drew out with it, and carry'd it off. They were all amaz'd at the Contrivance, and ready to burst with laughing, to hear the Confectioner bid the People search him, for he was certainly wounded, and knew the other was a Man he had a falling out with; but when he turn'd about, the other Boxes being disorder'd by the pulling out of that one, he discover'd the Cheat, and fell a blessing himself, as if he would never have done. The Truth of it is, I never eat any Thing that pleas'd me so well. My Companions us'd to say, I could maintain the Family with what I listed, which is only a modest Term for Stealing Being then but a Boy, and hearing my self commended for these knavish Pranks, it encourag'd me to commit more. I us'd to bring home my Girdle hung all round with little Pitchers, which I stole from Nuns, begging some Water to drink of them, and when they turn'd it out in their Wheel, I went off with the Mugs, they being shut up, and not able to help themselves; so that it became a Fashion, not to give out any Thing without a Pledge for the Vessel.

After this I promised *Don Diego* and his Companions, that I would one Night disarm the Round. The Night was appointed, and we set out upon the Exploit. I went foremost with another Servant of our Family, and as soon as I discovered the Watch, went up as if I had been in a great Fright, saying, *Is it the Round?* They answer'd, *It was.* Then said I, *Is the Governor here?* They reply'd

ply'd, *He was.* Then I kneel'd down, and ſaid, *Sir, It is in your Power to do me Right, to revenge my Wrong, and to do the Publick a great Piece of Service; be pleas'd to hear a Word or two I have to communicate in private, if you deſire to ſecure ſome notorious Criminals.* He ſtept aſide, and ſome of his Officers were laying Hands on their Swords, and others taking out their Rods of Authority, whilſt I ſaid, *Sir, I am come from* Seville, *in Purſuit of ſix of the moſt notorious Malefactors in the World; they are all Thieves and Murderers, and among them is one that killed my Mother, and a Brother of mine, without any Provocation, but to exerciſe his Barbarity. This is prov'd upon him, and they all come, as I heard them ſay, with a* French *Spy; and by what I can further gueſs from their Words, he is ſent* (then I lower'd my Voice) *by* Antony Perez. At theſe Words the Governor gave a Skip, and cry'd, *Where are they? They are, Sir,* ſaid I, *in a Bawdy-Houſe; do not ſtay, good Sir, the Souls of my Mother and Brother will requite you with their Prayers, and the King will reward you.* He ſaid very earneſtly, *Good God! Let us loſe no Time, follow me all of you, and give me a Target.* I took him aſide again, and added, *Sir, the whole Buſineſs will be ſpoil'd, if you do ſo; the only Way to do it, is, for them all to go in without Swords, and one by one, for they are above in the Rooms, and have Piſtols, and as ſoon as they ſee any come with Swords, knowing that none can wear them but Officers of Juſtice, they will be ſure to fire. It is better only to go in with your Daggers, and then you may ſecure them behind, for we are enough of us.* The Governor being eager to ſecure them at any Rate, approv'd of my Contrivance. By this Time we were come near the Place, and the Governor thus inſtructed by me, order'd them all to hide their Swords in a Field there is juſt before the Houſe under the Graſs. They did ſo, and went on. I had already inſtructed my Companion, that as ſoon as ever they laid them down, he ſhould ſeize them, and make the beſt of his Way Home. He did ſo, and when they were all going into the Houſe, I ſtay'd out the laſt; and as ſoon as they were enter'd, being followed by ſeveral People they pick'd up by the Way, I

gave them the Slip, and turn'd short into a narrow Lane that comes out near *la Victoria*, running all the Way as swift as a Grey-hound. When the Round was all in the House, and found none there but Scholars and Scoundrels, which is all one, they began to look about for me, and not finding me, suspected it was some Trick put upon them. Being thus disappointed, they went to take their Swords, but there was no Sign of them. It is impossible to express what Pains the Governor, attended by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, took that Night. They searched all the Town to the very Beds, and when they came to ours, I was in Bed, with a Night-Cap on, and close cover'd, for fear of being known, a Candle lighted in one Hand, and a Crucifix in the other, with a sham Priest praying by me, and all the rest of my Companions on their Knees about the Bed. The Vice-Chancellor, with all his Officers, came in, and seeing that Spectacle, went out again, supposing no such Prank could be play'd by any there. They made no Search, but the Vice-Chancellor pray'd by me, and asked whether I was speechless; they answer'd, I was; and so away they went, in Despair of making any Discovery. The Vice-Chancellor swore he would deliver up the Offender, if he could find him; and the Governor vow'd he would hang him, tho' he were the Son of a Grandee of *Spain*. I got up, and this Prank makes Sport at *Alcala* to this very Day. To avoid being tedious, I omit giving an Account of my robbing in the open Market, as if it had been on a Mountain; not a Box or Case escaped me, but I had it home, and kept the House in Fuel all the Year; and as for the Apple-Women, nothing was ever safe in their Stalls or Standings, for I had declared perpetual War against them, on Account of the Affront put upon me when I was King at *Segovia*. I pass by the Contributions I rais'd on the Fields of Beans, Vineyards, and Orchards, all about that Part of the Country. These and the like Practices gain'd me the Reputation of a sharp unlucky Fellow among all People. The young Gentlemen were so fond of me, that I had scarce Leisure to wait upon *Don Diego*, whom I honoured as he deserv'd, for the great Kindness he bore me.

CHAP.

CHAP VII.

How I receiv'd News of my Father's Death, parted from Don Diego, *and what Courſe of Life I reſolv'd on for the future.*

AT length *Don Diego* received a Letter from his Father, and with it one for me, from an Uncle of mine, whoſe Name was *Alonſo Ramplon*, a Man of a virtuous Diſpoſition, and very well known in *Segovia*, as being the Finiſher of the Law, and for four Years laſt paſt, the Execution of all its Determinations went thro' his Hands. In ſhort, to ſpeak plain, he was the Executioner or Hangman; but ſuch a clever Fellow at his Buſineſs, that it would not vex a Man to be hang'd by him, he did it ſo neatly. This worthy Perſon writ to me from *Segovia* to *Alcala*, as follows:

My dear Paul,

'THE great Affairs of this Employment, in which 'it has pleas'd his Majeſty to place me, have been 'the Occaſion of my not writing to you before; for if 'there be any Thing to find Fault with in the King's 'Service, it is the great Trouble and Attendance it re'quires; which, however, is in ſome Meaſure requited 'by the Honour of being his Servant. It troubles me 'to be forc'd to ſend you diſagreeable News; but your 'Father dy'd eight Days ago, with as much Bravery and 'Reſolution as ever Man did; I ſpeak of my own 'Knowledge, as having truſs'd him up myſelf. The 'Cart became him as well as if it had been a Chariot, 'and all that ſaw the Rope about his Neck, concluded 'him as clever a Fellow as e'er was hang'd. He look'd 'up all the Way he went at the Windows, very much 'unconcern'd, courteouſly bowing to all the Tradeſmen, 'that left their Shops to gaze at him, and turn'd up his 'Whiſkers ſeveral Times. He deſired the Prieſts that 'went to prepare him for Death, not to be too eager, but 'to reſt and take a Breathing-Time, extolling any re'markable Expreſſions they us'd. Being come to the

triple Tree, he presently set his Foot on the Ladder, and went up it nimbly, not creeping on All-four as others do; and perceiving that one of the Rounds of it was crack'd through, he turn'd to the Officers attending, and bid them get it mended for the next that came, because all Men had not his Spirit. I cannot express how much his Person and Carriage was applauded. At the Top of the Ladder he sat down, set his Cloaths handsomely about him, took the Rope, and clapt the Noose to his Ear, and then perceiving the Jesuit was going to preach to him, he turn'd to him, and said, Father, I accept of the Will for the Deed, let us have a few Staves of a Psalm, and have done quickly, for I hate to be tedious. This was done accordingly; he charg'd me to put on his Cap a little to one Side, and to wipe his Slaver, which I did; and then he swang, without shrinking up his Legs, or making ugly Faces; but kept such Sedateness in his Countenance, that it was a Pleasure to behold him. I quarter'd him out, and left the several Parts on the High-Ways; God knows what a Trouble it is to me, to see him there daily treating the Crows and Ravens; but I suppose the Pastry Cooks here-abouts will soon ease us of that sad Spectacle, burying him in their minced Pies. I cannot give you a much better Account of your Mother, for, tho' still living, she is a Prisoner in the Inquisition at *Toledo*, because she would not let the Dead rest in their Graves. They give out, that every Night she us'd to salute a great He-Goat, kissing him under the Tail. In her House were found as many Arms, Legs, and Heads, as would have stock'd a Charnel-House; and she reckon'd it one of her smallest Abilities to counterfeit Virgins, and solder crack'd Maidenheads. They say she would fly up a Chimney, and ride faster upon a Broom-staff, than another can upon the best *Andalusian* Horse; I am sorry she disgraces us all, and me more particularly, as being the King's Officer, and such Kindred does not become my Post. Dear Child, here are some Goods of your Fathers, that have been conceal'd, to the Value of Four Hundred Ducats: I am your Uncle, and all I have is yours. Upon Sight hereof,

'hereof, you may come away hither, for your Know-'ledge in Latin and Rhetorick, will qualify you to make 'you an excellent Hangman. Let me have your Anſwer 'ſpeedily, and till then God keep you, *&c.*'

I muſt confeſs, I was much troubled at this freſh Diſgrace, and yet, in ſome Meaſure, I was glad of it, for the ſcandalous Lives of Parents, make their greateſt Misfortunes a Comfort to their Children. I went away haſtily to *Don Diego*, who was then reading his Father's Letter, in which he order'd him to leave the Univerſity, and return home, but not to take me with him, becauſe of the Account he had received of my Unluckineſs. He told me he muſt be gone, and how his Father commanded him to part with me, which he was ſorry for; and I was ſo much more. He added, he would recommend me to another Gentleman, his Friend, to ſerve him. I ſmil'd, and anſwer'd, 'Sir, the Caſe is alter'd, 'I have other Deſigns in my Head, and aim at greater 'Matters, ſo that I muſt take another Courſe; for tho' 'hitherto I was at the Foot of the Ladder, in order to 'mount, you muſt underſtand that my Father has got 'up to the Top of it.' With this I told how bravely he had dy'd, at his full Stretch; how he was carv'd out, and ſerv'd up as a Feaſt to the Birds of the Air. That my good Uncle the Executioner, had ſent me the whole Account, and acquainted me with my Mammy's Confinement; for I could be plain with him, becauſe he knew all my Pedigree. He ſeem'd to be much concerned, and asked how I intended to beſtow myſelf. I informed him with all my Reſolutions, and ſo the very next Day he went away for *Segovia*, very melancholy, and I ſtay'd in the Houſe, without taking the leaſt Notice of my Misfortune. I burnt the Letter, for fear it might be dropt, and ſome Body read it, and began to provide for my Journey to *Segovia*, deſigning to take Poſſeſſion of what was my due, and know my Kindred, that I might ſhun them.

CHAP VIII.

My Journey from Alcala *to* Segovia, *and what happen'd by the Way till I came to* Rejas, *where I lay that Night.*

AT length the Day came, when I left the sweetest Life I have ever known since. I cannot express how much it troubled me to leave so many Friends and dear Acquaintance, for they were very numerous. I sold what little I had got under-hand, to bear my Charges on the Way; and with some Tricks and Slights of Hand, made up about forty Crowns, hir'd a Mule, and left my Lodging, where I had nothing to leave behind. The Lord alone knows what a Hue and Cry there was after me; the Shoemaker roar'd for the Shoes he had trusted me with; the old House-keeper scolded for her Wages; the Landlord fretted for his Rent. One cry'd, my Heart always misgave me that I should be so serv'd; another said, they were much in the right, who told me that this Fellow was a Cheat.

In short, I was so generally belov'd, that I left half the Town in Tears for me when I came away, and the other half laughing at those that bemoan'd themselves. I diverted my self with these Thoughts along the Road, when having pass'd through the Town of *Torote*, I overtook a Man riding on a He-Mule, with a Pannel. He talk'd to himself very hastily, and was so wrapt in Imagination, that he did not perceive me, tho I was close by his Side. I saluted him, and he return'd the Courtesy. Then I ask'd, which way he was travelling; and after a few such Questions and Answers had past between us, began to discourse about the *Turks* coming down, and the King's Forces. Then he began to lay a Scheme for recovering of the *Holy Land*, and the taking of *Algiers*; by which Discourse I perceiv'd that he was a politick, projecting Madman. We went on with our Dialogue, as became two Scoundrels, and skipping from one Subject to another, fell last upon *Flanders*. There I hit his Vein, for he fetch'd up a deep Sigh, and said, *That Country has cost*,

coſt me more that it has done the King; for I have been upon a Project about theſe fourteen Years, which were it not impracticable, as it is, would have ſet all right there long ago. What can that be, anſwer'd I, *which is ſo convenient and uſeful, and yet at the ſame time impracticable, and not to be put in Execution. Who told you,* reply'd he very haſtily, *that it cannot be put in Execution? It can be executed, for its being impracticable is another Matter; and were it not for fear of being troubleſome, I would tell you what it is; but it will all out; for I deſign very ſuddenly to print it, with ſome other ſmall Works of mine, among which I propoſe to the King two ſeveral Methods for recovering* Oſtend. I intreated him to acquaint me with them; and he pulling ſome Papers out of his Pocket, ſhew'd me a Draught of the Enemy's Works, and of ours, and ſaid, *Sir, you plainly ſee that all this Difficulty lies in this Inlet of the Sea; now my Contrivance is to ſuck it dry with Spunges, and ſo to remove that Obſtacle.* This wild Notion made me burſt into a loud Fit of Laughter, and he looking me earneſtly in the Face, went on; *I never ſhew'd it to any Body but has done the ſame as you do, for they are all mightily pleas'd with it. Truly,* reply'd I, *it is an extraordinary Pleaſure and Satisfaction to me, to be acquainted with a Deſign ſo new and reaſonable; but, Sir, be pleas'd to conſider, that when you have once ſuck'd up the Water that is in it, the Sea will throw in more. The Sea will do no ſuch thing,* anſwer'd he, *for I have examin'd it very nicely; beſides that I have found out an Invention to Sink the Sea twelve Fathom all about there.* I durſt not make any Objection, for fear he ſhould ſay he had a Project to draw down the Sky to us. In all my Days I never met with ſuch a Madman; he told me, that *Juanelo* a famous Engineer, who brought Water from the River *Tagus,* up a vaſt Hill, to ſerve the City *Toledo,* had done nothing; for he was now contriving to bring the whole River up to that City, a much eaſier way; and when he came to explain the Method, it was to be by a Spell; pray do but mind whether ever ſuch Follies were heard of in the World; but he went on, and added, 'Yet I do not deſign to put this in Exe-'cution, unleſs the King will firſt ſettle a good Eſtate upon.

'on me, and Knight me, for I am capable enough of 'that Honour, because I have good Testimonials of my 'Gentility. This rambling wild Discourse lasted us to *Torrejon*, where he stay'd to see a Kinswoman. I went on very well pleas'd, and laughing heartily at the Projects he spent his Time in.

I had not gone far, before I spy'd at a Distance, a Mule loose, and a Man by her a-foot, who looking into a Book, drew some Lines, and measur'd them with a Pair of Compasses. He leap'd and skipp'd about from side to side, and now and then laying one Finger upon the other, made several extravagant Motions. I must confess, that stopping at a good Distance some time to observe him; I at first concluded he was a Conjurer, and was almost afraid to go on. At last I resolv'd to venture, and drawing near, he spy'd me, shut his Book, and going to mount, his Foot slipt out of the Stirrup and he fell. I help'd him up, and he said, 'I 'took not the due Proportion in rising, to make the 'half Circumference of Mounting. I did not understand what he meant, but presently guess'd what he was, for a more extravagant distracted Man was never born of a Woman. He ask'd whether I was going to *Madrid* in a direct Line or took a Circumflex Road. Tho I did not understand him, yet I answer'd, That by Circumflex. Next he ask'd me whose Sword that was I had by my Side; and having answer'd, it was mine, he view'd it, and said; 'That Bar ought to be longer, to ward off the Cuts that 'are made upon the Centre of the Thrusts: And thus he went on, sputtering out such a Parcel of cramp Words, that I was fain to ask him, what his Profession was? He told me, He was a solid Master of the noble Science of Defence, and would make it good upon any Ground in *Spain*. I could not forbear laughing, and answer'd, By my Troth, Sir, I rather took you for a Conjurer, when I saw you describing Circles, and making such antick Motion in the Field. 'The Reason of that, *reply'd* 'he, was because there occur'd to me a Thrust in Quart, 'fetching the greater Compass, to engage my Adversary's 'Sword, and killing before he can say his Soul is his own, 'that he may not discover who did it; and I was then 'reducing of it to Mathematical Rules. Is it possible, *said*

'*ſaid I*, that the Mathematicks ſhould be concern'd in 'that Affair? Not only the Mathematicks, *quoth he*, but 'Divinity, Philoſophy, Muſick, and Phyſick. I do not 'queſtion it as to the laſt, *ſaid I*, ſince that Art aims at 'killing. Do not make a Jeſt of it, *continu'd he*, for I 'will now teach you an excellent Guard, and at the ſame 'time you ſhall lay on the great Cuts, which ſhall con'tain the ſpiral Lines of the Sword. I do not underſtand 'one Word of all you ſay, *anſwer'd I. And he again*, 'Why, here you have them in this Book, which is call'd, '*The Wonders of the Sword.* It is an excellent one, and 'contains prodigious things; and to convince you of it, 'at *Rejas*, where we ſhall lie to Night, you ſhall ſee me 'perform Wonders with two Spits; and you need not 'queſtion, but that whoſoever reads this Book, will kill 'as many as he pleaſes. Either that Book teaches Men 'how to make Plagues, *reply'd I*, or it was writ by ſome 'Doctor of Phyſick. What do you mean by a Doctor, '*reply'd he*, it is an extraordinary wiſe Man, and I could 'find in my Heart to ſay more.

We held on this ridiculous Diſcourſe till we came to *Rejas*, and went into an Inn; but as we were alighting, he call'd out to me as loud as he could, to be ſure firſt to form an obtuſe Angle with my Legs, and then reducing them to parallel Lines, to come perpendicularly to the Ground. The Landlord ſeeing me laugh, did ſo too, and aſk'd me, *Whether that Gentleman was an* Indian, *that he ſpoke ſuch an unknown Tongue.* I thought I ſhould have dy'd with laughing between them; but he preſently went up to the Hoſt, and ſaid, *Pray, Sir, lend me a couple of Spits, to make two or three Angles, and I'll reſtore them immediately. Lord bleſs me, Sir*, anſwer'd the Hoſt, *give me the Angles, and my Wife will roaſt them in a Trice, tho' they are a ſort of Birds I never heard the Names of before. They are no Birds*, reply'd the other; and turning to me, added, *Pray, Sir, do but obſerve the Effects of Ignorance. Let me have the Spits, for I want them only to fence with, and perhaps you will ſee me do that to-Day, which may be worth more to you than all you have got in your Life.* In fine, the Spits were in uſe, and we were fain to take up with

two

two long Ladles. Never was any Thing so ridiculous seen in this World. He gave a Skip, and said, 'This 'Sally gains me more Ground, and puts by my Adver- 'sary's Sword; now I make my Advantage of the remiss 'Motion to kill in the natural Way; this should be a 'Cut, and this a Thrust.' He came not within a Mile of me, but danc'd round with his Ladle; now I stand- ing still all the while, all his Motions look'd as if he were fencing with a Pot that is boiling over the Fire. Then he went on, saying, 'In short, this is the true 'Art, not like the drunken Follies of Fencing-Masters, 'who understand nothing but Drinking.' The Words were scarce out of his Mouth, before a great He-*Mulatto* stepp'd out of the next Room, with a Pair of Whiskers like two Brushes, a Hat as big as an Umbrello, a Buff- doublet under a loose Coat, bandy-Legg'd, hook-Nos'd, and with two or three scandalous Scars cross his Face, a Dagger that might have serv'd *Goliah*, and a hanging Look, and said, 'I am an approv'd Master, and have 'my Certificate about me, and by this Light I'll make 'an Example of any Man that dare presume to reflect 'upon so many brave Fellows, as profess the noble Sci- 'ence.' Seeing we were like to be in a Broil, I stept in, and said, 'He had not spoke to him, and therefore 'he had no Occasion to be affronted. Draw your Sword, 'if you have ever a one,' added he, 'and let us try 'who has most Skill, without playing the Fool with 'Ladles.' My poor wretched Companion open'd his Book, and cry'd aloud, 'Here it is as I say in the 'Book, and it is printed by Authority, and I'll main- 'tain with the Ladle, that all it contains is true; or 'else without the Ladle, either here, or upon any other 'Ground; and if any Body does not believe it, let us 'measure it.' This said, he pull'd out his Compasses, and went on, 'This is an obtuse Angle.' The Fencing- Master drew his Dagger, and reply'd, 'I neither know 'who is Angle, nor who is Obtuse; nor did I ever hear 'such Words before; but I'll cut you in Pieces with 'this Dagger in my Hand.' He ran at the poor Devil, who fled from him amain, skipping about the House, and crying, 'He cannot hurt me, for I have gain'd

upon

upon his Sword.' The Landlord and I parted them, with the Help of other People that came in, tho I was ſcarce able to ſtand for laughing. The honeſt Madman was put into his Chamber, and I with him. We ſupp'd, and all the Houſe went to Bed. About two of the Clock he got up in his Shirt, and begun to ramble about the Room, skipping and ſputtering a deal of Nonſenſe in Mathematical Terms. He wak'd me, and not ſo ſatisfy'd, went down to the Landlord, to give him a Light, ſaying, he had found a fix'd Object for the croſs Paſs upon the Bow. The Landlord wiſh'd him at the Devil for waking of him; but ſtill the other tormented him, till he call'd him a Madman, and then he came up, and told me, if I would riſe I ſhould ſee the curious Fence he had found out againſt the *Turks* and their Cymeters, and added, he would go ſhow it to the King immediately, becauſe it was very advantageous to *Chriſtendom*. By this time it was Day, we all got up, pay'd our Shot, we reconcil'd the Madman and the Fencing-Maſter, and went away, ſaying, That what my Companion alledg'd was good in it ſelf, but it made more Men mad than skillful at their Weapon, becauſe not one in an Hundred underſtood the leaſt part of it.

CHAP. IX.

The pleaſant Diſcourſe I had with a Poet on the Road till I came to Madrid.

I Held on my Journey to *Madrid*, and my mad Companion took his Leave, to go another Road; when he had gone a little way, he turn'd back very haſtily, and calling on me as loud as he could, tho we were in the Field where none could hear us, he whiſper'd in my Ear; 'Pray, Sir, 'Let me conjure you, as you hope to live, not to diſco-'ver any of the mighty Secrets I have acquainted you 'with, relating to the Art of Fencing, but keep them to 'yourſelf, ſince you are a Man of a ſound Judgment. I promis'd ſo to do; he went his way again, and I fell a laughing at the comical Secret. I travell'd about a League without meeting any Body, and was conſidering with

with myself how difficult a Matter it was for me to tread the Paths of Virtue and Honour, since it was requisite, in the first Place, that I should hide the Scandal of my Parents, and then have so much Worth my self, as to conceal me from their Shame. I was so fond of these, as I suppos'd noble Thoughts, that I congratulated my self for them, and said, 'It will be much more honourable in me, 'who had none to learn Virtue from, than in those 'who had it hereditary from their Predecessors. These Thoughts had fill'd my Head, when I overtook a very old Clergyman, riding on a Mule towards *Madrid*. We fell into Discourse, and he ask'd me, whence I came? I told him, from *Alcala*. 'God's Curse, *said he*, on such 'base People, since there was not one Man of Sense to be 'found among them. I ask'd him, how could that be said of such a Town, where there were so many learned Men. He answer'd, in a great Passion, 'Learned! I'll 'tell you how learned, Sir! I have for these fourteen Years 'last past, made all the Songs and Ballads, and the Verses 'for the Bedels at *Christmas*, in the Village of *Majala-'onda*, where I am Reader; and those you call learned 'Men, when I put up some of my Works among the rest 'at the publick Act, took no notice of mine. And that 'you may be sensible, good Sir, of the wrong they did 'me, I will read them to you; and accordingly he began 'as follows.'

Come Shepherds, let us dance and play
On great Saint Corpus Christi's *Day*;
For he comes down to give us Thanks,
For all our kind and loving Pranks.
When we have drank and made all even,
He flies back again to Heaven.
What he does there I cannot say,
Since here with us he will not stay
Come Shepherds, let us dance and play, &c.

Having read his admir'd Piece, which was too long to remember any more of it, he proceeded, 'Now, Sir, 'could the very Inventer of Doggrel himself have said 'any thing finer than this? Do but consider what a deal

'deal of Myſtery there is in that Word *Shepherds*, it 'coſt me above a Month's hard Study. I could no 'longer contain my ſelf within Bounds, for I was ready to burſt; and ſo breaking out into a loud Fit of 'Laughter, I ſaid, It is moſt wonderful; but I obſerve 'you call great Saint *Corpus Chriſti*, whereas *Corpus* '*Chriſti* is not the Name of a Saint, but a Feſtival inſtituted in Honour of the bleſſed Sacrament. That's a 'pretty Fancy, *reply'd he, ſcornfully*, I'll ſhow you him 'in the Calendar, and he is canoniz'd, and I'll lay my 'Head on it.' I could not contend any more with him for laughing at his unacountable Ignorance, but told him, his Verſes deſerv'd to be highly rewarded, for I had never ſeen any Thing more comical in my Life. 'No, *ſaid* '*he*, then pray hear a little of a ſmall Book I have 'writ in Honour of the eleven thouſand Virgins. I have 'compos'd fifty Stanza's, of eight Verſes each, to every 'one of them; a moſt excellent Piece.' For fear of being peſter'd with ſo many Millions of his Lines, I deſir'd him to ſhew me any Thing that was not godly; and then he began to recite a Comedy, which had as many Acts as there are Days in a Year. He told me, he writ it in two Days, and that was the Foul Draught; and might be about half a Ream of Paper. The Name of it was *Noah's Ark*; the whole repreſented by Cocks and Mice, Aſſes, Foxes and wild Boars, like *Æſop's* Fables. I extoll'd both the Plot and Conduct; and he anſwer'd, 'I ought 'not to commend it becauſe it is my own, but the like 'was never made in the World; beſides that it is altogether new; and if I can but get it acted, there will be 'nothing ſo fine. All the Difficulty lies in that, for if it 'were not, could any Thing be ſo ſublime and lofty; 'however I have contriv'd to have it all acted by Parrots, 'Jackdaws, Magpies, Starlings, and all other Sorts of 'Birds as ſpeak, and to bring in Monkies for the Farce.' That indeed will be very extraordinary, anſwer'd I. 'All 'this is nothing, *reply'd the old Man*, to what I have done 'for the ſake of a Woman I love; here are nine Hundred and one Sonnets, and twelve Roundo's,' as if he had been reckoning up Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, made in Praiſe of my Miſtreſs's Legs. I ask'd him, whether he had

ever seen them; he reply'd, He had not *in Verbo Sacerdotis*, but that all his Conceits were by way of Prophesy. Tho it was a Diversion to hear his Nonsense, I must confess I dreaded such a Multitude of barbarous Verses, and therefore endeavour'd to turn off the Discourse another way, telling him, I saw Hares; then, cry'd he, 'I'll begin with one, in which I compare her Legs to that 'Creature.' Still to bring him off that Subject, I went on, Don't you see that Star, Sir, which appears by Daylight. 'As soon as I have done with this, *reply'd he*, I 'will read you the thirtieth Sonnet, where I call her a 'Star, for you talk as if you were acquainted with my 'Fancies.' It was such a Vexation to me, to find I could name nothing but what he had writ some Nonsense upon, that I was all Joy when I perceiv'd we drew near *Madrid*, believing he would then give over for Shame; but it prov'd quite contrary, for as soon as we came into the Street, he began to raise his Voice, to shew what he was. I intreated him to forbear, lest if the Boys should once get the Scent of a Poet, all the rotten Oranges and Cabbage-Stumps in the Town should come after us; in regard the Poets were declar'd Mad-men, in a Proclamation set out against them, by one that had been of the Profession, but recanted, and took up in Time. This put him in a great Consternation, and he begg'd me to read it to him, if I had it. I promis'd him so to do when we came to our Lodging; and accordingly we went to one where he us'd to alight, and found at least a Dozen blind Ballad-Singers at the Door. Some knew him by the Scent, and others by his Voice, and all of them gave him a Volley of Wellcomes. He embrac'd them all, and then some began to ask him for Verses on the Day of Judgement, in a lofty bombastical Stile, that might provoke Action; others would have Commemorations for the Departed; and so the rest, every one according to his Fancy, and giving him eight Royals a Man earnest. He dismist them, and said to me, I shall make above three Hundred Royals of the blind Men, and therefore, with your Leave, Sir, I'll withdraw for a while now, to compose some Lines, and after Dinner we will hear the Proclamation read, if you please. Wretched Life! For none are more miserable than those

Madmen

Madmen that get their Bread by ſuch as are as mad as themſelves.

CHAP. X.

What happen'd to me at Madrid, *my Adventures with a Soldier and a Hermit, and coming to my Uncle's.*

THE Poet withdrew a while to ſtudy Profaneneſs and Nonſenſe for the blind Ballad-Singers, till it was Dinner-time; which being over, they deſir'd to have the Proclamation read, and having nothing elſe to do at that Time, I drew it out, and comply'd with their Deſires. I have inſerted it here, becauſe I reckon it ingenious, and pat to the Purpoſes mention'd in it. Take it as follows.

A PROCLAMATION,

Againſt Addle-headed, Numſkul and Water Poets.

The old Verſifyer laugh'd out very heartily, when he heard this Title, and ſaid, 'I might have had Buſi-'neſs cut out till To-morrow; I thought this had con-'cern'd me, and it is only againſt Numskul Poets.' I was mightily pleas'd with his Conceit, as if he had been a *Horace* or a *Virgil:* I ſkipp'd over the Preamble, and began with the firſt Article, which was as follows.

IN regard that this ſort of Vermin, call'd Poets, are our Neighbours, and Chriſtians, tho' wicked Ones, and conſidering they ſpend all their Days in worſhipping of Eyes, Mouths, Noſes, and old Ribbons and Slippers, beſides many other abominable Sins they are guilty of; we think fit to direct and ordain, that all common half-penny Poets be confin'd together againſt *Eaſter*, as lewd Women are wont to be, and that Care be taken to convince them of their evil Practices, and to convert them; and to this Purpoſe we do appoint Monaſteries of repenting Poets.

Item, Observing the excessive Heats and Droughts in the Dog-days, caus'd by the abundance of Suns, and other brighter Stars, created and produc'd by those high flying Poets, we enjoin perpetual Silence, as to all Heavenly Beings, and appoint two Months Vacation for the Muses, as well as for the Law, that they may have some Time to recruit and recover the continual Charge they are at.

Item, For as much as this infernal Sect of Men, condemn'd to eternal Flights, as Murderers of good Words, and Ravishers of Sentences, have infected the Women with the Plague of Poetry; we declare that we look upon this Mischief done them, as a sufficient Revenge for the Damage we receiv'd from their Sex at the Beginning of the World; and to supply the present Wants and Necessities the World now labours under, we do farther ordain, that all the Songs, and other Verses, made by Poets in Praise of Women, be burnt like old Lace, to take out the Gold and Silver they put into their Lady's Hair, and Skins, and that all the Oriental Pearls, Rubies and Precious Stones, be pick'd out of them, since they are so full of those rich Metals and Jewels.

Here the old Poetaster was quite out of Patience, and starting up in a Fume, cry'd, 'They had e'en as good 'rob us of all we have. Pray, Sir, let us have no more 'of it, for I design to reverse that Judgment, and re-'move the Cause; not to Chancery, for that would be 'a wrong to my Coat and Dignity, but to the spiritual 'Court, where I will spend all I am worth. It would 'be very pleasant, that I, who am a Church-man, should 'put up that Wrong. I will make it appear, that an 'Ecclesiastical Poet's Verses are not liable to that Pro-'clamation, and to lose no Time, I will go and prove 'it in open Court immediately.' I could have laugh'd heartily at him, but for the more Expedition, because it grew late, I said to him, 'Sir, this Proclamation is 'made only for Diversion, and is of no Force, nor 'binding, as having no lawful Authority. A Vengeance 'on it, *reply'd the old Man, in a great Heat*, you should 'have told me so much before, Sir, and might have sav'd 'me all this Trouble. Do you consider what a Thing it

'is

' is for a Man to have a Stock of eight Hundred ' Thouſand Songs and Ballads by him, and to hear ſuch ' a Decree? Proceed, Sir, and God forgive you for put- ' ting me into ſuch a Fright.' Then I went on thus:

Item, For that very many, ſince they left their ancient Idolatry of Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes, ſtill retaining ſome Pagan Superſtitions, are turn'd Shepherds, which is the Cauſe that the Cattle are wither'd up with drinking nothing but their Tears, and parch'd with the Fire that continually burns in their Souls, and ſo charm'd with their Muſick, that they forget to feed; we do ordain, that they quit that Employment, and that ſuch as love Solitude have Hermitages appointed them, and the reſt to be Coachmen and Watermen, becauſe thoſe are Callings given to much Mirth and Ribaldry.

' It was ſome Scoundrel, Cuckoldy, Sodomitical ' Whoreſon, *cry'd the mad Rhimer*, that contriv'd this ' Proclamation; and if I knew the Dog, I would write ' ſuch a Satyr upon him, as ſhould fret his Soul, and all ' that read it. What a pretty Figure a ſmoothfac'd ' Man as I am would make in a Hermitage? And ' would it be fit for a Perſon dignify'd as Reader to turn ' Coachman? Enough, Sir, thoſe Jeſts are not to be born ' with. I told you before, *ſaid I*, that this is all a Jeſt, ' and as ſuch you may hear it.' *This ſaid he proceeded.*

Item, To prevent all Wrongs, we do appoint that for the future, no Verſes be imported from *Fuance* or *Italy*, or other Foreign Parts, whence our Poets ſteal, and pretend to make them their own; and that whatſoever Poet ſhall be found guilty of this Offence, be oblig'd to wear good Cloaths and to keep himſelf clean and ſweet for a Week at leaſt.

Our Poet was very well pleas'd with this Decree, for he wore a Caſſock that was grey with Age, and ſo ragged, that it was a Wonder he could go about without dropping in Pieces: His Gown and other Accoutrements, were only fit to manure the Ground, which made me ſmile; and I told him, It farther ordain'd, That all Women, who fell in Love with meer Poets, ſhould be reputed as deſperate Perſons, who hang or drown themſelves, and as ſuch never be bury'd in hallow'd Ground.

And considering the mighty Crop of Roundelays, Sonnets, Songs and Ballads, these over-rank Years have produc'd, we do ordain, That all Parcels of them, which have escap'd the Grocers and Tobacconists, as unworthy those Employments, be sent to the Necessary Houses, without any Appeal allow'd them.

To conclude; I came to the last Article which runs thus: However, taking it into our pitiful Consideration, that there are three Sorts of Persons in the Nation so very miserable, that they cannot live without this Sort of Poets, which are Players, Blind-men, and Ballad singers; we do ordain, That there may be some Journeymen of this Profession, provided they be licens'd by the Aldermen-Poets of their Wards; with this Limitation, that the Players Poets shall not use any Devils or Conjurers in their Farces, nor conclude their Comedies in Matrimony; That the Blind-men shall not sing dismal Stories which happen'd at *Jerusalem* or *Morocco*, nor patch up their Verses with *Eak also*, *And avell a-day*, and the like; and, That the Ballad-Singers shall no longer run upon *Sawny* and *Jocky*, nor quibble upon Words, nor contrive their Songs so, that altering but the Names, they may serve upon all Occasions. To conclude, We command all Poets in general to discard *Jupiter*, *Venus*, *Apollo*, and all the Herd of Heathen Gods and Goddesses, on Pain of having none but them to pray by them on their Death-Bed.

All that heard the Proclamation read, were highly pleas'd, and begg'd Copies of it; only the old Poetical Reader began to swear by his Bible, that it was a Satyr upon him, because of what it contain'd concerning the Blind men, he told us, He knew what he did better than any Man, and went on, saying, 'Don't mistake 'me, I once lay in the same House with *Linnan*, and 'din'd several Times with *Espinel*, and was in *Madrid*, as 'near *Lope de Vega*, as to any Man in the Room, and 'have seen *Don Alonso de Arsilla* a thousand Times, and 'have a Picture at home of the divine *Figueroa*, and I 'bought the old Breeches *Padilla* left off when he be-'came a Friar, which I still wear, though bad enough.' These were all old *Spanish* famous Poets, with whom he pretended

pretended to be thus acquainted, as if the Knowledge of them would have made his Nonſenſe the more tolerable. At the ſame time he ſhow'd us the Breeches, which ſet all the Company into ſuch a Fit of Laughing, that none of them car'd to leave the Lodging. But it was now two of the Clock, and being to travel farther, we left *Madrid*. I took my Leave of him, tho unwillingly enough, and travell'd on towards the Paſs on the Mountains.

It pleas'd God, to divert me from evil Thoughts, that I met with a Soldier; we fell into Diſcourſe; he ask'd me, whether I came from the Court? I told him I only paſs'd thro' the Town. 'It is fit for nothing elſe, *an-ſwer'd the Soldier*, it is full of baſe People; by the 'Lord, I had rather lie at a Siege up to the Waſte in 'Snow, expecting a kind Bullet, and half ſtarv'd, than 'endure the Inſolencies they offer a Man of Honour. I reply'd, He ſhould conſider that at Court there were People of all Sorts, and that they made great Account of any Perſon of Worth. He cut me off ſhort, ſaying in a great Paſſion, 'Why, I have been this half Year at 'Court, ſuing for a Pair of Colours, after twenty Cam-'paigns, and having ſhed my Blood in the King's Service, 'as appears by theſe Wounds.' And at the ſame time he ſhow'd me a Scar half a Quarter long on his Groin, which was as plain a Bubo as the Light of the Day; and two Seams on his Heels, ſaying, they had been Shots; but I concluded, by ſome I have of the ſame ſort, that they had been Chilblains broken. He pull'd off his Hat to ſhew me his Face, where appear'd a long Gaſh from Ear to Ear, and quite a-croſs his Noſe, beſides other ſmaller Cuts, that made it look like a Mathematical Draught, all of Lines. 'Theſe *ſaid he*, I receiv'd 'at *Paris*, ſerving my God and my King, for whom I 'have had my Countenance carv'd out, and diſfigur'd; 'and in return, I have receiv'd nothing but fair Words, 'which are equivalent at preſent to foul Actions. Let 'me intreat you, learned Sir, to read theſe Papers; for 'by Heavens, a more remarkable Man, I vow to God, 'never went into the Field;' and he ſpoke Truth, for he had Marks enough to be known by. With this, he began to pull out Tin-Caſes, and to ſhew me a Multitude

of

of Papers, which I believ'd belong'd to another, whose Name he had borrow'd. I read them, and spoke abundance in his Praise pretending that *Cæsar* and *Alexander the Great* could not compare with him. He laid hold of what I said in a Passion, and cry'd, 'To compare with 'me; by this Light! no more are *Hannibal* or *Scipio*, 'nor others as great as they. Damn all they did, there 'was no Cannon in their Days. The Devil take me, *Pom-'pey* would be a meer Chicken now. Pray, Sir, do you 'but enquire in the *Low Countries*, about the Exploit 'perform'd by the Person that wanted a Tooth before, 'and you'll hear what they say of it.' Are you the Person, Sir, *said I? And he reply'd*, 'Why who do you 'think it was? Don't you see here is a Breach in my 'Teeth? But let us talk no more of it; for it does not 'become a Man to praise himself.' This Discourse held us along, till we overtook a Hermit riding on an Ass, with a long Beard like a Brush, lean, and clad in Sackcloth. We saluted him as usual, with the Words *Deo Gratias*; and he began to extol the Corn on the Ground, and in it the Mercies of God. The Soldier immediately flew out, and said, 'Father, I have seen Pikes charg'd 'against me thicker than that Corn; and I vow to God, 'I did all that Man could do at the sacking of *Antwerp*, 'that I did by the Lord!' The Hermit reprov'd him for Swearing so much, and he answer'd, 'It is a Sign you 'were never a Soldier, Father, since you reprove me for 'exercising my Calling.' It made me laugh to hear what he made Soldiery to consist in, and perceiv'd he was some Scoundrel, who knew little of that noble Profession, but that infamous Part, most us'd by the Scum of those that follow it.

We came at length to the Pass on the Mountain, the Hermit praying all the Way on a Pair of Beads so big, it was a Load; and every Bead he dropp'd, sounded like a Stroke with a Mallet. The Soldier compar'd the Rocks to the Forts he pretended to have seen, observ'd what Place was strong, and where the Cannon might be planted for Battery. I had my Eyes fix'd on them both, and was as much afraid of the Hermit's monstrous Beads, as of the Soldiers extravagant Lies. How easily, said he, would I

blow

blow up a great part of this Paſs with Gunpowder, and do all Travellers good Service. Thus we came to *Ceercedilla*, and went into an Inn all three of us, after Night-Fall; we order'd Supper, tho it was *Friday*, and in the mean while the Hermit ſaid, 'Let us divert our ſelves a-'while for Idleneſs is the Source of all Vice, let us play 'for Prayers;' and ſo ſaying, he dropt a Pack of Cards out of his Sleeve. I could not but laugh at that pleaſant Sight, conſidering the great Beads; but the Soldier cry'd, 'Let us lovingly play as far as an Hundred Royals will 'go I have about me.' Being covetous, I ſaid I would venture the like Sum, and the Hermit, rather than diſo-blige, conſented, telling us, he had about two hundred Royals to buy Oil for the Lamp. I muſt confeſs, I thought to have ſuck'd up all his Oil, but may the *Turk* always ſucceed as I did. We play'd at Lanskenet, and the beſt of it was, he pretended he did not underſtand the Game, and made us teach it him. He let us win for two Deals, but then turn'd ſo ſharp upon us, that he left us bare, and became our Heir before we were dead. The Dog palm'd upon us ſo ſlily, it was a Shame to ſee him; would now and then let us draw a ſingle Stake, and then double it upon us. The Soldier every Card he loſt, let fly half a ſcore Oaths, and twice as many Curſes, wrapp'd up in Blaſphemies. For my part, I was eating my Nails, whilſt the Hermit drew my Money to him. He call'd upon all the Saints in Heaven, and in ſhort left us pennyleſs. We would have plaid on upon ſome little Pawns, but when he had won my ſix hundred Royals, and the Soldier's hundred, he ſaid, That was only for Paſtime, and we were all Brethern, and therefore he would not meddle any farther. 'Do not ſwear, *ſaid* '*he*, for you ſee I have had good Luck, becauſe I pray'd 'to God.' We believ'd him, as not knowing the Slight he had at packing the Cards; and the Soldier ſwore he would never play again, and ſo did I. A Curſe on it, cry'd the poor Enſign, for he then told me he was ſo, 'I 'have been among *Turks* and *Infidels*, but was never ſo 'ſtripp'd.' The good Hermit laugh'd at all we ſaid, and pull'd out his Beads again. Having never a Croſs left, I deſir'd him to treat me at Supper, and pay for our

Lodging

Lodging till we came to *Segovia* since he had clear'd our Pockets. He promis'd so to do, devour'd threescore Eggs, the like I never beheld, and said he would go take his Rest. We all lay in a great Hall among other People, all the Rooms being taken up before. I lay down very melancholy; the Soldier call'd the Landlord, and gave him Charge of his Papers in the Tin-Cases, and a Bundle of tatter'd Shirts, and so we went to sleep. The Hermit made the Sign of the Cross, and we bless'd our selves from him.

He slept, and I watch'd, contriving how to get his Money from him. The Soldier talk'd in his Sleep about his hundred Royals, as if they had not been past retrieving. When it was Time to rise, he call'd hastily for a Light, which was brought, and the Landlord gave the Soldier his Bundle, but forgot his Papers. The poor Ensign made the House ring, calling for his Services. The Landlord was amaz'd, and every Body pressing that he should give them, he ran out, and brought three Close-Stools, saying, 'There is every one One, would 'you have any more?' Supposing we were all taken with a Looseness; for in *Spanish*, Services is a polite Word for a Close-Stool. This had like to have spoilt all, for the Soldier got up in his Shirt, with his Sword in his Hand, and ran after the Landlord, swearing he would murder him; because he made a Jest of him, who had been at the Battles of *Lepanto*, Saint *Quintin*, and several others, and brought him Close-Stools instead of the Papers he had given him. We all ran after, to hold him, and little enough, whilst the Landlord cry'd, 'Sir, You ask'd me for Services, I was not bound to 'know, that in the Language of Soldiers, they give 'that Name to the Certificates of their Exploits.' At length we appeas'd them, and return'd to our Room. The Hermit fearing the worst, lay a Bed, pretending the Fright had done him Harm; however, he paid our Reckoning, and we set out towards the Mountain, very much disturb'd at his Carriage towards us, and much more for that we had not been able to get his Money from him.

We met a *Genoese*, I mean one of those Bankers, who

who help to drain *Spain* of all its Money. He was going up the Mountain, with a Servant behind him, an Umbrello over his Head, and much like a rich Uſurer. We fell into Diſcourſe with him, and ſtill he turn'd it to talk of Money, for they are a People that ſeem born for nothing but the Purſe. He preſently fell upon *Bizanzon*, and to argue whether it were convenient or no to put out Money to *Bizanzon*. At laſt the Soldier and I aſk'd him, what Gentlemen that was he talk'd of. He anſwer'd, ſmiling, 'It is a Town in *Italy*, where all 'the great Money-dealers meet, to ſettle the Exchange 'and Value of Coin.' By which we underſtood that *Bizanzon* was the great Exchange of Uſurers. He entertain'd us on the Ways, telling he was undone, becauſe a Bank was broke, in which he had above ſixty Thouſand Ducats; and ſwore by his Conſcience to all he ſaid, tho' I am of Opinion, that Conſcience among Traders is like a Maidenhead among Whores, which they ſell, tho' they have none. Scarce any Trader has any Conſcience, for being inform'd that it has a Sting, they leave it behind them with the Navel String when they come into the World. We held on our Converſation, till we ſpy'd the Walls of *Segovia*, which was a great Satisfaction to me, tho' the Thoughts of what I had endur'd under the wicked *Cabra*, at the ſtarving Boarding-School, would have given a Check to my Joy. When I came to the Town, I ſpy'd my Father waiting upon the Road, which brought Tears to my Eyes; but I went on, being much alter'd ſince I left the Place, for I began to have a Beard, and was well clad. I parted from my Company, and conſidering who was moſt likely to know my Uncle beſides the Gallows, I could not imagine whom to apply my ſelf to. I went up and aſk'd ſeveral People for *Alonſo Ramplon*, and no body could give me any Tidings of him, every one ſaid he did not know him: I was very glad to find ſo many honeſt Men in my Town. As I ſtood in a Study, I heard the common Crier ſet up his Note, and after him my good Uncle playing his Part. There came a File of bare-headed Fellows, naked to the Waſte, before my Uncle, and he play'd a Tune upon all their Backs, going

ing from the one to the other. I stood gazing at this Sight, with a Man I had been enquiring of, and told him I was a Person of great Birth; when I saw my Uncle draw near, and he 'spying me, ran to embrace me, calling me, Nephew. I thought I should have dy'd for Shame, never look'd back to take Leave of the Man I was with, but went along with my Uncle, who said to me, you may follow till I have done with these People, for we are now upon our Return, and you shall dine with me to Day. I being mounted on my Mule, and thinking in that Gang I should be but one Degree less expos'd than those that were whip'd, told him I would wait there, and stepp'd a little aside, so very much out of Countenance, that had not the Recovery of my Inheritance depended on him, I would never more have spoke to him, or been seen in that Place. He concluded his Exercise, came back, and carry'd me to his House, where I alighted, and we din'd.

CHAP. XI.

The kind Entertainment I had at my Uncle's, the Visits I receiv'd, how I recover'd my Inheritance, and return'd to Madrid.

MY worthy Uncle quarter'd near the Slaughter-House, at a Waterman's House, we went in, and he said to me, 'My Lodging is not a Palace, but I 'assure you, Nephew, it stands conveniently for my 'Business.' We went up such a Pair of Stairs, that I long'd to be at the Top, to know whether there was any Difference betwixt it and the Ladder, at the Gallows. There we came into such a low Room, that we walk'd about as if we had been all full of Courtesy, bowing to one another. He hung up the Cata-nine-tails on a Nail, about which there were others with Halters, broad Knives, Axes, Hooks, and other Tools belonging to the Trade. He ask'd me, why I did not take off my Gown and sit down: I answer'd, I did not use to do so. I cannot express how much I was out of Countenance at my Uncle's infamous Profession, who told me, it was

lucky that I came at ſuch a Time, for I ſhould have a good Dinner, becauſe he had invited ſome Friends. As we were talking, in came one of thoſe that beg Charity at the Church-Doors for poor Families in Diſtreſs, in a Purple Gown down to his Heels, and rattling his Queſting Box, ſaid, 'I have got as much to Day by my 'diſtreſſed Families, as you have done by the Rogues 'you flogg'd.' They made ſome Grimaces at one another, the wicked Queſter tuck'd up his long Robe, diſcovering a Pair of Bandy Legs, and Canvas Breeches, and began to ſhift about, aſking, whether *Clement* was come? My Uncle told him, he was not, when at the ſame Time in came an Oak-threſher, I mean a Swineherd, wrapp'd up in a Clout, with a Pair of Wooden Shoes on. I knew him by his Horn he had in his Hand, which had been more faſhionable, had it been upon his Head. He ſaluted us after his Manner, and next to him in came a left-handed ſquinting Mulatto, with a Hat that had Brims like an Umbrello, and a Crown like a Sugar-loaf; his Sword as much Iron about it as would have ſet up a Smith's Shop; a Buff-Doublet; his Face as full of Scars, as if it had been made of Patches ſtitch'd together. He ſat down, ſaluting all the Company, and ſaid to my Uncle, *By my Troth*, Alonſo, Flat Noſe *and* Snaffle *have been well maul'd to Day*. Up ſtarted the Queſter, and cry'd, 'I gave *Flechilla*, 'the Executioner of *Ocana*, four Ducats, to put on the 'Aſs a Pace, and play with a ſlender Cat-of-nine-tails, 'when I was Fly-flap'd there. By the Lord, quoth the 'Mulatto, I was too kind to the Dog *Lobrezno* at '*Murcia*, for the Aſs went a Snail's Gallop all the 'Way, and the Rogue laid them on ſo, that my Back 'was all Wales. My Back has his Maidenhead ſtill, '*ſaid the Swineherd*. Every Dog has his Day, *an*'*ſwer'd the Queſter*. I muſt ſay that for my ſelf, *quoth my* '*good Uncle*, that of all Whipſters I am the Man, 'who am true and truſty to thoſe that beſpeak me; 'theſe to Day gave me five Crowns, and they had a 'Parcel of friendly Laſhes with the ſingle Cat-of-nine-'tails.' I was ſo much out of Countenance, to ſee what good Company my Uncle kept, that my Bluſhes be-

tray'd me, and the Mulatto perceiving it, said, 'Is 'this reverend Gentleman the Person that suffer'd the 'other Day, and had a certain Number of Stripes given 'him.' I answer'd, 'I was none of those that suffer'd 'as they had done.' With this my Uncle started up, and said, 'This is my Nephew, a Graduate at *Alcala*, and 'a great Scholar.' They begg'd my Pardon, and made Tenders of great Friendship.

I was quite mad to eat my Dinner, receive what was due, and get as far as I could from my Uncle. The Cloth was laid, and the Meat drawn up in an old Hat, as they draw up the Alms that is given in Prisons. It was dish'd up in broken Platters, and Pieces of old Crocks and Pans, being dress'd in a stinking Cellar, which was still more Plague and Confusion to me. They sat down, the Quester at the upper End, and the rest as it fell out. I will not tell what we eat, but only that they were all Dainties to encourage Drinking. The Mulatto, in a Trice, pour'd down three Pints of pure Red. The Swineherd seeing the Cup stand at me, still whipt it off, pledging more Healths than we spoke Words; no Man call'd for Water, or so much as thought of it. Five good Minc'd-Pies were serv'd up; they took off the upper Crusts, fill'd them with Wine, and then said a short Prayer for the Soul to whom the Flesh belong'd. Then said my Uncle, 'You remember, Ne-'phew, what I writ to you about your Father, it now 'comes afresh into my Mind.' They all eat, but I took up with only the Bottoms, and ever since then I have retain'd the Custom of saying a Prayer for the Soul departed, when I eat Minc'd-Pies. The Pots went round without ceasing, and the Mulatto and the Quester ply'd it so hard, that a Dish of scurvy Sauceages, looking like Fingers of Blacks cut off, being set upon the Table, one of them ask'd what they meant by serving up dress'd Charcoal. My Uncle, by this Time, was in such a Condition, up to the Throat in Wine, with one Eye almost out, and the other half drown'd, that laying hold of one of the Sauceages, in a hoarse and uncouth Tone, he said, 'By this Bread, which is God's Crea-'ture, made to his own Image and Likeness, I never

'eat

‘ eat better black Meat, Nephew.’ It made me laugh with one Side of my Mouth, and fret with the other, to ſee the Mulatto, ſtretching out his Hand, lay hold of the Salt, and cry, *This Pottage is hot*; and at the ſame Time, the Swineherd took a whole Handful of Salt, and clapping it into his Mouth, ſay, *This is a pretty Provocative for Drinking.* After all this Medley, there came ſome Soup, ſo orderly was our Entertainment. The Queſter laying hold of a Porrenger with both Hands, cry’d, *God’s Bleſſing on Cleanlineſs*; and inſtead of clapping of it to his Mouth, laid it to his Cheek, where he pour’d it down, ſcalding his Face, and waſhing himſelf in Greaſe from Head to Foot, in a moſt ſhameful Manner: Being in this miſerable Plight, he try’d to get up, but his Head being too heavy, he was fain to reſt with both his Hands upon the Table, which was only a Board ſet upon two Treſſels, ſo that it overturn’d and greas’d all the reſt, and then he cry’d, That the Swineherd had puſh’d him. The Swineherd ſeeing the other fall upon him, ſcrambl’d up, and laying hold of his Horn-Trumpet, beat it about his Ears. They grappl’d and clung ſo cloſe together that the Queſter ſet his Teeth in the Swineherd’s Cheek, and both of them rowling on the Ground, made ſuch a Wambling in the Swineherd’s Belly, that he caſt up all he had eat and drank in the Queſter’s Face. My Uncle, who was the ſobereſt of all the Company, aſk’d how ſo many Clergymen had come into his Houſe. Perceiving that they all look’d through multiplying Glaſſes, I parted the two Combatants, made them Friends, and help’d up the Mulatto, who lay on the Ground Maudlin-drunk, and weeping bitterly. I laid my Uncle on his Bed, who made a low Bow to a tall wooden Candleſtick he had, thinking it had been one of his Gueſts. Next I took away the Swineherd’s Horn, but there was no ſilencing him after all the reſt were aſleep, he was ſtill calling for his Horn, and ſaid, ‘ No Man ever could play more Tunes on it, ‘ and he would now imitate the Organs.’

In ſhort, I never left them till they were all faſt aſleep; then I went abroad, and ſpent the Afternoon in ſeeing the Town, paſs’d by *Cabra*’s Houſe, and heard he was

dead, but never ask'd of what Distemper, knowing he could die of none as long as it was possible to starve. At Night I return'd home, full four Hours after I had gone out, and found one of the Company awake, crawling about the Room on All-four, to find the Door, and complaining he had lost the House: I rais'd him up, and let the rest sleep till eleven at Night, when they awak'd of themselves, stretching and yawning. One of them ask'd, 'What a Clock it was?' The Swineherd, who had not half laid his Fumes, answer'd, 'It was still the Heat of 'the Day, and the Weather very sultry.' The Quester, as well as he could speak, ask'd for his Cloak, saying, 'The distressed Families had been long neglected, 'the whole Care of them lying upon his Hands;' and thinking to go to the Door, he went to the Window, where seeing the Stars, he cry'd out to the others, telling them, 'That the Sky was full of Stars at Noon-Day, 'and there was a mighty Eclipse.' They all bless'd themselves, and kiss'd the Floor. Having observ'd the Villainy of the Quester, I was much scandaliz'd, and resolv'd to take heed of that Sort of Men. The Sight of all these abominable Practices made me the more impatient to be among Gentlemen and Persons of Worth. I got them all away one by one, the best I could, and put my Uncle to Bed, who, tho' not fox'd, was drunk enough, and made the best Shift I could myself, with my own Cloaths, and some of the poor departed Souls, that lay about the Room. Thus we past the Night, and in the Morning I discourfed my Uncle about seeing my Inheritance, and taking Possession of it, telling him I was quite tired, and knew not with what. He stretch'd himself, got up; we had much Talk concerning my Affairs, and I had enough to do with him, he was so uncouth and dull. At length I prevail'd with him to discover to me Part of my Inheritance, tho' not all; and so he told me of Three Hundred Ducats my worthy Father had got by Slight of Hand, and left them in Custody of a virtuous Woman, that was the Receiver of all that was stole for ten Leagues round the Country. To be short, I receiv'd, and put up my Money, which my Uncle had not yet drank out, nor consumed; and that was very much, considering

ſidering he was ſuch a brutal Man; but the Reaſon was, he thought it would ſerve me to take my Degrees, and, with a little Learning, I might come to be a Cardinal, which to him ſeem'd no difficult Matter. When he underſtood I had the Money, he ſaid to me, 'My Child, '*Paul*, it will be your own Fault if you do not thrive, 'and are not a good Man, ſince you have a good Ex-'ample before you. You have got Money, and I will 'always be your Friend, for all I have, and all I earn is 'yours.' I return'd him Thanks for his kind Offers; we ſpent the Day in extravagant Talk, and in returning the Viſits to the aforeſaid Perſons. They diverted the Afternoon playing at All-Fours, the ſame Company, my Uncle, the Swineherd, and the Queſter, this laſt ſquandering the Money of the Poor at a villainous Rate. It was wonderful to ſee how dextrous they were at it, and ſtill every Game there was ſo much Wet, for the Pot ſtood continually ready before them. Night came on, the Gueſts went away, and my Uncle and I to Bed, for he had now got me a Quilt. When it was Day, I got up before he was awake, and went away, without being perceiv'd, to an Inn, locking the Door on the Outſide, and thruſting in the Key at a Cranny. I went away, as I have ſaid, to an Inn, to hide myſelf, and wait the next Opportunity to go to *Madrid*. I left him a Letter ſeal'd up in the Room, wherein I gave an Account of my Departure, and the Reaſons that mov'd me ſo to do, deſiring he would make no Inquiry after me, for I would never ſee him more.

CHAP XII.

My Departure from Segovia, *and Journey to* Madrid, *with what happen'd to me by the Way.*

A Carrier was ſetting out that Morning from the Inn for *Madrid*; he had a ſpare Aſs, which I hired, and went before to expect him without the City Gate. He came accordingly; I mounted, and began my Journey, and ſaid to myſelf, 'Farewel to thee for ever, thou 'Knave of an Uncle, Diſhonour of our Family, helliſh

'Finisher of the Law.' I considered I was going to *Madrid*, the Court of *Spain*; where, to my great Satisfaction, no Body knew me, and there I must trust to my Ingenuity. The first Thing I resolv'd to do, was to lay aside my Scholar's Habit, and cloath myself in the Fashion. But let us return to my Uncle, who was in a great Rage at the Letter I left him, which was to this Effect:

Mr *Alonso Ramplon*,

'Since it has pleased God to shew me such signal Mercies, as to take away my good Father, and to order my Mother to be convey'd to *Toledo*, where I know the best that can come of her, is to vanish away in Smoke; all I could wish for at present, would be to see you served as you serve others. I design to be singular in my Family, for I can never make more than one, unless I fall under your Hands, and you carve me up as you do others. Do not inquire after me, for it behoves me to deny the Kindred that is between us. Serve God and the King.'

It is impossible to express how, in all Likelihood he rail'd and swore at me; but let us leave him there, and return to my Journey. I was mounted like *Sancho Pancha*, on a stately dapple Ass, and wish'd with all my Heart that I might meet no Body; when on a sudden I discovered, at a Distance, an underling Sort of a Gentleman, with his Cloak hanging on his Shoulders, his Sword by his Side, close Breeches, and Boots on, altogether, to outward Appearance, genteel enough, with a clean starch'd Band, and his Hat on one Side, like a Ballad-Singer. I conceiv'd he was some Man of Quality that was walking, and had left his Coach behind him; and accordingly, when I came up, saluted him. He view'd me, and said, 'It is very likely, good Sir, that 'you travel much more easy on that Ass, than I do with 'all my Equipage.' Imagining he had meant his Coach and Servants he left behind, I answer'd, 'In troth, Sir, 'I reckon it more easy travelling than in a Coach, for 'tho' there is no Dispute but you go very easily in that

'you

‘ you have left behind you, yet the Jolting of it is trou-
‘ bleſome. What Coach behind?’ reply’d he, in a great Conſternation. And turning ſhort to look about him, the ſudden Notion made his Breeches drop down, for it broke only one Point he had to hold them up; and tho’ he ſaw me ready to burſt with Laughing, he ask’d to borrow one of me. Perceiving he had no more Shirt than would come within the Waiſtband of his Breeches, and ſcarce reach to acquaint his Breech he had any, I reply’d, ‘ As I ‘ hope for Mercy, Sir, you had beſt wait till your Servants ‘ come up, for I cannot poſſibly aſſiſt you, having but one ‘ ſingle Point to hold up my own Breeches. If you are ‘ in Jeſt, Sir, *quoth he, holding his Breeches in his* ‘ *Hands*, let it paſs, for I do not underſtand what you ‘ mean by Servants.’ With this he went on, and was ſo plain in letting me know he was poor, that before we had gone half a League together, he own’d he ſhould never be able to get to *Madrid*, unleſs I would let him ride upon my Aſs a-while, he was ſo tir’d with walking with his Breeches in his Hands, which mov’d me to Compaſſion, and I alighted. He was ſo encumber’d with his Breeches, that I was fain to help him up, and was much ſurpriz’d at what I diſcover’d by my Feeling; for behind, as far as was covered with the Cloak, the Buttocks had no other Fence againſt the Eyes and the Air. He being ſenſible of the Diſcovery I had made, very diſcreetly prevented what Reflection I might make, ſaying, ‘ All is not Gold that glitters, Reverend Sir, *giving* ‘ *me that Title on Account of my long Scholar’s Robe*, no ‘ doubt but when you ſaw my fine ſtarch’d Band, and ‘ the Show I made, you fancy’d I was the Lord knows ‘ who. Little do you think how many fine Outſides are ‘ as bare within as what you felt.’ I aſſur’d him upon my Word, that I had conceited much different Matters from what I found. ‘ Why then, Sir, *reply’d he*, let me ‘ tell you, all you have ſeen as yet is nothing, for every ‘ Thing about me is remarkable, and no Part of me is ‘ truly clad. Such as you ſee me, I am a real ſubſtantial ‘ Gentleman of a good Family, and known Seat on the ‘ Mountains; and could I but feed my Body, as I keep ‘ my Seat and Gentility, I ſhould be a happy Man. But

‘ as

'as the World goes, good Sir, there is no keeping up 'noble Blood without Bread and Meat, and, God be 'prais'd, it runs red in every Man's Veins; nor can he 'be a worthy Person who is worth nothing. I am now 'convinc'd of the Value of a good Pedigree, for being 'ready to starve one Day, they would not give a Chop 'of Mutton in the Cook's Shop for mine; and yet it is 'flourished with Gold Letters, but the Leaf Gold on 'Pills is more valuable, and few Men of Letters have 'any Gold. I have sold all to my very Burial-Place, 'that nothing may be call'd mine when I am dead, for 'my Father *Toribio Rodriguez Ballejo Gomez de Ampue-'ro Jordan*, lost all he had in the World by being 'bound for others. I have nothing now left to sell but 'the Title of *Don*, and I am so unfortunate, that I can 'find no Body that has Occasion for it, because there is 'scarce a Scoundrel now but usurps it.' Tho' the poor Gentleman's Misfortunes were intermixed with something that was comical, I could not but pity him, ask'd his Name, whither he was going, and what to do? He answer'd with all his Father's Names, *Don Toribio Rodriguez Ballejo Gomez de Ampuero Jordan*. Never did I hear such an empty sounding jingling Name, or so like the Clattering of a Bell, as beginning in *Don*, and ending in *dan*. He added, he was going to *Madrid*, because a thread-bare elder Brother, as he was, soon grew tainted and mouldy in a Country Town, and had no Way to subsist; and therefore he was going to the common Refuge of distressed Persons, where there is Room for all, and open House kept for wandring Spungers: And I never want five or six Crowns in my Pocket, said he, as soon as I come thither, nor a good Bed, Meat and Drink, and sometimes a forbidden Pleasure; for a good Wit at Court is like the Philosopher's Stone, which converts all it touches into Gold. This to me was the most welcome News I had ever heard; and therefore, as it were to divert the Tediousness of our Journey, I desired him to inform me, how, and by whom, he, and others in his Condition, could live at Court, for to me it appeared a very difficult Matter, because every one there seem'd so far from being contented with his own, that he

aim'd

aim'd at what belong'd to others. 'There are many of 'all Sorts, *reply'd my Spark*, but Flattery is like a Maſter-'Key, which introduces a Man whereſoever he pleaſes, 'in ſuch great Places; and that you may not think 'ſtrange of what I ſay, do but liſten to my Adventures 'and Contrivances, and you will be convinced of the 'Truth of it.'

CHAP. XIII.

The Thread-bare Gentleman, by the Way, according to Promiſe, gives an Account of his Life and Actions.

'THE firſt Thing you are to obſerve, is, that at 'Court there are always the wiſeſt and the weak-'eſt, the richeſt and the pooreſt, and the Extreams of all 'other Sorts. There the Virtuous are conceal'd, and the 'Wicked not taken Notice of; and there live a Sort of 'People like myſelf, who are not known to have any 'Eſtates, real or perſonal, nor does it appear whence they 'came, or how they live. Among our ſelves we are 'diſtinguiſh'd by ſeveral Names, ſome are call'd Gentle-'men-Mumpers, others Sharpers, others Pinch-guts, 'others Barebones, and others Commoners; but in gene-'ral, we live by our Wits. For the moſt part, we cheat 'our Guts of their Due, for it is a very dangerous and 'troubleſome Thing to live upon others. We are meer 'Scare-crows at all good Tables, the Terror of Cook 'Shops, and always unbidden and unwelcome Gueſts, 'living like Camelions by the Air, and yet never con-'tented. When we happen to dine upon a Leek, we 'ſtrut and look as big as if ſtuff'd with Capons. Who-'ſoever comes to viſit us, never fails to find Mutton and 'Fowl Bones, and Parings of Fruit about the Houſe, and 'the Doors ſtrew'd with Feathers, and young Conney 'Skins; all which we pick up over Night, about the 'Streets, to credit us the next Day. Aſſoon as the Friend 'comes in, we fall into a Paſſion, and cry, It is a ſtrange 'Thing that I can never make this Maid ſweep the Room 'in Time. Good Sir, excuſe me, for I have had ſome 'Friends at Dinner, and theſe Servants never mind their

Buſineſs

'Buſineſs, &c. Such as do not know us, believe it, and 'think we have had an Entertainment. Next, as for 'Dining at other Men's Houſes, whenſoever we have 'ſpoke but three Words with a Man, we take Care to 'know where he lives, thither we are ſure to make juſt 'at Eating-time, when we know he is at Table; we tell 'him, his Converſation has ſo charm'd us, that we are 'not able to keep away, for he is the moſt taking Perſon 'in the World. If he asks whether we have din'd, and 'they have not yet begun, we anſwer in the Negative. 'If they invite us, we never ſtay to be ask'd twice, be-'cauſe thoſe Ceremonies have often made us go with 'hungry Bellies. If they have begun to eat, we ſay we 'have din'd, and then, tho the Maſter of the Houſe carves 'up his Fowl, or any Joint of Meat never ſo dexterouſ-'ly, that we may have the Opportunity of chopping up 'a Mouthful or two, we cry, By your Leave, Sir, pray 'let me have the Honour of being your Carver, for I 'remember, naming ſome Duke or Earl that is dead, 'God reſt his Soul, us'd to take more Delight in ſeeing 'me carve, than in eating. This ſaid, we lay hold of 'the Knife, cut out curious Bits, and ſay, How delicately 'it ſmells! It would be an Affront to the Cook not to 'taſte it, what a delicate Hand ſhe has at Seaſoning! 'With this we fall on, and down goes half the Meat in 'the Diſh for a Taſte. If there be Bacon, we call it our 'Delight; if Mutton, the only Thing we love; if but 'a Turnip, an excellent Morſel; and ſo every thing that 'comes in our Way, is ever the Thing we moſt admire. If 'all this fails, we are ſure of the Alms of ſome Monaſ-'tery; which we do not receive in publick among the Beg-'gars, but privately, endeavouring to perſuade the Fryars, 'that we rather take it out of Devotion, than for Want.

'It is pleaſant enough to ſee one of us in a Gaming-'houſe, how diligently he attends, ſnuffs the Candles, 'reaches the Chamber-Pots, fetches Cards, applauds 'all the Winner ſays, and all this for a poor Royal or 'two he gives him. We carry in our Mind the whole 'Inventory of our Wardrobe or Ragſhop, in order to dreſs 'us; and as in ſome Places they obſerve ſet Times for Pray-'er, ſo do we for mending and botching. It is wonderful

'to

to ſee what Variety of Rubbiſh we lay up, and produce upon Occaſion. We look upon the Sun as our mortal Enemy, becauſe he diſcovers our Darns, Stitches, and Patches; and yet are forc'd to be beholding to him, ſtanding up with our Legs wide open in the Morning where he ſhines in, to diſcover by the Shadows on the Ground, what Shreds or Rags hang between our Legs, and then with a Pair of Sciſſars we trim the Breeches. Now that Part betwixt the Thighs being ſo apt to wear, it is very odd to obſerve what Gaps we make behind to fill up the Forepart, ſo that very often the Poſteriors are hack'd away, till they remain quite naked. Only the Cloak is privy to this Secret, and therefore we are very cautious of windy Days, and of going up Stairs that are light, or mounting a Horſe-back. We make it our Buſineſs to ſtudy Poſtures againſt the Light; and if it prove a very bright Day, we walk with our Legs as cloſe as may be, and ſit as if our Knees were clung together, for fear leaſt we open them the Gaſhes may appear. There is nothing about us, but what has been another Thing before, and may have a particular Hiſtory writ of it; as for Inſtance, you ſee this Waiſtcoat, Sir, it was once a Pair of wide kneed Breeches, Grand-Child to a ſhort Cloak, and great Grand-Child to a long Mourner's Cloak, which was its firſt Parent, and now it waits to be converted into Footing for Stockings, and forty other Things Our Socks were once Handkerchiefs, deſcended from Towels, which had been Shirts, and thoſe the Iſſue of Sheets; after all this, they are made into Paper, on which we write, and at laſt, burn to make Blacking for our Shoes, where I have ſeen it perform Wonders, recovering many a Pair that was condemn'd as only fit for the Dunghil. At Night we never fail to get at the greateſt Diſtance we can from the Light, for fear of diſcovering our thread-bare Cloaks, and wooll-leſs Coats, for there is no more Knap on them, than is upon a Stone; and tho it pleaſes God to give us Hair on our Faces, we have none on our Cloaths; and therefore to ſave the Expence of a Barber, we always contrive to ſtay till two of us want triming together

gether, and then we scrape one another, following the Advice of the Gospel, *Be helpful to one another like loving Brethren.* Besides, we always take Care not to intrude into the Houses of others, for every one keeps his own, and timely Notice is given to avoid Contention, being very jealous in the Point of Eating. It is an indispensible Duty among us, to ride about all the great noted Streets once a Quarter tho it be on a Colt, and once a Year to go in a Coach, when we are sure to sit as close to the Door as possible, thrusting out our Heads, bowing to all that pass by to be seen, and talking to our Friends and Acquaintance, tho they do not see or mind us. If any unmannerly Creature happens to bite us before Ladies, we have ways to scratch in Publick, without being taken Notice of; for if it happens to be on the Thigh, we tell a Story of a Soldier we saw had a Shot thro' there, clapping our Fingers on the Place that itches, and clawing instead of pointing. If it is in the Church, and they sting on our Breasts, we beat them by way of Devotion, tho' it be at a Christ'ning; for the Back, we lean against a Pillar or Wall, and rub it there, as if we only stood up to observe something. To deal ingenuously, as to the Matter of Lying, not one Word of Truth ever comes out of our Mouth. In all Companies we run over a Bead-Roll of Dukes and Earls, making some of them our Friends, and others our Relations, always observing that those great Men must be either dead, or very remote. The best of all is, that we never fall in Love, unless it be to earn our Bread; for by our Constitutions, coy Ladies, tho' never so beautiful, are absolutely forbidden; so that we ever court a Tripeman for our Meat, the Landlady for our Lodging, the Starcher for our Band, and other Necessaries; and tho such slender Diet makes us unfit to satisfy them all, yet we keep them in good Humour: Will any Body that sees the Boots on my Legs, believe they are upon the bare Skin, without any Stockings? Or will any one that sees my curious starch'd Band, imagine I have no Shirt? Let me tell you, Sir, a Gentleman may make a Shift without those Things, but there is no Living for him

' him without a ſet ſtarch'd Band. This is an outward ' Ornament, altogether neceſſary to grace a Man; and ' beſides, when he has turn'd it, and wound it every way, ' the Starch in it will make him a Meſs as good as Water-' Gruel. In ſhort, Reverend Sir, a Gentleman of our ' Stamp muſt go through all Sorts of Wants and Hard-' ſhips, and that is the Way to live at Court. Sometimes ' he flouriſhes and rouls in Plenty, and at another Time ' he falls into an Hoſpital; but ſtill he lives, and he who ' knows how to manage, is a King, tho' he has never ſo ' little.

I was ſo well pleas'd with the Spark's unaccountable Ways of Living, and ſo much diverted with his Relation, that I went on a-foot as far as *Rozas*, without reflecting where we lay that Night. The Squire ſupp'd with me, for he had not one Croſs, and I thought myſelf beholden to him for his Inſtructions, becauſe they led me into Abundance of Secrets, and put me into the way of Sharping. I acquainted him with my Deſigns before we went to Bed, which he return'd with a thouſand Embraces, telling me, he had always been in Hopes ſince he met me, that his Words would work ſome good Effect on a Perſon of my Capacity. He offer'd me his Service, towards introducing me at *Madrid*, into the Society of the Tricking Brotherhood, and a Lodging among them. I accepted of his Kindneſs, without diſcovering I had ſuch a Treaſure of Ducats, but only an Hundred Royals, which, with the Kindneſs I had done, and was ſtill continuing, purchas'd his Friendſhip. I bought him three Points of our Landlord; he ty'd up his Hoſe, we reſted that Night, got up early in the Morning, and away we went to *Madrid*.

The End of the Firſt Part.

The PLEASANT HISTORY OF THE LIFE and ACTIONS OF *PAUL*, the *Spaniſh* Sharper.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

What happen'd to me at my firſt coming to Madrid, *'till Night.*

WE got to *Madrid* at Ten a-Clock in the Morning, and went lovingly together by Conſent to the Houſe where *Don Toribio*'s Friends liv'd. A very old Woman miſerably clad open'd the Door, he enquir'd for his Friends, and ſhe anſwer'd, They were gone out a-ſeeking. We continu'd by our ſelves 'till Noon, diverting the Time, he encouraging me to follow the ſpunging Courſe of Life; and I liſtening carefully to his Advice. Half an Hour after Twelve, in came a Phantome clad in black Bayes down to his Heels, and ſo bare, that a Louſe would not ſtick upon it; they talk'd to one another in Cant, the Reſult whereof was his embracing me, and offering his Service. We diſcours'd a while, and then he pull'd out a Glove, in which were ſixteen Royals, and a Letter, by Virtue of which he had collected that Money, pretending it was a Licence to beg for a Woman in Diſtreſs. He took the Money out of the Glove, drew another to it out of his Pocket, and folded them together as Phyſicians do.

do. I ask'd him, Why he did not wear them? And he anſwer'd, becauſe they were both for one Hand, and that way they ſerv'd as well as if they had been Fellows. All this while I obſerv'd he did not let go his Cloak, which was wrapp'd about him, and being but a Novice, for my better Information, took the Liberty to enquire, why he ſtill hugg'd himſelf up ſo cloſe in his Cloak; he reply'd, *My Friend, there is a great Rent down my Back, made up with a Patch of old Stuff, beſides a great Spot of Oil; this Piece of a Cloak hides all, and thus I can appear abroad.* At length he unwrapp'd himſelf, and under his Caſſock I perceiv'd a great Bulk ſticking out, which I took to have been Trunk-Breeches, for it look'd like them, 'till he going in to louſe himſelf, tuck'd up his Coats, and I perceiv'd there were only two Hoops of Paſtboard ty'd to his Waiſt, and joining to his Thighs, which ſtuck out under his Mourning; for he wore neither Shirt nor Breeches, but was ſo naked, that he had ſcarce any thing to looſe. He went into the louſing Room, and turn'd a little Board that hung at the Door, on which was written, *One is louſing*, that no other might go in 'till he had done. I bleſs'd God with all my Heart, to ſee how he had provided for Men, giving them Ingenuity, if they wanted Riches. *For my Part*, ſaid my Friend, *I am ſick of the Breeches with Travelling, and therefore muſt withdraw to mend.* He ask'd, whether there were any Rags; the old Woman, who gather'd them twice a Week about the Streets, as the Rag-Women do for the Paper Mills, to cure the incurable Diſeaſes of thoſe Gentlemen, anſwer'd, there were none, and that *Don Lorenzo Yniguez del Pedroſo* had kept his Bed a Fortnight for want of them, being ſick of his Coat. At this Time in came one booted, in a travelling Garb, a grey Suit, and a Hat bridled up on both Sides. The others acquainted him who I was, and he ſaluted me very lovingly, laid down his Cloak, and it appear'd, who would imagine it, that the Forepart of his Coat was of grey Cloth, and the Back of white Linen, well liquor'd with Sweat. I could not forbear laughing, and he very demurely ſaid, *You'll come into our Row, and then you won't laugh; I'll lay a Wager you don't know why I wear my Hat with the Brims bridled up.* I an-

swer'd, *To look big, and remove all Obstacles from your Sight. That's your Mistake*, said he, *I do it to hinder the Sight, it is because I have no Hatband, and this hides it.* This said, he pull'd out about Twenty Letters, and as many Royals, saying, He could not deliver those. Every one was mark'd, a Royal Postage, and they were all folded alike. He sign'd any Name that came into his Head; writ News of his own making, and deliver'd them in that Habit to People of Fashion, receiving the Postage, which he practis'd once a Month, all which to me was very amazing.

Next came two others, one of them with a Cloath-Coat, reaching but half Way down his wide kneed Breeches, and a Cloak of the same Sort, with his Band ruffled up to hide the Rends in it. The wide Breeches were of Camblet, but only as far as appear'd, for all the rest was of red Bays. This Man was jangling and brawling with the other, who wore a Ruff for want of a Band, a hanging Coat for want of a Cloak, and went upon a Crutch, with one Leg bound up in Rags and Furs, because he had but one Stocking. He pretended to be a Soldier, and had been so, but a scurvy one, and by the Privilege of a Soldier intruded into any House. He in the Coat, and half Breeches, cry'd, 'The one half, or at least a considerable Part is due to 'me; if you do not give it me, I vow to God. Do 'not vow to God, *reply'd the other*, for I am not lame 'at home, and if you prate, I'll lay this Crutch about 'your Ears.' This Threat inflam'd both Parties; they came to high Words, and gave one another the Lye; then falling to Blows, the Cloathes in a Moment flew all about in Rags, at the first handling. We parted them, and enquiring into the Cause of the Quarrel, the Soldier cry'd, 'Put Tricks upon me! you shall not have 'the Value of a Cross. You must understand, Gentlemen, 'that being at St *Saviour*'s Church, there came a Child 'to this poor Fellow, and ask'd him, whether I was 'the Ensign *John de Lorenzana*, who answer'd, I was, 'because he saw he had something in his Hand. With 'this, he brought the Child to me, and calling mē En-'sign, said, Here, Sir, see what this Child would have

'with

'with you. I underſtood the Trick, and ſaid, I was 'the Man, took his Meſſage, and with it a Dozen of 'Handkerchiefs, returningan Anſwer to his Mother, who 'ſent them to ſome Perſon of that Name. Now he de-'mands half, and I'll be torn in Pieces before I'll part 'with them, my own Noſe ſhall have the wearing of 'them all out.' The Cauſe was adjudg'd on his Side, only he was forbid blowing his Noſe in them, and or-der'd to deliver them up to the old Woman, to make Ruffles and Hand-wriſts, to appear in Sight, and repre-ſent Shirt-Sleeves; for blowing the Noſe was abſolutely prohibited. When Night came, we all went to Bed, and lay as cloſe together as Herrings in a Barrel, or Tools in a Tweezer-Caſe. As for Supper, there was not ſo much as a Thought of it: Moſt of the Gang never ſtripp'd, for they were naked enough to go to Bed as they went all Day.

CHAP. II.

The ſame Subject of the foregoing Chapter continu'd, with other ſtrange Adventures.

DAY came, and we all rouz'd. I was as well ac-quainted with them already, as if we had been one Mother's Children; for there is ever an Eaſineſs and Satisfaction in what is not good. It was very pleaſant to ſee one put on his Shirt at ten ſeveral Times, becauſe it conſiſted of as many ſeveral Clouts, and ſay a Prayer at every one, like a Prieſt that is veſting to go to the Altar. One could not find the Way into his Breeches; another call'd out for Help to put on his Doublet, for none of 'em knew the right Side from the wrong, or the Head from the Heels. When this was over, which afforded no little Pleaſure, they all laid hold of their Needles and Thread, and dearn, ſtitch, and patch. One fix'd an Arm againſt a Wall, to draw together the Rents in a Sleeve; another kneel'd down, to botch up the Holes in his Hoſe; another clapp'd his Head betwixt his Legs, to come at a Breach upon his Buttocks. No *Dutch* Landſkip afforded ſuch Variety of ſtrange Figures as I

saw there; they botch'd, and the old Woman supply'd them with Materials, as Rags and Clouts of all the Colours of the Rainbow, which she had pick'd up on Saturday Night.

When the mending Time was over, as they call'd it, they all view'd one another narrowly, to see what was amiss, in order to go abroad a shifting. I told them I would have them order my Dress, for I design'd to lay out the Hundred Royals I had on a Suit of Cloaths, and leave off my Cassock. 'That must not be, *said they*, 'let the Money be put into the common Stock; we 'will cloath him immediately out of our Wardrobe, 'and appoint him his Walk in the Town, where he 'alone shall range and seek out.' I consented, deposited the Money, and in a Trice they made me a Mourning Cloath Coat out of my Cassock, cut my long Cloak into a short one, and truck'd the Remains of it for an old Hat new dress'd, making a Hatband very neatly, of some Cotton pick'd out of Inkhorns. They took off my Band and wide kneed Breeches; and instead of these, put me on a Pair of close Hose, slash'd only before. for the Sides and the Back-part were nothing but Sheep-skins. The Silk Stockings they gave me were not half Stockings; for they reach'd but four Fingers below the Knees, the rest being cover'd with a tight Pair of Boots over my own red Hose. The Band they gave me was all in Rags, and when they had put it on, they said, 'The 'Band is somewhat decay'd on the Sides and behind; 'if any Body looks at you, Sir, you must be sure to 'turn about as they do, like the Sun-flower, which still 'moves as he does. If there happen to be two at once 'observing you on both Sides, fall back; and to pre-'vent being observ'd behind, let your Hat hang down 'on your Neck, so that the Brim may cover the Band, 'leaving all your Forehead bare; and if any Body 'asks, why you wear it so; tell him, it is because you 'dare show your Face in any Part of the World.' Next they gave me a Box, containing black and white Thread, sowing Silk, Pack thread, a Needle, a Thimble, Bits of Cloth, Linen and Silk, with other Shreds and Scraps, and a Knife. To my Girdle they fast'ned a Tinder-

Tinder-Box, with a Steel and Flint in a little Pouch, ſaying, ‘ *This Box will carry you through the World, without the Help of Friends or Relations; this contains all we ſtand in need of, take and keep it.* They appointed the Ward of Saint *Lewis* for my Walk, and ſo I enter'd upon my Employment. We all went out together, but becauſe I was a Novice, they order'd him that brought and converted me, to be my Inſtructor in the Trade of Sharping.

We ſet out very gravely, walking in State, with our Beads in our Hands, and made towards my Precinct. We paid Reſpect to all we met, taking off our Hats to the Men, tho' we had rather have taken their Cloaks; to the Women we bow'd low, becauſe they are fond of Reſpect, and proud of being honour'd. My worthy Governor as he went along, would ſay to one Creditor, I ſhall receive Money To-morrow; to another, Have Patience for a Day or two, the Bankers put me off. One aſk'd him for his Cloak, another for his Girdle; by which I perceiv'd he was ſuch a true Friend to his Friend, that he had nothing which was his own. We went in and out from one Side of the Street to the other, like drunken Men, that find it too narrow for them, to avoid Duns. Here one whipp'd out to demand his Houſe rent, there another the Hire of his Sword, preſently a third the Lent of his Sheets and Shirts; ſo that it appear'd he was a hireling Gentleman, like a hir'd Horſe. It happen'd he ſpy'd a Man at a good Diſtance, who, as he told me, was ready to tear him to Pieces for a Debt, but could not tear the Money from him. To prevent being known by him, he let fall his long Hair, which before was tuck'd up behind his Ears, and look'd like a ſhock Dog that was never ſhorn. Then he clapp'd a Patch upon one Eye, and began to talk to me in *Italian*. He had Time enough to do this before the other came up, who had not yet obſerv'd him. I declare it, I ſaw the Man round and round him, as a Dog does before he lies down; he bleſs'd himſelf as if he had been bewitch'd, and went away, ſaying, *God bleſs me, I durſt have ſworn it had been he, what a mighty Miſtake I had like to commit, he, who has loſt Oxen, always fancies he hears their*

their Bells. I was ready to burst with laughing, to see what a Figure my Friend made; he stept into a Porch to tuck up his Hair again, and pull off his Patch, and said, *These are the Dresses for denying of Debts, learn my Friend, for you will see a Thousand such Shifts in this Town.* We went on, and at the Corner of a Street, took two Slices of Gingerbread, and as many Drams of Brandy, of a Whore, who gave it us for nothing, after wishing my Director welcome to Town, who said, *This puts a Man in a Condition to make shift without a Dinner for this Day, for at worst he is sure of so much.* It went to my very Heart to think it was dubious whether we should have any Dinner, and answer'd him very disconsolately in Behalf of my Stomach, to which he reply'd, 'You are a Man of a small Faith, and repose little 'Confidence in our mumping Profession. God Almighty 'provides for the Crows and Jackdaws, and even for 'Scriveners, and should he fail, poor Pinchguts? You have 'but a poor Soul. You are in the right, *quoth I*, but 'still I fear I shall make it poorer, for the Belly is the 'Life of the Soul.'

As we were talking after this Manner, a Clock struck Twelve, and being yet a Stranger to that Profession, my Guts took no Notice of the Ginger-bread, but I was as if I had eaten no such Thing. Being thus put in Mind again of that Want, I turn'd to my Conductor, and said, 'My Friend, this Business of Starving is very hard to 'be learn'd at first; I was used to feed like a Farmer, 'and am now brought to fast like an Anchorite. It is no 'Wonder you are not hungry, who have been bred to it 'from your Infancy, like King *Mithridates* with Poison, so 'that it is now familiar and habitual to you. I do not perceive you take any diligent Care to provide Belly-Timber, and therefore I am resolv'd to shift as well as I can. 'God is my Life, *quoth he*, what a pleasant Spark you 'are; it is but just now struck Twelve, and are you in 'such a mighty Haste already. Your Stomach is very 'exact to its Hours, and immediately cries out Cupboard; 'but it must practise Patience, and learn to be in Arrears at Times. What, would you be cramming all 'Day, the very Beasts can do no more. It does not ap-

'pear

'pear in History, that ever Knight of our Order was 'troubled with a Looseness; but on the contrary, our 'Commons are so short, that we scarce ever go to Stool. 'I told you already, that God provides for all Men, 'yet, if you are in such Haste, I am going to receive 'the Alms at the Monastery of St *Jerome*, where there 'are most delicious Friars, there I will stuff my Devil; 'If you will go along with me, well and good; if not, 'every one take his own Course. Farewel, *said I*, my 'Wants are not so small, as to be satisfy'd with the 'Leavings of others; every Man shift for himself.

My Friend walk'd very upright, now and then looking upon his Feet, and took out a few Crumbs of Bread, which he carry'd for that Purpose in a little Box, these he strew'd about his Beard and Cloaths, so that he look'd as if he had din'd. I cough'd and hawk'd to conceal my Weakness, wiping my Whiskers, muffled up with my Cloak upon the left Shoulder, playing with my Tens, for I had but ten Beads upon my String. All that saw me believed I had din'd, and had they thought the Lice were then dining upon me, they had guess'd right. All my Confidence was in my Crowns I had sunk, tho' I had a Scruple of Conscience, that it was against the Rules of our Profession to pay for a Dinner, being obliged to feed upon the Publick; but I was resolved to break the Fast, and transgress the Ordinances. By this Time I was come to the Corner of *St Lewis's-Street*, where a Pastry-Cook liv'd. On the Bulk lay a curious Mutton-Pye, delicately bak'd, and piping hot out of the Oven; my Nose stumbled at it, and I made a full Set like a Dog at a Partridge, fixing my Eyes, and gazing so stedfastly, that it shrunk up as if it had been blasted. It had been pleasant enough to know how many Ways I cast about to steal it, and then again resolv'd to buy it. By this Time it struck One, which put such a Damp upon me, that I resolv'd to launch into the next Cook's Shop. As I was steering towards one, it pleased God that I met with a Friend of mine, call'd the Licentiate *Flechilla*, who came swinging his Cassock down the Street, his Face all dusty, and his long Robes full of Daglocks. As soon as he spy'd me, he ran to embrace me, and yet

I wonder he should know me in that Condition. I return'd his Embrace, he ask'd how I did? and I answer'd, 'I have Abundance of Stories to tell you, Mr *Licentiate*; all that troubles me, is, that I must be gone to 'Night. I am sorry for that, *quoth he*, and were it not 'late, and that I am going in Haste to Dinner, I would 'stay with you; but a Sister I have that is married, and 'her Husband expects me. Is Mrs. *Anne* here, *said I*, 'whatever becomes of my Business, I'll go and wait u'pon her; that is a Duty I cannot dispense with.' Hearing him say he had not din'd, made me sharp: Away I went with him, and by the Way told him, that a Wench he had been very fond of at *Alcala*, was then in Town, and I could get him Admittance into her House. He was mightily pleas'd at this Motion, for I purposely contriv'd to talk of such Things, as might be pleasing to him. This Discourse held us till we came to his Sister's House; in we went, I made very great Tenders of Service to both Husband and Wife, and they believing all I said was true, and that I might be out of Countenance for coming at that Time of Day, began to excuse themselves, saying, They would have made some Provision, had they thought of such a Guest. I laid hold of the Opportunity, and invited myself, telling them, I was no Stranger, but an old Friend, and should take it unkindly to be treated with Ceremony. They sat down, I did so too; and the better to stop the others Mouth, who had not invited me, nor ever thought of any such Thing, every now and then I gave him a Remembrance of the Wench, saying, she had ask'd for, and was infinitely fond of him, with many more Lies to that Purpose, which made him bear the more patiently with my Cramming, for such Havock as I made in the first Course was never seen. The boil'd Meat was serv'd up, I tumbled the best Part of it down my Throat in a Moment, without Nicety, but in such a Hurry, as if I had not thought it safe enough betwixt my Teeth. As I hope for Mercy, I laid about me at such a Rate, as if my Life had depended on it, and was so expeditious, that every Thing seem'd to vanish in my Presence. No Doubt but they observed how I poured down the Soup,

how

how ſoon I drain'd the Diſh, how clean I pick'd the Bones, and how cleverly I diſpatch'd the Meat, and to ſay the Truth, at every Turn I clapp'd a good Launch of Bread into my Pocket, till it could hold no more.

When the Table was taken away, the Licenciate and I ſtepp'd aſide, to talk about our going to the aforeſaid Wench's Houſe, which I repreſented to him as a very eaſy Matter; but as we were talking at the Window, I pretended ſome body had call'd to me from the Street, and anſwer'd, *Sir, I come this Moment*; ask'd Leave of my Friend, promiſing to return immediately. I left him waiting for me, and ſo he might have done to this Day, for I ſlipt away, and my Belly being full, had no more Occaſion for him. I met him ſeveral times after, and excus'd my ſelf, telling a thouſand Lies, which are not to our Purpoſe. Rambling thence about the Streets at Random, I came to the *Guadalajara* Gate, and ſate down on one of the Benches that are at the Mercer's Door. As God would have it, there came two of thoſe Creatures that borrow Money upon their handſome Faces, to the Shop, they were both cloſe veil'd, with only one Eye bare to ſee their Way, and attended by an old Woman, and a Boy half Footman, half Page. They ask'd for ſome very rich new faſhion wrought Velvet. To commence a Diſcourſe, I began to play and pun upon the Velvet, turning and winding, till I brought it to all the waggiſh leud Meanings I had a Mind to. I perceiv'd my Freedom had put them in Hopes they might carry off ſome Preſent from the Shop; and knowing I could be no Loſer, I offer'd 'em whatſoever they pleas'd. They ſtood out a little, pretending they did not uſe to accept of any Thing from Perſons they were not acquainted with. I laid hold of that Opportunity, telling them, I own'd it was a Preſumption in me to offer them any Thing there, but that I deſir'd them to accept of a Parcel of rich Silks ſent me from *Milan*, which that Page of mine ſhould carry them at Night, pointing to one that ſtood over the way bare-headed, waiting for his Maſter, who was in a Shop. And that they might take me for ſome Man of Quality, and well known, I pull'd off my Hat to all the Judges, Privy-Councellors

Councellors and Peers that went by, bowing as if we had been very well acquainted, tho I knew none of them. These outward Shows, and my taking out a Piece or two of Gold of my hidden Treasure, on Pretence of giving an Alms to a poor Body that begg'd of me, made them conclude I was some Gentleman of Note. They thought fit to go Home because it grew late, and took their Leave, charging me to be sure the Page should go as privately as might be. I begg'd of them, only as a Favour and Token of their good Will, a Pair of Beads, all set and link'd in Gold, which the handsomest of them had in her Hand, as a Pledge for me to visit them the next Day without fail. They made some Difficulty to part with it, till I offer'd them a hundred Crowns in Pawn for it, which they refus'd, hoping by that means to draw me in for a better Penny, ask'd where I lodg'd, and told me their Quarters, desiring me to observe, that they could not receive Messages at all times, because they were Persons of Quality. I led them through the High-street, and before we turn'd out of it, made Choice of the largest and faireſt House I could find, which had a Coach without Horses standing at the Door, telling them it was mine, and, at their Service, as was the Horses and Matter of them. My Name, I told them, was *Don Alvaro de Cordova*, and in I went to rights before their Faces. At our coming out of the Shop, I remember, I call'd over one of the Pages from the other side of the Way, beckoning to him very stately with my Hand, and pretending to order him and the rest of them to wait there till I came, but in Reality only ask'd whether he did not belong to my Uncle the Privy-Counsellor; he answer'd me he did not, and so I dismiss'd him, setting my self off with borrow'd Feathers.

When it was dark Night, we all went home, and coming in, I found the counterfeit Soldier, that had the clouted Leg, with a white Wax Flambeau, they had given him to attend a Funeral, and he run away with it. This Fellow's Name was *Magazo*, born at *Olias*; he had been Captain in a Play, and had fought abundance of *Moors* in a Sword-Dance. When he talk'd with any that had serv'd in the Low-Countries he told them he had

had been in *China*; and if he happen'd to meet with any that had been there, he pretended he had ſerv'd in *Flanders*. He talk'd much of encamping, and lying in the Field, tho' he had never been in any, unleſs it were to louſe himſelf; nam'd abundance of ſtrong Holds, and knew none but the common Goals, highly extol'd the Memory of *Don John of Auſtria*, commended the Duke *Alva* for a generous true Friend, and had abundance of Names of noted *Turks*, Gallies, and great Officers, at his Fingers Ends, all which he had pick'd out of a Ballad then in vogue, concerning the like Affairs. But being altogether unacquainted with Geography, or any thing of the Sea, diſcourſing about the famous Battle of *Lepanto*, he ſaid, that *Lepanto* was a very brave *Turk*. The poor Wretch was ſo ignorant, that he ſerv'd to make us excellent Sport.

Soon after in came my Friend with his Noſe beaten almoſt flat to his Face, and his Head wrapt up in Clouts very bloody and dirty. We aſk'd him how he came into that Pickle, he told us, he went to the Alms at the Monaſtery of St *Jerome*, and aſk'd for a double Portion, pretending it was for ſome poor People that could not beg; the Friars ſtopp'd ſo much from the common Mumpers to give it him; at which they being provok'd, dogg'd him, and found he was laying about him with Might and Main, in a dark Corner, behind a Door. They fell into a Debate, whether it was lawful to cheat to fill one's own Belly, and to rob others to ſerve one's ſelf; the Conteſt roſe to high Words, which were follow'd with Blows, and thoſe rais'd many Knobs and Bumps on his Head. They attack'd him with their Pots they receiv'd the Pottage in; and the Damage done to his Noſe came by a wooden Diſh they gave him to ſmell to, more haſtily than had been convenient: They took away his Sword; out came the Porter, and had enough to do to part them. In ſhort, our poor Brother was in ſo much Danger, that he offer'd to return all he had eaten, and it would not ſerve his Turn; for all they inſiſted upon, was, that he begg'd for others, and thought much to paſs for a Mumper. Out ſtarted from among the reſt of the Gang a two handed Men-

dicant Scholar, crying, Do but behold the Figure made up of Clouts like a rag Baby, as poor as a Pastry-Cook in Lent, as full of Holes as a Flagelet, all Patches like a Magpye, as greasy as an Oilman, and as tatter'd as an old Colours; pitiful Scoundrel, there are those that receive the holy Saints Alms that are fit to be Bishops, or for any other Dignity; I my self am a Graduate at *Siguenza*, and does Mr *Shab rag* think it a Disgrace to eat amongst us. The Porter interpos'd, hearing a little old Fellow cry out, that tho' he came there for Pottage, he was descended from the famous great Captain, and had many lofty Relations. But I will leave them here, since our Companion was now got off, and endeavouring to shake his Bones into their Places again.

CHAP. III.

The farther Proceedings of this Sharping Gang, till they were thrown all together into Goal.

THE next that came, was *Merlo Diaz*, his Girdle hung all round with Earthen Cups and Glasses, which he got at Nunneries, begging Drink at the Wheel, without the least Remorse of Conscience. *Don Lorenzo de Pedroso* reliev'd him, coming in with an excellent good Cloak, which he had exchang'd at a Billiard Table, for his own, that had no Sign it had been made of Wooll, it was so thread bare. This Fellow us'd to take off his Cloak, as if he design'd to play, and to lay it among the rest, and then not agreeing about the Match, he return'd to the Place, took up the Cloak he lik'd best, and went his Way; the same he did at Nine-pins and other Games. All this was nothing in Comparison of *Don Cosme*, who came in with a Regiment of Boys at his Tail, that were troubl'd with the King's-Evil, Cancers or Leprosy, or were hurt or lame. He play'd the white Witch, or Doctor, that cur'd by Prayers and Blessings, having to this Purpose learnt some superstitious Ceremonies and cramp Words of an old Woman. By this Cheat he got more than all the rest together, for if any one came to be cur'd without something to make a

Show

Show under his Cloak, or the Gingle of Money in his Pocket, or the Cry of ſome live Fowl, he was never at leiſure. He had made Fools of half the Town, making them believe whatſoever he plea'd, for there never was ſo abſolute a Maſter at lying; inſomuch that he never ſpoke Truth but accidentally. His common Diſcourſe was of Heaven; when he came into a Houſe, he always ſaid, *God be here*; and going out, *The Lord have you in his keeping.* All he had about him ſeem'd Hypocriſy, a Pair of Beads as big as Walnuts; he contriv'd that ſometime a Diſcipline made Bloody at his Noſe, ſhould peep out under his Cloak; when he ſhrugg'd to remove the Lice that bit him, he perſwaded others it was the Hair Cloth he wore next his Skin, and that this ſtarving was a voluntary Faſt. Then would he tell Stories of ſtrange Temptations he overcame; if the Devil happen'd to be nam'd, he cry'd, *The Lord deliver and preſerve us*, kiſs'd the Ground when he went into the Church, call'd himſelf unworthy Sinner, never lifted up his Eyes to look at Women, but did not ſtick to take up their Coats. Theſe Cheats had ſo far prevail'd on the Multitude, that they begg'd his Prayers, and might as well have apply'd themſelves to the Devil; for he was not only a Gameſter, but a meer Shark or Pick-pocket, but never took the Name of God in vain being always ſure to get by it. As for Women, he had ſeveral Children ſcatter'd about, and two holy Sifters with Child at that time; and in ſhort if any Commandment eſcap'd breaking quite, he never fail'd to crack it.

The next that came was *Polacon*, making a great Noiſe, and asking for a long ſad colour'd Gown, a great Croſs, an over grown falſe Beard and a Bell; and us'd to go about at Night in this Dreſs, crying, *Remember you are to die, and be kind to the Souls departed*, &c. which brought him in conſiderable Alms; and when he found a Houſe open, he went in, and if nobody was in the Way, ſtole all that came to his Hand. If any Body ſaw him, he rung his Bell, and in a diſmal Tone, as he knew how to frame it, cry'd, *Remember, Brethren*, &c. All theſe and many more Contrivances, and ſtrange Ways of Stealing, I learnt in a Month I continu'd a-

mong them. To return where I left off, I show'd the Beads, and told them the Story; they applauded my Ingenuity, and the old Woman took them into her Custody, to sell them, and went about saying, they belong'd to a poor Maiden Gentlewoman, who was fain to sell them for Bread, having her Story ready for every Occasion. The old Jade wept when ever she pleas'd, wrung her Hands, and sigh'd most bitterly; she call'd all People, Children; and over a good Smock, Jerkin, Gown and Petticoats, wore a tatter'd long Robe of Sackcloth, given her by an Anchorite, her Friend, who liv'd on the Mountains by *Alcala*. Her Business was to manage all the Goods, to direct and conceal; but the Devil, who is always kind to his Servants, so order'd it, that going one Day to a House to sell some Cloaths and other Things, some body there knew their own Goods, sent for an Officer, secur'd the old Hag, whom we call'd, Mother *Lebrusca*, and she presently discover'd all the Plot, told how we all liv'd, and that we were Gentlemen of Prey. The Officer left her in the Goal, and came to our House, where he found me, and all my Companions. He had half a Dozen Under-Catchpoles along with him, and remov'd the whole sharping Congregation to the Prison, where our Gentility avail'd us very little.

CHAP. IV.

The Prison describ'd, with an Account of what happen'd to us in it, till the old Woman was whipp'd; my Companions expos'd to publick Shame, and I came out upon Bail.

AS soon as we came into the Goal, we were loaded with Irons, and going alltogether to be clapp'd into the Dungeon; but I made use of the Money I had to prevent falling into that Hell, pulling out a Pistole, and making it glitter in the Goaler's Eyes, saying, *Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to hear me a Word in private.* He having seen a Glimpse of the Gold, took me aside, and I went on, *I beseech you, Sir, take Pity of an unfortunate Man.* Then I took him lovingly by the Hand, and clapp'd in the Piece, which he greedily grasped, being us'd to such Ceremonies, and answer'd, *I will examine into your Distem-*

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per, and if it is dangerous, you ſhall not go down into the Hole. I underſtood him, and ſubmitted myſelf peaceably, ſo that he left me out, and turn'd down my Companions. I will not take up Time in relating what Sport we made in the Priſon, and as we went along the Streets; for being hunch'd along bound, ſome of us without Cloaks, and others with them, dragging along; it was comical to ſee ſuch a Parcel of Ragamuffins, all Patches, and parti-colour'd Black and White, like Magpies. The Officers knew not how to take faſt hold of them, they were all in ſuch Tatters; ſome they thought to graſp by the Fleſh, and finding none, for it was all ſtarv'd away, they fear'd to be anſwerable for disjointing the Bones. Others loſt their Coats and Breeches by the rough handling of thoſe unmerciful Fellows. When they unbound the Rope, they led them all in, the Rags and Clouts drop'd off with it. At Night I was carry'd to the Common-ſide, where I had a little Bed alotted me. It was odd to ſee ſome lie down in their whole Caſe, without taking off the leaſt Rag they wore in the Day. Others, at one Motion put off all the Cloaths they had; others play'd; but at laſt we were made faſt, and the Light put out. We all forgot our Irons, and took our Reſt very favourably. The great *Jourdan*, for eaſing the Body, ſtood at my Bed's Head; and about Midnight all the Priſoners began to take their Turns at it, letting fly ſuch Volleys, that hearing the Noiſe, I concluded it was Thunder, and began to pray and bleſs my ſelf, till perceiving a very ill Scent follow'd, I found it was a ſort of Baſtard Thunder. The Stink was ſo great, that it obliged me to ſpeak to them to remove the Utenſil to ſome other Place, which ſome of them taking in Dudgeon, we came to high Words. I was reſolv'd to be before-hand, for the firſt Stroke is half the Battle, and accordingly laid one of them acroſs the Face with my Belt, he ſtarting up in haſte, overſet the *Jourdan*, which wak'd all the Company with the Fall. We beat out one anothers Eyes with our Girdles in the dark; and the Stench was ſo intolerable, that they all got up, and there was a hideous Cry. The Goaler fearing leſt ſome of the Vaſſals might deſert him, came running up with all his

Guards well arm'd, open'd the Door, brought in a Light, and examin'd the Case. All the Evidence condemn'd me, and I only pleaded the opening of their blind Eyes had not let me close mine all Night.

The Goaler fancying I would drop him another Pistole, rather than be let down into the Hole, laid hold of this Opportunity, and order'd me to be buried among the rest, which I resolv'd to endure rather than break Bulk any more. I was convey'd down where my old Friends receiv'd me with a great Shout, and much Satisfaction. That Night I lay cool, without any Thing to cover me; when it was Day, we all came out of the Dungeon, saw one anothers Faces, and presently our Companions demanded the usual Garnish-Money, on pain of a good Liquoring. I presently disburs'd six Royals, but my Companions having nothing to give, their Cause was referr'd till Night. Among the rest in the Dungeon, was a one Ey'd tall young Fellow with a great Pair of Whiskers, a sowre Look, round Shoulder'd, and those well flogg'd. He had a whole Smith's Forge upon him, double Fetters on his Legs, and a great Chain hanging from his Neck; they call'd him the Gyant, and he said of himself, that he was in Prison for petty Trifles, which I concluded to be some meer Larceny, and if any Body ask'd him whether that was the Crime, he answered in the Negative, but that it was for backward Sins; I fancied he had meant some old Offences, according to their Cant, but at length was informed he was there for Sodomy. When the Goaler reproved him for Unluckiness, he would call him the Hangman's Pantryman, and general Storekeeper of Sin. At other Times he would cry, *You are a Fool to contend with one that will vanish in Smoke; by the Lord I will fizle you as I go off.* This he had said, expecting to be burnt alive. This Villain had pleaded Guilty, and was such a Hellish Dog, that we were all fain to wear Armour on our Posteriours to guard them from him, and scarce durst break Wind, for fear of putting him in mind of those Parts. He contracted Friendship with another they call'd *Robledo*, and by a Nick-name, *the Tumbler*; who said he was in Prison for his Dexterity, which consisted

ſiſted in making every Thing vaniſh he laid his Hands on. He had been laſh'd by all the Beadles and Hangmen in *Spain*; his Face was all over Cuts and Scars, his Ears were at a great Diſtance, for he carry'd but one about him, having left the other behind him in his Travels; his Noſe was ſolder'd together, having been cleft with a Cut of a Sword. Four other rampant Fellows, like Lions in Heraldry, herded with thoſe two, all of them loaded with Chains, and condemn'd to thraſh the Sea, that is to the Gallies. Theſe ſaid, they might boaſt in a ſhort Time, that they had ſerv'd the King both by Sea and Land; and a Man would not believe how impatiently they expected their Commiſſion. Theſe People taking it ill that my Comrades had not diſcharg'd the Duty of Garniſh, contriv'd to give them a ſound Laſhing at Night, with a curious Rope's End provided for that Purpoſe. When Night came, we were put into the diſmal Vault, they put out the Light, and I preſently ſecured my ſelf under my Bed; two of them began to whiſtle, and a third to lay about him with the Rope's End. The Sparks perceiving it was like to go ill with them, crowded themſelves up ſo cloſe together, all the Fleſh of their Bones being before devour'd by the Mange and Lice, that they found Room enough in a Cranny between the Boards, lying like ſo many Fleas in a Seame or Bugs in a Bedſted. The Laſhes ſounded on the Boards, but the Parties they were deſign'd for, lay cloſe without ſpeaking a Word. The Whipſters obſerving they did not complain, laid aſide their Diſciplines, and began to pelt them with Stones, Bricks and Rubbiſh they had gather'd to that Effect. This Project ſucceeded better, for a Stone hit *Don Toribio* on the Neck, and rais'd a Bunch as thick as his Fiſt. He cry'd out Murder, and the Knaves, that he might not be heard, fell a ſinging all together and rattled their Chains. *Don Toribio* ſtruggl'd with his Companions to get undermoſt, and in the Scuffle, their Bones rattled like Caſtanets, their Coats fell all in Tatters, and not a Rag was left upon them. The Stones flew about ſo thick, that in a ſhort Space poor *Don Toribio* had as many Knobs on his Head, as there are on a Pine-apple. Finding there was no Man-

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ner of Protection against that dreadful Shower of Hail that fell upon us, but there he was like to dye a Martyr, without being guilty of the least Piety or Religion, he cry'd out, begging they would let him get out of that Place, and he would pay immediately, delivering up his Cloaths in Pawn. The Persecutors consented, and tho' his Companions would have held him, because he shelter'd them, he got up the best he could, all batter'd, and come over to my Side. The rest were not so quick at promising the same, but that they had as many Knocks as Hairs on their Heads, yet offer'd up their Cloaths towards paying the Garnish; thinking it was better to lye a Bed for want of Cloaths, than for broken Bones. Accordingly they were discharg'd for that Night, but in the Morning had Orders to strip; they did so, and it appear'd that all their Cloaths put together, would not bring one Half-penny Loaf. They lay a Bed, that is wrapp'd up in a Blanket belonging to the Publick, on which all the Prisoners us'd to Louse themselves. As soon as they were warm they began to feel their Friends about them, for the Lice had kept a long *Lent*, some of them had not broke their Fast for a Week before, and yet were as big as Nutmegs, and laid in their Teeth as close as a sharp Bull-Dog. They expected nothing but to be devour'd that Morning for a Breakfast, threw away the Blanket, cursing their Fate, and clawing the very Skin off their Bones with their Hands.

I slipp'd out of the Dungeon, desiring them to excuse me for not bearing them Company because it was not convenient. I greas'd the Goaler over again with three Pieces of Eight, and being inform'd who the Clerk was that had the Charge of prosecuting us, sent for him by a young running Thief. He came, I got into a Room with him, and after some Discourse concerning our Business in general I told him I had some little Money, which I desir'd him to keep for me, and that as far as might be done with Safety, he would favour an unfortunate young Gentleman, who had been unadvisedly drawn into that Offence. *Believe me, Sir,* said he, when he had grasp'd the Ready, *the whole Matter depends upon us, and he that has a mind to be a Knave,*

may

may do a great deal of Miſchief; I have ſent more Men to the Gallows without any Cauſe, but for my Pleaſure, than there are Words in an Indictment. Leave it to me, and do not queſtion but I'll bring you off ſafe and ſound. This ſaid, he made as if he was going away, but came back again from the Door to aſk ſomething for honeſt *James Garzia*, the Conſtable, for it was convenient to ſtop his Mouth with a Silver Gag; ſomething more he hinted at concerning the Clerk of the Court; ſaying, *It is in this Clerk's Power, Sir, to undo a Man by turning up the Whites of his Eyes, raiſing his Voice, making a Noiſe to rouſe a Lord-Mayor or Recorder when they are aſleep, as it often happens, and many other ſuch dangerous Actions.* I apprehended him, and lugged out fifty Royals more; in return for which he bid me ſet my Cloak right, taught me two Cures for a Cold I had got in the Priſon; and to conclude, ſaid, *Make your ſelf eaſy, the Goaler will be kind to you, if you give him but a Piece of Eight; for theſe Sort of People do nothing out of good Nature but all for Intereſt.* I could not but ſmile at his Obſervation, he went his way, and I gave the Goaler a Crown; he knock'd off my Irons, and gave me leave to go to his Houſe. He had a Wife like a Whale, and two Daughters as ugly as the Devil, and as ſenſeleſs as Stocks, yet errant Whores in ſpite of their Faces.

It happen'd that the Goaler, whoſe Name was *Blandones de San Pablo*, and his Wife's *Donna Anna Moraez*, came home to Dinner one Day, when I was there, in a great Rage, fuming and would not eat. His Wife dreading ſome mighty Thing had happen'd, drew near and tormented him ſo long with the uſual Importunities, that at laſt he ſaid, ' What a Pox d'ye think ails me? ' That Scoundrel Dog of *Almendros*, having ſome Words ' with him about farming the Goal, told me you are ' not ſpotleſs. Has the Villain ever ſcour'd me? *cry'd ſhe*, By my Grandame's Soul you don't deſerve to be ' call'd Man, ſince you did not tear his Beard for him; ' did I ever employ his Servants to clean me?' Then turning to me, ſhe went on, ' By the Lord he cannot ' call me *Jew*, like himſelf, who is a Rakehell by his ' Father, and of one of the Tribes of *Iſrael* by his ' Mother

'Mother. By my Troth, my *Paul*, had I heard him, 'I would have put him in mind that the Inquisition had 'laid the St *Andrew*'s Cross upon his Back.' The Goaler in very doleful Manner reply'd, 'Alas Wife, I 'held my Peace because he told me you were doubly 'and trebly ally'd to that Race; for he did not talk of 'your not being spotless on account of Swinishness, but 'for not eating that Flesh. Then he call'd me *Jew*, '*quoth she*, and you could take it so calmly. Brave 'Times, is that the Regard you have for the Honour of '*Donna Anna Moraez*, the Daughter of *Estefania Rubio* 'and *John de Madrid*, both of them well known to 'God and all the World. Daughter to *John de Madrid*; '*said I.* To *John de Madrid* of *Aunnon*, *cry'd she.* By 'the Lord, *quoth I*, the Rogue that said so is a *Jew*, 'a Sodomite, and a Cuckold.' Then turning to them, I went on, 'The Honoured *John de Madrid*, whose 'Soul rest in Peace, was my Father's own Cousin Ger-'man, and I will make it appear what he was, and 'whence he came, for it concerns me; and if once I 'get out of Prison I'll make the Dog eat his Words. 'I have my Pedigree here in Town in Gold Letters, 'which makes out both Families.' They were all over-joyed with their new Relation, and much encouraged to hear of the Pedigree, and at the same Time I had no such Thing, nor did I know who they were. The Husband began to sift out the Point of Kindred, coming to Particulars, but I to prevent being catch'd in a Lie, made as if I were going out in a Passion, swearing and cursing. They all held me desiring no more might be said of the Matter. Every now and then I would let fly, John de Madrid, *what a Pedigree I have of his.* Another Time, as if I were musing I dropt, John de Madrid *the Elder*, *Father to* John de Madrid, *was married to* Ann de Azevedo *the Burly*; and then I was hush'd a little longer. In short, I manag'd this Tack so well, that the Goaler kept me at Bed and Board in his House; and then the honest Clerk, what at his Request and what for the Bribe I gave him, order'd the Business so well, that the old Woman went out foremost upon a dapple grey Ass, instead of the Cart used in *England*,

with

with a Cryer before her, making Proclamation that ſhe was a Thief; and cloſe at her Heels the Hangman, laying her on as he had been directed by the Gentlemen of the Long Robe. Then follow'd all my Companions upon braying Palfries, bare headed and fac'd, thus to be expos'd to publick Shame, like ſtanding on the Pillory, and ſo ragged that they could not hide their Nakedneſs. After this Solemnity they were baniſh'd for Six Years. For my Part I was bail'd out with the Aſſiſtance of the Clerk, and the other at the Court play'd his Part, for he chang'd his Tone, ſpoke low, ſkipp'd over ſome Words, and ſwallow'd whole Sentences.

CHAP V.

How I took a Lodging, fell in Love, pretended to be a Conjurer, and the Misfortune that befel me.

BEing out of Priſon, I found my ſelf all alone, and deſtitute of Friends, tho' I was told they were travelling towards *Seville* upon the publick Charity; yet I would not follow them, but went away to a Lodging, where I found a fair, clear skinn'd Wench, free, pleaſant, ſometimes thruſting herſelf into all Companies, and other Whiles drawing back, and playing the coy one. She liſp'd a little, was afraid of Mice, valu'd herſelf upon her Hands; and the better to ſhew them, always ſnuffed the Candles, carv'd up the Meat at Table, and held them up at Church, in the Street was always pointing where every Body liv'd, ſitting in Company, continually contriv'd to be pinning up her Headcloaths; and of all Games lov'd to play at Draughts, becauſe then her Hands were never off the Board. She would frequently yawn, tho' ſhe had no Need, to ſhew her Teeth, and then croſs her Mouth; and in ſhort the whole Houſe had ſo much of her Hands, that her very Father and Mother were out of Patience with them. They entertain'd me very well in their Houſe, for they made it their Buſineſs to let Lodgings, and could receive but three at once, which, at this Time, were myſelf, a *Portugueze* and a *Catalonian*. All of them were very courteous to me; I lik'd the Wench well

well enough by Way of Diversion, and thought it a Conveniency to have her in the House. I courted her, told her Abundance of pleasant Stories I had pick'd up to pass the Time; brought them home News, tho' there were none abroad; did them all the Service I could, provided it cost nothing; persuaded them I understood Witchcraft, and was a Conjurer, and could make shew as if the House were sinking, or all in a Flame, without doing the least Harm; all which the credulous foolish Women easily believ'd. All the Family was civil and kind to me; but all this did not amount to Love, for being but indifferently clad, tho' I had somewhat mended my Apparel with the Help of the Goaler, keeping up the Kindred by continual spunging at his House; they did not take so much Notice of it as I could have wished. To gain the Reputation of being a Man of Wealth, tho' I conceal'd it, I contrived to send some of my Acquaintance to enquire for me when I was not at home. One of these came and enquired for *Don Ramiro de Guzman*, for I had told them that was my Name, having been informed by my Friends, that changing of Names was not expensive, and might prove very advantageous. The Man, I say, enquired for *Don Ramiro*, a rich Merchant, who had lately farm'd two Branches of the Revenue of the King. Neither the old nor young Landlady knew me by this Description, and therefore answer'd, that no such Man lived there, but only one *Don Ramiro de Guzman*, who was rather ragg'd than rich, a little Fellow, hard favour'd and poor: That is the Person I want, reply'd the Man; and as slight as you make of him, I would desire no more, if it were God's Will, than as much as he is worth above 2000 Ducats a-Year. He told them a great many more Lies of this Sort; they stood amaz'd, and he left them a sham Bill of Exchange he pretended he had on me for Nine Thousand Ducats, desiring them to get me to accept it. Both Mother and Daughter gave Credit to my Wealth, and immediately prick'd me down for a Husband. I came home very unconcern'd, as if I knew nothing of the Matter, immediately they gave me the Bill of Exchange, saying, Wealth and Love are hardly to be conceal'd, *Don Ramiro*, it is very well that you make

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us ſuch Strangers to what you are, when you know we have ſo much Kindneſs for you. I made as if I was diſpleaſed at his leaving the Bill, and went away to my Chamber. It was pleaſant to ſee how they chang'd their Notes as ſoon as they thought I had Money, they ſaid every Thing became me, admir'd every Word I ſpoke, and I was the moſt accompliſhed Perſon in the World.

Perceiving they had bit at the Bait I had laid for them, I made the Wench acquainted with my Affections, which ſhe received with much Joy, returning a Thouſand loving Expreſſions, and ſo we parted for that Time. The next Night, the more to confirm them in the Conceit of my Wealth, I ſhut myſelf up in my Chamber, which was parted from their's only by a thin Wall of Lath and Plaiſter, and taking out Fifty Crowns, counted them over ſo often that they reckon'd Six Thouſand. This Contrivance of making them believe I was rich, ſucceeded as well as I could wiſh, for their whole Study was to pleaſe and make much of me. The *Portugueze*, who lodg'd in the Houſe with me, was call'd, *Don Vaſco de Meneſes*, and was Knight of the Famous Order of Chriſt in *Portugal*, which in *Spain* they reckon only fit for *Jews* and ſuch as are deſcended from them. He wore a Mourning Cloak, a pair of Boots, a little Band, and large Whiſkers, and was paſſionately in Love with *Donna Perenguella de Reboledo*, for that was our Miſtreſs's Name. When he courted her, he would make long Speeches, ſigh as bitterly as a holy Siſter at a Sermon, and ſing very ſcurvily. There was continual Bickering between him and the *Catalonian*, who was the moſt wretched miſerable Creature that ever God put Life into; for like a Tertian Ague, he fed but once in three Days, and then his Bread was ſo hard, that it had broke ſeveral of his Teeth. His Way of making Love was looking big and bullying, tho' at the ſame Time, he had no more Heart than a Hen, and cackled as much. Theſe two perceiving I had got the Start of them in the amorous Intrigue, made it their whole Buſineſs to rail at me. The *Portugueze* ſaid I was a ſhabby louſy Scoundrel; the *Catalonian* gave out, that I was a pitiful Coward. I knew all they ſaid, and ſometimes heard it,

but did not think fit to make any Reply. In short, the Wench gave me a full Hearing, and received my *Billets deux*, which I began according to the laudable Custom, with, *Pardon my Presumption*; *The Power of your Beauty*, &c. Then I went on with the Terms of Passion and Flames, and feign'd my self her Slave, sealing it with a Heart struck through with a Dart. After all this Ceremony, we came to plain Thee and Thou, and to rivet the Notion of my Quality, already conceiv'd, I went abroad, hir'd a Mule, and muffling my self up in my Cloak, and changing my Voice, ask'd for my self, enquiring whether *Don Ramiro de Guſman*, Lord of *Valcerado* and *Vellorete*, liv'd there. The Wench made Answer, Here is a Gentleman of that Name, of a low Stature, and describ'd me. I replyed, he was the Man, and desir'd her to tell him, that *Diego de Solarzana* his Steward, was going to receive his Rents, and call'd as he went by to kiss his Hand. Having left this Message, I went away, and came home a while after. They receiv'd me with the greatest Joy imaginable, complaining that I would not let them know I was Lord of *Valcerado* and *Vellorete*, and deliver'd the Message they had for me. This made the Wench mad to secure such a rich Husband, and so she contriv'd that I should talk with her at one a-Clock in the Morning, getting out of a Gallery upon the Tiles her Window look'd over.

The Devil, who is always contriving of Mischief, so order'd it, that at Night, being eager to improve that Opportunity, I went up into the Gallery, and getting out of it upon the Tiles, where I was to entertain my Lady, my Feet slipp'd, and I came down upon a Neighbour's House, who was a Notary, with such Force, that I broke all the Tiles, and left the Print of them in my Sides. The dreadful Noise wak'd half the House, and fancying there had been Thieves, for that sort of People are always apprehensive of them, they came out upon the Top of the House. I would have hid my self behind a Chimney, which made the Suspicion the greater; for the Notary, with the Assistance of two Servants, and a Brother, beat me like a Stock-fish, and bound me in the Presence of my Mistress, without any Regard to

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what I could ſay for my ſelf. She laugh'd heartily, becauſe having told her before, that I could play abundance of odd Pranks by the Help of Art Magick, ſhe concluded, the Fall had been only a Trick to make Sport, and therefore lay calling to me to come up, for I had done enough. This and the Beating made me roar out unmercifully, and the beſt of it was, that ſhe believ'd it was all ſham, and laugh'd immoderately. The Notary began to form a Proceſs, and becauſe he heard ſome Keys rattle in my Pocket, he not only ſaid, but writ it down, that they were Picklocks, tho' they were ſhow'd him, and it was impoſſible to beat it out of him. I told him, I was *Don Ramiro de Guzman*, at which he laugh'd heartily. Seeing my ſelf in a wretched Condition, unmercifully beaten before my Miſtreſs, and like to be hurry'd away to Goal with a ſcandalous Name, tho' innocent, I knew not what Courſe to take. I fell upon my Knees before the Notary, and begg'd of him for the Love of God, but all that would not prevail with him to quit me. Hitherto we were ſtill upon the Tiles, for theſe People have never the more Conſcience for being the nearer Heaven; they reſolv'd to carry me down, as they did through a Sky-light that was over a Kitchen.

CHAP. VI.

The Event of this Diſaſter, how I bilk'd my Lodging, and other Adventures.

I Had not one Wink of Sleep all that Night, thinking on my Misfortune, which was not my falling upon the Tiles, but into the cruel and mercileſs Clutches of the Notary, and when I call'd to Mind the pretended Picklocks he had found in my Pocket, and how many Leaves he had writ of my Proceſs, I perceived there is nothing in Nature increaſes ſo faſt as a Crime, when a Notary has the handling of it. I ſpent the Night in contriving; ſometimes I reſolv'd to beg him for *Jeſus Chriſt* his Sake; but then reflecting how he was uſed when upon Earth, by Men of that Kidney, I was ſoon off of

it. I tried several Times to unbind myself, but he presently heard me, and came to see if all was fast; for he was more watchful, studying how to make out a Lie, than I was to clear myself. He got up by Break of Day, and was dress'd so early, that there was no Creature stirring in the whole House, besides himself, and the Devil that prompted him; he laid hold of a good Leather Belt, strapp'd me soundly with it, over and over again, and reproved me severely for the vile Sin of Thieving, as being a Thing he was so well acquainted with himself. This was the Posture we were in, he laying on me, and I almost resolved to give him Money, which is the only Thing in Nature that mollifies those stony Hearts. By this Time my Mistress, who had seen my Fall and Cudgelling, being convinced it was a real Misfortune, and no Echantment, had, by her earnest Prayers and Entreaties, prevail'd upon the *Portugueze* and *Catalonian* to come to my Assistance, as they did. The Notary hearing them speak to me, immediately drew out his Pen to insert them into his Process, as Accessaries. The *Portugueze* had not Patience to hear it, but let fly some ill Language, telling him, He was a Man of Quality and the King's Servant, and that I was a very honest Gentleman, and it was very knavishly done to bind me after that Manner. This said, he began to unbind me, and the Notary to cry out for Help. In came two Servants of his, half Bum-Bailiffs and half Porters, treading upon their own Cloaks, and tearing their Bands, as they use to do, to make it appear as if they had been beaten in the Execution of their Office, and roar'd out for all People to aid and assist them in the King's Name. However the *Portugueze* and *Catalonian* unbound me, and the Notary perceiving there was no Body to stand by him, said, 'I vow to God I am not to be so serv'd, and were 'not you, Gentlemen, Persons of such Worth, it might 'cost you dear, however order these Witnesses to be 'contented, and take Notice, that I serve you generously 'without any Prospect of Interest.' I understood the Knack; took out a Piece of Eight and gave it him, and had a very good Mind to return the Beating he had given me, but forbore rather than own the Receipt of it, and went

away

away with them, returning hearty Thanks for my Deliverance, my Face all bruis'd with the Cuffs, and my Back wal'd with Cudgelling. The *Catalonian* made very good Sport, and adviſ'd the Wench to marry me to invert the Proverb, *That I might not be cuckolded firſt and beaten after; but firſt beaten and then cuckolded.* He call'd me a bold deſperate Fellow, ironically alluding to my cudgelling, which fly Way of his ſtill put me out of Countenance. If I happened to go in to give them but a friendly Viſit, he preſently began a Diſcourſe of Threſhing, of Canes and Cudgels.

Finding myſelf thus run down, and that they began to diſcover the Cheat of my Riches, I laid about how to get away from the Houſe and carry off my Equipage, without paying for my Diet or Lodging, which amounted to ſome Money. I agreed with one Licentiate *Brandalagas*, of the Town of *Hornillos*, and two Friends of his, that they ſhould come and ſeize upon me. They came at the Day appointed, told the Landlady they were ſent by the *Inquiſition*, and charg'd her with Secrecy. The whole Family quak'd for Fear, becauſe I had pretended to them that I was a Conjurer. They ſpoke not a Word againſt carrying me off, but when they ſaw my Equipage moving, they would have made a Seizure for what I ow'd, but the others anſwer'd, That all the Goods belonged to the *Inquiſition*. This made them all huſh, they let them go peaceably, and when they were gone, ſaid, They had always dreaded it. The *Portugueze* and *Catalonian* poſitively affirmed, that thoſe who us'd to enquire for me were Devils; that I had certainly a familiar Spirit, and when the Women told them how much Money I had counted, they ſwore it was no Money, tho' it ſeem'd ſo, and the others believed them.

I got clear off, and ſav'd all my Diet and Lodging, and then, with the Advice of thoſe that had ſtood my Friends, I contrived to alter my Dreſs into the genteel Faſhion, to put on ſtrait Breeches, and a great Band, and get a Scoundrel by the Name of a Page, and two Rakes for Footmen, as the Mode then was. The others encouraged me ſo to do, ſhewing how I might make myſelf at once by that Means, getting a Wife with a great Fortune,

by making such a Figure, which frequently happened at *Madrid*; adding, that they would put me in the Way, finding out one for my Turn, and contriving how I might gain Admittance. Covetousness prevailing, and the Desire of a Wife, I consented, search'd all the Brokers Shops, bought my Wedding Cloaths, hired a Horse, and mounted in great State that very Day, but could not light on a Footman. Away I made to the High-street, and stopp'd at a Sadler's Shop, as if I were buying some Furniture. Two Gentlemen on Horseback accosted me, Whether I was about buying a rich embroider'd Saddle and Housing I had in my Hand; I laid it down immediately, saying, It was at their Service, if they lik'd it, and kept them a while with a Thousand Compliments. At length they said they would go and divert themselves in the *Prado*, which, at *Madrid*, is like our *Hide-Park*, where the Ladies go out in their Coaches, and the Gentlemen on Horseback to take the Air. I told them I would wait on them, if they would give me Leave; and left Word with the Sadler, that in Case my Pages and Footmen came thither, he should send them after me, describing the Livery to him, which said, I clapt in between the two Gentlemen, and away we went. By the Way I considered with myself, that none who saw us could possibly guess or decide to which of us the Pages and Footmen belonged, or which of us had none. I began to talk very loud of the Tilting and other Sports on Horseback at *Talevera*, and of a Pyebald Horse I had, highly commending a lusty Ston'd Horse I expected from *Cordova*. Every Page or Footman I met on Horseback I stopped, asking, Whose it was? then talk'd of his Marks like a Jockey, and ask'd, Whether he was to be sold? Then I would make him take a Turn or two up and down the Street, and tho' there were no Fault would find one in the Bridle, and tell him how to mend it. Fortune so order'd it, that I met with several Opportunities of shewing my Talent. The Gentlemen went musing, and, as I fancy'd, thinking with themselves, What upstart Country 'Squire is this? One of them had a plain Badge of Knighthood on his Breast, the other his hanging at a Chain set with Diamonds; and therefore to amuse them

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I ſaid, I was looking out to buy ſome choice Horſes for myſelf and a Kinſman of mine, that were to be at ſome Sports on Horſeback. When we came to the *Prado*, I took my Feet out of the Stirrups, turning my Heels out and walk'd eaſily, with my Cloak hanging upon one Shoulder, and my Hat in my Hand. Every Body gaz'd at me; one ſaid, *I have ſeen that Spark walk on Foot*; another, *The Scoundrel makes a pretty Figure*; I made as if I did not hear them and walk'd on. The two Gentlemen went up to a Coach full of Ladies, and deſir'd me to banter a While. I left the Side where the young Ones were, and went to the other where there was a Mother and an Aunt, two pleaſant old Jades, the one about Fifty Years of Age, the other little leſs. I told them a Thouſand Amourous Lies, and they liſten'd to them; for there is no Woman, tho' never ſo old, but has a good Conceit of herſelf; offer'd to treat them, and ask'd, Whether the other Ladies were married? They reply'd they were Maids, and it was eaſy enough to gueſs at it by their Talk. Then I made the uſual Compliment, wiſhing they might ſee them well preferr'd to their Mind, and they were much taken with it. Next they ask'd me how I ſpent my Time at Court; to which I anſwer'd, That I kept out of the Way from a Father and Mother, who would fain marry me, againſt my Will, to a Woman that was ugly, fooliſh, and of a mean Family, only becauſe ſhe had a vaſt Portion; and for my Part, Ladies, I had rather have a Wife well born, in her Smock, than the wealthieſt *Jew* that is; for, God be prais'd, my Patrimony is worth about Forty Thouſand Ducats a-Year; and if I ſucceed in a Law Suit, which goes hitherto well on my Side, I ſhall want no more. The Aunt hearing this Account, very haſtily cry'd, 'Lord, Sir, I admire you for that Humour, do not marry without you like, and with a Woman of a good 'Family, for I do aſſure you, that tho' I am not very rich, 'I have refuſed to marry off my Niece, who has had 'very rich Pretenders, becauſe they were not of Quality. She is poor it is true, for her Portion is but Six 'Thouſand Ducats; but as for Birth ſhe is inferior to 'none.' I do not queſtion that, Madam, *ſaid I.*' By this

this Time the Damsels had ended their Discourse with the Gentlemen, asking a Collation. They two gaz'd upon one another, and began to shrink for Fear; but I laying hold of the Opportunity, told them, I was sorry my Pages were out of the Way, because I had no Body to send home for some Boxes of Sweet-Meats. They return'd Thanks, and I desired them to be the next Day at the Summer-House in the *Prado*, and I would send them a cold Treat. They accepted of the Invitation, told me where they liv'd, and enquired after my Quarters; so the Coach went off, and my Companions and I made towards our Homes. They observing that I was so generous in offering the Treat, began to take a Fancy to me, and the more to oblige me, desir'd I would sup with them that Night. I stood off a little, but not too long, and supp'd with them, sending out several Times to seek my Servants, and swearing I would turn them away. When it struck Ten, I told them, that was the appointed Time for an amorous Intrigue, and therefore begg'd they would excuse me for that Time, and so went away; first engaging them to meet the next Day at the Summer-House. From them I went to deliver the hired Horse to the Owner, and thence Home, where I found my Companions playing at All-Fours; told them what had happened, the Engagement I had made; we resolv'd to send the Collation without Fail, and to lay out Two Hundred Royals on it. Having thus order'd Affairs, we went to Bed, where I own I could not sleep all Night, for thinking how I should bestow the Portion, for I could not resolve, whether it were better with it to build a good House, or to put it out to Interest, not knowing which would be most advantageous.

CHAP. VII.

How the Collation was manag'd, with other Accidents and notable Misfortunes.

IN the Morning we got up to provide the Plate, Servants and Collation; and there being nothing in this World but Money can command, as being a Thing worship'd

worſhipp'd by all Men. I found a Nobleman's Butler, that furniſh'd Plate, and undertook to wait himſelf with three of his Fellow-ſervants. The Forenoon was ſpent in diſpoſing Affairs, and after Dinner I hir'd a Nag, and at the appointed Time ſet out for the Summer-houſe. I had abundance of Papers ſticking out of my Pockets; beſides that, my Coat being unbutton'd, ſome peep'd out at my Boſom, as if I had been a Man of mighty Buſineſs. When I came to the Place, the Ladies and Gentlemen were there; the former receiv'd me with much Shew of Love, and the latter talk'd to me by plain *Thee* and *Thou*, in Token of Familiarity. I had told them my Name was *Don Philip Triſtian*, and nothing was to be heard in all their Mouths but *Don Philip* and *Don Philip*; but I told them I had been ſo entirely taken up with ſome Buſineſs of the King's, and the Accounts of my Eſtate, that I had much ado to be as good as my Word, and therefore they muſt expect a Collation provided in a hurry. By this Time the Butler came with all his Tackle, Plate and Servants; the Gentlemen and Ladies look'd at me and held their Peace. I order'd him to go into the Eating-room and lay the Cloth, whilſt we went to divert our ſelves at the Fiſh-ponds. The old Women drew near to fawn and flatter, and I was glad to ſee the young Girls barefac'd, for ſince I was born, I never ſaw ſo delicate a Creature as that was I deſign'd for my Wife. A Skin as white as Alabaſter, delicate fair Hair, a curious freſh Colour in her Cheeks, a little Mouth, fine ſmall Teeth ſtanding cloſe together, a well ſhap'd Noſe, large black Eyes, tall of Stature, charming Hands, and ſhe liſp'd a little. The other was not amiſs, but more wanton, and I was jealous ſhe had been handled. We went to the Fiſh-ponds, ſaw all that could be ſeen, and by her Talk I found that my intended Bride would have been in danger in *Herod*'s Days, of being taken in among the Innocents. In ſhort, ſhe had not a Grain of Senſe; however, having never deſign'd them for Councellors or Jeſters, but only to lye with them, and it being pleaſanter, as *Ariſtotle* ſays, to lie with a handſome Woman, tho' a Fool, than with one of Wit that is ugly; I always pitch upon

thoſe

those that are propereſt for the uſe I would have them. This Conſideration comforted me, we went towards the Banqueting-houſe, and as I paſs'd along, ſome Twig of the Hedge got hold of the Lace of my Band, and tore it a little; the young Lady ſtepp'd and pinn'd it with a Silver Pin, and her Mother bid me ſend it to her Houſe the next Day, and *Donna Anna*, ſo the Maiden was call'd, would mend it. All the Treat was in excellent order, hot and cold, Fruit and Sweetmeats. When the Cloth was taken away, I ſpy'd a Gentleman coming along the Garden with two Servants after him, and who ſhould this be but my old Maſter *Don Diego Coronel*. He drew near, and ſeeing me in this Habit, could not take his Eyes off me, talk'd to the Women, calling them Couſins, and all the Time turn'd to look again and again. I kept talking to the Butler, and the other two Gentlemen, being my Maſter's Friends, were in deep Diſcourſe with him. He aſk'd them, as afterwards appear'd, my Name, and then anſwer'd, it was *Don Philip Triſtian*, a very honeſt Gentleman of a great Eſtate. I ſaw him bleſs himſelf, and at length he came up to me before them all, and ſaid, *Sir, will you pardon me, for, by the Lord, till I heard your Name, I took you for a different Perſon than you are; in my Life I never ſaw any Thing ſo like a Servant I had at* Segovia, *called* Pauly, *the Son of a Barber in that Town.* They all laugh'd heartily, and I us'd all the Art I could to forbear betraying my ſelf by Bluſhing, and ſaid, I long mightily to ſee that Man, becauſe abundance of People had told me I was extreamly like him. *Good God*, cry'd *Don Diego*, *like him, I never ſaw ſuch Reſemblance, his very Shape, Voice and Mein. I declare to you, Sir, it is prodigious, and I never beheld any ſo exactly alike.* The old Women, Mother and Aunt, aſk'd how it was poſſible that a Gentleman of ſuch Quality ſhould be ſo like that mean Scoundrel? And that I might conceive no Jealouſy of them, one ſaid, *I know* Don Philip *very well, it was he that entertain'd us at* Ocanna, *by my Huſband's Order.* I took the Cue, and anſwer'd, *I ſhould always be ready to do them all the Service I could in all Parts.* *Don Diego* offer'd his Service, and begg'd

Pardon

Pardon for the Affront of taking me for the Barber's Son, adding, *Sir, you will ſcarce believe it, but his Mother was a Witch, his Father a Thief, his Uncle the Hangman, and he himſelf the wickedeſt baſe Fellow in the World.* It is eaſy to gueſs what I felt, hearing ſuch ſcandalous Things ſaid of me to my Face; I ſat upon Thorns, tho' I did all I could to diſſemble my Uneaſineſs. My two new Acquaintance and I took our Leaves, and *Don Diego* went into the Coach with the Ladies. Then he aſk'd them what was the Meaning of the Treat, and their being with me; the Mother and Aunt told him, I was Heir to ſo many Thouſand Ducats a Year, and had a Mind to marry *Nancy*; that he might enquire into the Matter, and he would ſee how convenient it was, and how advantageous to their Family. This Diſcourſe held them home, which was near the Church of St *Philip*. My Comrades and I went together to their Houſe, as we had done the Night before, and they having a mind to fleece me, aſk'd me whether I would play. I gueſs'd at their Meaning, and ſat to it, the Cards were brought, I let them win at firſt, but ſoon fetch'd it about, won about three Hundred Royals, took my Leave and went home.

There I found my two Companions, the Licentiate *Brandalagas*, and *Peter Lopez*, who were practiſing new Cheats upon the Dice. As ſoon as they ſaw me, they left off to enquire how I ſped. I only told them that I had been in great Danger; how I had met with *Don Diego*, and how I came off. They comforted and encouraged me to proceed, and not to deſiſt from the Enterprize by any Means. We had now Notice given us that they uſed to play at Lanſkenet at an Apothecary's Houſe cloſe by. I underſtood the Game at that Time tolerable well, had Cards made for the Purpoſe, and knew all Sorts of Cheats, ſo we reſolv'd to go put in for the Plate among them. I ſent my Friends before me, who coming, aſk'd them, whether they would pleaſe to play with a Monk of the Order of St *Benedict*, who was juſt come to Town to be cured of a tedious Diſtemper among his Relations and Friends, and was well ſtock'd with Crowns and Ducats. This ſet them all

agog,

agog, and they cry'd, *Let the Friar come in God's Name. He is a Man of Note in the Order*, added *Peter Lopez, and being of the Monastery, has a Mind to divert a few Hours, and does it only for Company's sake. Let him come*, quoth they, *we do not care what his Motive is. We tell you so much in regard to the Privacy it requires*, answer'd *Brandalagas. Enough*, said the Man of the House, *you need say no more.* This satisfied them that the Thing was so, and the Lye went down glib. My two Supporters came for me, and I was dress'd with my Night-cap on, in a *Benedictine* Habit, which I had got by the Wheel of Fortune in my Rambles, a Pair of Spectacles on my Nose, and short bushy Beard, to show as if it were grown since my Sickness. I walk'd in very demurely, sat down, and we began to play. They all combin'd to put upon me, but I swept all before me, being much sharper at it than they, so that in about three Hours Time, I won upwards of a Thousand three Hundred Royals. I scatter'd some small Bounty, and took my Leave with the usual Compliment of, *The Lord be prais'd*, charging them not to be scandaliz'd to see me play, for it was meer Diversion and nothing else. They who had lost their Money, curs'd themselves to the Pit of Hell; I took my Leave again, away we went, got to our Lodging about half an Hour after One, parted our Booty, and so to Bed.

This was some Satisfaction to me for the unlucky Accident before it, I got up in the Morning to hire a Horse, but they were all let, by which I perceiv'd there were more in my Circumstances besides myself. To walk the Streets a-foot did not look well, especially at that Time. Not knowing how to mend myself, I went towards St. *Philip*'s Church, where I found a Lawyer's Footman with a Horse in his Hand, waiting for his Master, who had just alighted to hear Mass in that Church. I clapt four Royals in his Hand, to let me ride two or three Turns along the next Street, where my Mistress liv'd. He consented, I mounted, rode twice up and down the Street, without seeing any Body, but the third Turn, *Donna Anna* look'd out. When I saw her, thinking to gallant her, showing my Horsemanship, and being but an indifferent

Jocky,

Jocky, and unacquainted with the Horſe's Qualities, I gave him two Laſhes, reining him at the ſame time; he rear'd firſt, then ſtruck out behind, ſet a running full Speed, ſo that I came clear over his Head into a Puddle. I had no other Recourſe in this pitiful Plight, all beſet with Boys, and in the Preſence of my Miſtreſs, but to cry out, *A curſed Dog, my* Sorrel *would never have done ſo. I ſhall pay for theſe mad Pranks one time or other. They told me he was unlucky, and yet I would needs be trying Tricks with him.* By this time the Footman brought me the Horſe again, for he ſtopt as ſoon as he had thrown me; I mounted again, and *Don Diego Coronel*, who liv'd in the ſame Houſe with his Kinſwoman, hearing the Noiſe look'd out. The Sight of him ſtartled me very much; he aſk'd, *Whether I had any Hurt*; I anſwer'd, *No*, tho' at the ſame time one of my Legs was almoſt crippled. The Footman preſs'd me hard to give him his Horſe, for fear his Maſter ſhould come out of the Church and ſee me, for he was going to Court. It was my Misfortune, that as he was calling me to be gone, the Lawyer came behind us, and knowing his Steed, ran at the Footman, laying him about the Head and Face with his Fiſt, and aſking him, as loud as he could cry, *How he durſt have the Impudence to let any Body ride his Horſe*; and what was worſt of all, he turn'd to me, and in a very angry Manner, *Bid me get down in the Name of God.* All this was in the full View of my Miſtreſs and *Don Diego Coronel*; which put me as much out of Countenance as if I had been whipp'd at the Cart's Tail. I was wonderfully caſt down and melancholy, and with good Cauſe, to have two ſuch Misfortunes befal me upon ſo ſmall a Spot of Ground. In fine, I was fain to alight, the Lawyer mounted and went his Way; and I the better to palliate the Buſineſs, ſtaid in the Street, talking to *Don Diego*, and ſaid, 'I never mounted ſuch an unlucky 'Jade in all my Days. My Cream-colour'd Horſe is yon-'der by St *Philip*'s Church, and is very hard mouth'd 'when he ſets a-running. I was telling ſome there how I 'uſed to ride him a full Speed, and take him off at one 'Check. They told me, I could not do it with a Horſe 'that ſtood there, which was the Lawyer's you ſaw;

'I resolved to try; you cannot imagine what a restive Jade 'it is, and has such a base Saddle, that it was a Wonder 'he did not kill me. It was so, *answer'd* Don Diego; 'and yet, Sir, you seem to feel some Hurt in that Leg. I 'do so, *reply'd I*, and therefore I'll go take my own Horse 'and get home.' The young Lady was fully satisfy'd that all I said was true, for I could perceive she was much concern'd at my Fall; but *Don Diego*, who saw farther, grew mistrustful upon what had happen'd with the Lawyer in the Street.

This prov'd the Cause of my Ruin, besides many other unlucky Accidents that befel me, and the greatest of all, that when I went home and came to a Chest, where in a Portmantua I had left all the Remains of my Inheritance, and what I won at Play, except only an hundred Royals I had about me, I found my good Friends the Licentiate *Brandalagas* and *Peter Lopez* had seiz'd it, and were fled. This was a mortal Stroke, and I stood amaz'd, not knowing which Way to turn my self, and saying, *A Curse on him that puts his Trust in ill gotten Wealth, which goes as it comes.* Unhappy Man! what shall I do? I could not tell whether it were best to go my self, or send a Hue and Cry after them. I did not like this Course, because if they should happen to be taken, they would charge me with the Disguise of the Monk's Habit, and other Matters, and that was the direct Way to the Gallows; and as for following of them, I knew not which Way. At last, for fear of spoiling my Marriage, which I look'd upon as secure, and that it would make amends for all Losses, I resolved to stay and push it on vigorously. I din'd, after Dinner hir'd a Horse, went away towards my Mistress's Street, and having no Footman, because it was not decent to be seen without one, I waited at the Corner of the Street, 'till some Man pass'd by that look'd like one, and away I went after him, making him a Footman, tho' he was none. At the other End of the Street I did the like, standing out of Sight till another went by like the former, and then rode down again. I know not whether it was the Certainty of the Truth that I was the very Scoundrel *Don Diego* suspected, or the fresh Cause of Jealousy,

Jealouſy, on account of the Lawyer's Horſe and Footman, or what elſe that did it; but *Don Diego* took care to enquire who I was, what I liv'd on, and obſerv'd all my Actions. At laſt he took ſo much Pains, that he diſcover'd the whole Intrigue the ſtrangeſt Way that could be imagin'd; for I preſs'd on the Buſineſs of Matrimony very hotly, plying the Ladies continually with Letters; and *Don Diego* being as eagerly importun'd by them, who were in haſte to conclude it; as he was upon the Scent after me, met the Licentiate *Flechilla*, the Man I invited my ſelf to dine with, when firſt I enter'd my ſelf among the ſharping Gang at *Madrid*, before my Impriſonment. This Man taking it ill that I had not gone to ſee him again, according to Promiſe, happening to talk with *Don Diego*, and knowing I had been his Servant, told him, how I met him when I went to dine with him; and that but two Days ago he had met me on Horſeback, and I inform'd him I was going to be marry'd to a great Fortune. This was enough for *Don Diego*, who returning home immediately, met with the two Knights I had made my ſelf ſo familiar with, gave them an Account of the whole Affair, and deſir'd them to be ready at Night to give me a good Threſhing in his Street, where he would contrive I ſhould be, and they might know me by his Cloak, which he would take care I ſhould have on. They agreed, met me immediately in the Street, and all of them carry'd it ſo fair at that Time, that I never thought my ſelf ſo ſecure of their Friendſhip as then. We continu'd talking together how to divert our ſelves at Night, till towards the cloſe of the Evening, the two Knights took their leave and went down the Street. *Don Diego* and I being left by our ſelves, turn'd towards the Church of St *Philip*. When we came to the next Turning, *Don Diego* ſaid to me, *Let me beg the Favour of you*, Don Philip, *to change Cloaks with me, for I have Occaſion to go this Way and would not be known. With all my Heart*, anſwer'd I; took his Cloak very innocently, and gave him mine in an unhappy Hour, offering to go along and ſtand by him if Need were, but he having projected to ſtand by me to break my Bones, reply'd, *He was oblig'd to go*

alone, and therefore desir'd me to leave him. No sooner had I parted from him, but the Devil contriv'd, that two who waited to thresh me on account of a Wench, thinking, by the Cloak, that I was *Don Diego*, fell on a-cudgeling me as thick as Hail; I cry'd out, and by my Voice and Face, they discover'd I was the wrong Man, at which they ran away, and I was left with my Beating, put up three or four good Bumps they had rais'd, and made a Halt, not daring to go into my Mistress's Street a while for fear. At last about Twelve, which was the Time when I talk'd with her, I came up to the Door, where one of *Don Diego*'s Friends that waited for me, being ready with a good Cudgel, gave me two Blows across the Shins, which laid me flat on the Ground; as soon as I was down, the other play'd his Part, giving me a Slash across the Face, from Ear to Ear: Then they took away my Cloak, and left me on the Ground, saying, *This is the Reward of false, deceitful, base Scoundrels.* I cry'd out for Help, not knowing to whom I was beholding for that Usage, tho' by what they said at Parting, I guess'd it might perhaps be the Landlord I had cheated, with the Contrivance of being taken up by the Inquisition, or the Goaler I had so long impos'd upon, or my Companions that fled; for to say the Truth, I expected that Cut from so many Places, that I could not be positive from whom it might come. *Don Diego* was the Person I least suspected, and I was farthest from the Mark; but still cry'd out, *Thieves, Thieves*, which at length brought the Watch, who took me up, and spying a Gash a Quarter long on my Face, and that I had no Cloak, nor could tell how that Misfortune came, they carried me away to a Surgeon's House, where I was dress'd; then they ask'd where I liv'd, and thither they conducted me. I went to Bed and lay all Night awake, full of Remorse and Confusion; my Face being cut in two, my Body bruis'd, and my Legs so crippl'd with the Cudgeling, that I could not stand, nor had scarce any Feeling in them. In fine, I was wounded, robb'd, and in such a Condition, that I could neither follow my Friends, nor proceed towards Matrimony, nor stay in *Madrid*, nor get away.

CHAP.

CHAP VIII.

My tedious Cure, what paſſed between my Landlady and me; how I turn'd Beggar, pick'd up a conſiderable Sum of Money, and went to Toledo.

THE next Morning, by Break of Day, my Landlady appeared at my Bed's Head. She was a choice old Woman, at the Years of Diſcretion, paſt Fifty five, a great Pair of Beads in her Hand, and a Face like a Chitterlin, or a Walnut Shell, it was ſo full of Furrows. Her Name was up in the Neighbourhood, and ſo ſhe lay in Bed till Noon when ſhe pleas'd, and with any Body that could fancy it. She promoted Pleaſure and contrived Delight, her Name was Madam *de la Guia*, her Trade to let Lodgings at Home, and procure for others abroad. Her Houſe was never without Lodgers all the Year round. It was pleaſant to ſee how ſhe inſtructed a young Girl in veiling herſelf, teaching her what Parts of her Face ſhe muſt be ſure to expoſe to Sight. If ſhe had good Teeth, ſhe adviſ'd her to be always a laughing, tho' it were at a Viſit of Condolance: If ſhe had fine Hands, ſhe taught her to be always playing with them; if fair Hair, to have ſome looſe Locks peeping out under the Veil; if good Eyes, to be continually ogling, and if ſparkling ſmall ones, to ſhut and then open them wide, and be ſure to look up. As for Waſhes, and other Coſmeticks for the Skin, ſhe would make an *Ethiopian* as fair of Complection as a *Dane*; ſo that many Women came to her, and went home ſo alter'd, that their own Husbands did not know them; but her greateſt Art conſiſted in putting off reputed Virgins, and patching up crack'd Maidenheads. All this I ſaw perform'd by that Time I had been but eight Days in the Houſe, and to compleat all, ſhe directed the Women how to pick Pockets, and taught them what pretty Expreſſions they ſhould uſe. She ſhow'd them how they ſhould wheadle a Jewel out of a Man; young Girls were to do it by way of Wit and Jeſt, ripe Maids as a Due, and old Women as a Piece of Reſpect and Honour. She put them in the

Way how to beg dry Money, and how to draw Rings and other Trinkets. Upon Occasion she quoted some famous ones of her own Profession at *Alcala*, at *Burgos*, and in other Parts of *Spain* where any had gain'd Renown in this Art of Cullying. I have given this Account of her that I may be pity'd, considering into what Hands I was fallen; and the Words she said to me may be the more taken Notice of: She was always very fond of Proverbs, and began her Speech after this Manner: 'A Drop of 'Water continually falling on a Stone, makes a Hole in 'Time; as you sow, so will you reap. If you walk bare-'foot among Thorns, you must expect to be scratch'd. 'My Child, *Don Philip*, to deal plainly, I do not under-'stand you, nor can I conceive how you live. You are 'young, and it is no Wonder you should be somewhat wild, 'without considering, that even whilst we sleep, we are 'travelling to our End. I, who have now one Foot in the 'Grave, have the Privilege to tell you so much. It is 'very odd I should be told, that you spent much Money, 'and no Body knows how; and that you have, since you 'came to Town, sometimes appear'd like a Scholar, some-'times a Sharper, and sometimes like a Gentleman. All 'this comes of keeping Company, for my Child, tell me 'where you herd, and I'll tell you what you are, and 'Birds of a Feather flock together; and many a good Bit 'is lost between the Lip and the Dish. Go you Fool, if 'you had a Hankering after Women, did not you know 'that I had always a good Stock of that Commodity 'by me, and that I live by that Trade. I breed them 'up to Hand, and fit them for that Business, and then 'I have them ready at my Beck. What Occasion have 'you to be drawn away by one Scoundrel to Day, and 'by another Rascal to Morrow, picking up a dirty 'Drab here, and a pickel'd Jade there, who fleece you 'to keep another. I vow and swear you had sav'd ma-'ny a Crown if you had apply'd yourself to me, for I 'am not over fond of Money. By my Father's Soul, 'and as I hope for Mercy, I would not have asked you 'now for what is due for Lodging, but that I want it 'for some private Uses, and to make a little Ointment.' She had her Pots of Ointment, tho' she was neither Sur-

geon

geon or Apothecary, and if any Body greas'd her ſhe anointed herſelf and flew out with the Smoke. Perceiving that all her Diſcourſe and long Speech ended in a Dun; for tho' that was her Text, ſhe did not begin with it as others do, but made it her Concluſion; When I found that I was not at all to ſeek for the Occaſion of her loving Viſit, which was the firſt ſhe made me whilſt I lodg'd in her Houſe, excepting only one Day when ſhe came to anſwer for herſelf, becauſe ſhe heard I had been told ſome Story about her Witchcraft, and that when the Officers came to ſeize her, ſhe had caſt ſuch a Miſt before their Eyes, that they could neither find the Houſe nor the Street. She came then to tell me it was all a Miſtake, for they meant another of her Name; and no Wonder, for there were more of the Name and Profeſſion. I paid her down the Money, and as I was telling it out, ill Fortune, which always attends me, and the Devil, who never forgets to plague me, ſo order'd it, that the Officers came to ſeize her for a ſcandalous Liver, and had Information, that her Gallant was in the Houſe. They came directly into my Room, and ſeeing me in Bed, and her by me, they laid hold of us both, gave me half a Score good Bangs, and dragg'd me out of Bed. Two others held her faſt, ſaluting her with the Titles of Baud and Witch. Who would have thought it of a Woman that liv'd as I have ſaid. The Noiſe the Conſtables made, and my Cries, gave the Alarm to the Gallant, who was a Fruiterer, and lay in the next Room within, he ſet a-running, they obſerving it, and being inform'd by another Lodger in the Houſe, that I was not the Man, ſcoured after, and laid hold of him, leaving me well beaten and my Hair torn off; yet for all I had endur'd, I could not forbear laughing to hear how the Dogs complimented the old Woman. One cry'd, 'How gracefully you will look in a Cart, Mother; by my Troth 'it will be a great Satisfaction to me to ſee a Thouſand 'or two of rotten Oranges and Turnip Tops fly after 'you.' Another ſaid, 'There is Care taken that you 'ſhall make a good Show and be well attended.' At laſt they catch'd her Bully, bound them both, begg'd my Pardon, and left me to myſelf.

It

It was some Comfort to me to see my good Landlady in the Way to Preferment, so that all my Care was to be in a Readiness that I might throw one rotten Orange at her; tho' considering what a Maid of hers, who was left behind, told me, I much doubted whether ever they could secure her in Prison, for she talk'd of flying, and some other Matters I did not at all like. I lay eight Days in the House under the Surgeon's Hands, and was scarce able to go abroad at the End of them, for they were fain to stitch up my Face, and I could not go without Crutches. By this Time my Money was spent, for the Hundred Royals all went in Lodging, Diet, and Cure; so that to avoid further Expences, when my Treasure was gone, I resolv'd to go abroad upon Crutches, and sell my Linen and Cloaths, which were very good. I did so, and with Part of the Money, bought an old Leather Jerkin, a Canvas Waistcoat, a patch'd Beggar's great Coat down to my Ankles, Gamashes on my Legs, and great clouted Shoes, the Hood of the great Coat on my Head, a large Brass Crucifix about my Neck, and a Pair of Beads in my Hand. A Mumper, who was a Master at his Trade, taught me the doleful Tone and proper Phrases for Begging, so I began immediately to practise it about the Streets. Sixty Royals I had left I sew'd up in my Doublet, and so set up for a Beggar, much confiding in my Cant. I went about the Streets for a whole Week, howling in a dismal Tone, and repeating my Lesson after this Manner: 'Merciful Christi-'ans of the Lord, take Pity on a poor distressed mise-'rable, wounded, and maim'd Creature, that has no 'Comfort of his Life.' This was my Working-Day Note, but on Sundays and Holy-Days I alter'd my Voice, and said, 'Good charitable People, for Christ Jesus's 'Sake, give one Farthing or a Halfpenny to the poor 'Cripple, whom the Lord has visited.' Then I stood a little, which does good Service, and went on again. 'See my poor Limbs were blasted, unhappy Wretch that 'I am, as I was working in a Vineyard, I lost the Use 'of all my precious Limbs, for I was as strong and as 'sound as any of you are, the Lord be for ever prais'd, 'and preserve your Health and Limbs.' Thus the Far-

things

things came dropping in by Shoals: I got Abundance of Money, and was in a Way of getting much more, had I not been thwarted by an ill-look'd luſty young Fellow, lame of both Arms, and with but one Leg, who ply'd my very Walks in a Wheel-barrow, and pick'd up more Pence than I did, tho' he begg'd not half ſo genteely; for he had a hoarſe Voice, which ended in a Squeak, and ſaid, 'Faithful Servants of Jeſu Chriſt, be-'hold how the Lord hath afflicted me for my Sins, give 'one Farthing to the Poor, God will reward you, *and* '*then he added*, for the ſweet Jeſu's Sake.' This brought him a mighty Revenue, and I obſerved it, and for the future I cut off the *s*, and ſaid only *Jeſu*, becauſe I perceiv'd it took with the ſimple People. In ſhort, I alter'd my Phraſes as Occaſion ſerv'd, and there was no End of my Getttings. I had both my Legs bound up in a Leather Bag, and lay in a Surgeon's Porch, with a Beggar that ply'd at the Corner of a Street, one of the erranteſt Knaves that ever God put Life into, very rich, was as it were our Superior, and earn'd as much as all of us. He was broken belly'd, and it hung out in a Bunch; beſides, he bound his Arm hard with a Rope above the Shoulder, which made his Hand look as if it were lame, ſwell'd, and had an Inflammation. He lay flat on his Back, with all the Rupture naked, which was as big as his Head, and cry'd, 'Behold my Miſery, ſee 'how the Lord chaſtiſes his Servants.' If a Woman happen'd to paſs by, 'Sweet beautiful Lady, the Lord 'bleſs your dear Soul.' Moſt of them would give him an Alms for calling them handſome, and would make that their Way to their Viſits, tho' never ſo much about. If any ragged Soldier came by, he call'd him *Noble Captain*; if any other Sort of Man, *Good worthy Gentleman*; if he ſaw any Body in a Coach, *Right Hon. Lord*; and if a Clergy-Man on a Mule, *Moſt Reverend Arch-Deacon*. In ſhort he was a moſt intolerable Flatterer, and had particular Ways of begging for Holy-Days. I contracted ſuch Intimacy with him, that he acquainted me with a Secret, which, in a few Days, made us rich; and was, that he kept three little Boys, who begg'd about the Streets, ſtole every Thing that came in their Way,

Way, brought to him, and he was the Receiver; besides he had two small Children that learn'd to pick Pockets, and he went Halves with them. Being so well instructed by such an able Master, I took to the same Courses, and he provided me with fit Instruments for my Purpose. In less than a Month's Time I had got above Forty Crowns clear, besides all extravagant Expences, and at last, designing that we should go away together, he disclosed to me the greatest Secret and cunningest Design that ever Beggar had in his Head, which we both join'd in; and was, that between us we every Day stole four or five Children, which being cried, we presently appear'd, enquired what Marks they had to be known by, and said, 'Good God, Sir, I found this Child at 'such a Time, and had I not come as I did, a Cart had 'run over it, but I have taken Care of it.' They readily paid us the Reward, and it throve so well, that I got above Fifty Crowns more, and by this Time my Legs were well, tho' I still wore them wrapp'd in Clouts. I resolved to leave *Madrid* and go away to *Toledo*, where I knew no Body, nor no Body knew me. Having set this Resolution, I bought an old Suit of gray Cloaths, a Sword and Bands, took Leave of *Valcazar*, the Beggar I last mentioned, and went about the Inns to find some Conveniency to go to *Toledo*.

CHAP. IX.

How I turn'd Player, Poet, and Gallant. The Misfortunes that ensu'd, till I quitted the Employment.

AT an Inn I met with a Company of Stroling Players, who were going to *Toledo*, and had three Carts. It pleas'd God that among the Gang I found one who had been my Companion at *Alcala*, left the School, and was turn'd Actor. I told him what a Mind I had to go to *Toledo*, and he had much ado to know me, the Scar across my Face had so alter'd me, and he could not forbear blessing himself, standing in Admiration. In Conclusion for a small Spill of Money, he was so much my

my Friend as to prevail with the reſt to let me go with them. We were all hickledy pickledy, Men and Women together, and I was mightily taken with one of the Crew, who was the chief Dancer, and acted the Queen's and other great Parts in Plays, for ſhe was a notable Jilt. Her Huſband happen'd to ſit next to me, and not thinking to whom I ſpoke, but following my leud Inclination of enjoying her, I aſk'd him. *How could a Man do to have a little Talk with this Woman, that I might ſpend twenty Crowns upon her, for I have a great liking to her. It does not become me to anſwer your Queſtion, as I am her Huſband,* reply'd the Man, *nor is it fit I ſhould talk of any ſuch Thing; but to deal ingenuouſly, for I am nothing partial, ſhe deſerves to have any Money ſpent upon her, for there is not a more dainty Bit of Fleſh upon the Earth, nor ſuch a pretty wanton Girl.* This ſaid, he leap'd out of the Cart, and got into another, in all Likelihood that I might have an Opportunity of making my Addreſſes to her. I was pleas'd with the Man's Anſwer, and perceiv'd it may be ſaid of ſuch Men, that they had Wives as if they had none, perverting the Expreſſion to the worſt Senſe. I laid hold of the Opportunity; ſhe aſk'd me whither I was going, and ſome Queſtions concerning my Life and Circumſtances; and in Concluſion, after much Talk, referr'd it to *Toledo* to act there.

We diverted our ſelves by the Way the beſt we could, and I happen'd to act a Piece of a Play that I had born a Part in when I was a Boy, which I did ſo well, that they took a liking to me, and being inform'd by my Friend, who was in the Company of all my Misfortunes and hard Circumſtances, which I had made him acquainted with, ſhe aſk'd me, Whether I would make one among them. They ſo highly extoll'd their Strolling Courſe of Life, and I was then in ſuch Want of ſome Support, and ſo fond of the Wench, that I agreed with the Head of them for two Years. Writings were ſign'd between us to oblige me to ſtay with them, ſo they gave me my Allowance and allotted my Parts, and thus we came to *Toledo*. They gave me two or three Prologues to get by Heart, and ſome other grave Parts, which ſuited well with

with my Voice. I apply'd my ſelf to it, and ſpoke the firſt Prologue in the Town, where we had a Simile of a Ship in Diſtreſs, and wanting Proviſions, which put into that Port; I call'd them Noble Audience, begging their Attentions, Pardon for all Faults, and ſo went off. There was great clapping of Hands, and I was lik'd on the Stage. We acted a Play, written by one of our Actors, and I admir'd how they ſhould come to be Poets, for I thought it belong'd only to very learned and ingenious Men, and not to Perſons ſo extreamly ignorant. But it is now come to ſuch a Paſs, that every Head of them writes Plays, and every Actor makes Drolls and Farces; tho' formerly I remember no Plays would go down but what were written by the greateſt Wits in *Spain*. In ſhort, the Play was acted the firſt Day, and no Soul could make any Thing of it. The ſecond Day we began it again, and as God would have it, there was ſome Warlike Exploit to begin with; and I came upon the Stage in Armour, and with a Target on my Arm, which was a great Mercy, or elſe I had infallibly been pelted to Death with Oranges, Quinces, and all Things that came next to Hand. Such a Storm of Hail was never ſeen, and the Play deſerv'd it, for it repreſented a King of *Normandy* in a Hermit's Habit, without any Senſe or Reaſon, had two Scoundrel Footmen to make Sport, and when they came to unravel the Plot, there was nothing but marrying of all the Company, and there was an End; ſo, that to ſay the Truth, we had but what we deſerv'd. We all fell foul of our Companion, the pretended Poet, and I bidding him conſider what a Danger we had eſcap'd and take Warning by it; he anſwer'd, he had not made one Word of the Play, but only pick'd up Bits and Scraps, ſome from one, and ſome from another, as they came in his Way, which he had jumbled together, like a Beggar's Cloak made of all Sorts of Rags; and the ill Luck was, that it had not been neatly fine-draw'd. He own'd, that all the Players who writ Plays, were oblig'd to make Reſtitution, becauſe they only ſtole from all the Parts they acted, which was eaſily done, and they were willing to run all Hazards in Hopes of getting ten or twenty Crowns. Beſides,

that

that going about all the Country, and being ſhow'd Plays by ſeveral Perſons, they borrow'd them to read, and then ſtole them, which when they had done, they only added ſome Scurvy Part and left out another better, and ſo they call'd it their own; proteſting that no Player ever knew how to write a Scene any other Way.

I lik'd the Contrivance, and took a great Fancy to try it my ſelf, as having ſome ſmall Genius for Poetry, and being ſomewhat vers'd in Poets, for I had read *Garcilaſſo*, and others, and ſo I reſolv'd to fall into that Knack; ſo that with this, and my Actreſs, and my own Playing, I made a Shift to live. By that Time we had been a Month at *Toledo*, acting ſeveral new Plays, and endeavouring to retrieve our firſt Fault, I was grown famous, and had given out, that my Name was *Alonſo*, to which the Generality added the Title of the Cruel, becauſe I had acted a Part of that Nature, to the great Liking of the Mob and Upper Galleries. I had now got ſeveral new Suits of Cloaths, and ſome Heads of other Strollers endeavour'd to inveigle me away from my Company; but I pretended to criticize upon Plays, and rail'd at the moſt celebrated Actors, finding Fault with one Man's Geſtures, cenſuring another's Gravity, and allowing another to be a tolerable Actor. My Advice was always taken in contriving the Scenes, and adorning the Stage; and if any Play came to be offer'd, it was left to me to examine. Being encourag'd by this Applauſe, I launch'd out as a Poet in a Song, and then writ a ſmall Farce, which was well approv'd of. Next I ventur'd at a Play, and that it might gain Reſpect, made it all of Devotion, and full of the Bleſſed Virgin. It began with Muſick, had fine Shows of Souls departed, and Devils appearing, as was the Faſhion then, with odd Gibberiſh when they appear'd, and ſtrange Shreiks when they vaniſh'd. The Mob was mightily pleaſed with my Rhiming to *Satan*, and my long Diſcourſes about his falling, or not falling from Heaven. In ſhort, the Play was acted, and well lik'd. I had more Buſineſs than I could turn my Hands to, for all Sorts of Lovers flock'd to me, ſome would have Songs on their Miſtreſs's Eyes, others on their Foreheads, others on

their white Hands, and others on their golden Locks. There were set Rates of all Sorts; but I sold cheap to draw the more Custom, because there were other Shops besides mine. As for Godly Ballads, I supply'd all the Country Clerks and Runners of Monasteries, and the Blind-men were my best Friends, for they never allow'd less than eighty Royals, and I always took care they should be Bombastick, and stuff'd with cramp Words, which neither they nor I understood. I brought up many new Fashions in Verse, as Taylors do in Cloaths, and was the first that concluded my Songs like Sermons, praying for Grace in this World, and Glory in the next.

Thus was I happy as I could wish, my Pockets full of Money, highly in Vogue, and in such a prosperous Condition, that I aim'd at being Chief of a Company of Strollers. My House was handsomely furnish'd, for the Devil put into my Head to buy the old mouldy Tapestry of Taverns to hang my Rooms at a cheap Rate, all which cost me about five or six Crowns; for they afforded a better Prospect than any the King has, for being so ragged you might see through any Part of them, which you cannot do thro' any of his. The oddest Thing happen'd to me one Day that ever was heard of, which I will not spare to make known, tho' it be to my Shame. When I was writing a Play, I us'd to shut my self up at home in the Garret, where I kept close and din'd. The Maid us'd to bring up my Dinner and leave it there; and it was my Way to act all I writ, and talk aloud, as if I had been upon the Stage. As the Devil would have it, when the Maid was coming up the Stairs, which were dark and upright, with the Dish of Meat and Plates in her Hand, I was composing a Scene of hunting a Bear, and being wholly intent upon my Play, cry'd out as loud as I could,

Fly, fly the bloody Bear; take heed, I say,
Alas, I'm kill'd, and you'll become its Prey.

The poor Wench, who was a silly *Galician*, hearing me roar that I was kill'd, and she in danger to become a Prey to the Bear, thought it had been real Matter of Fact,

Fact, and that I call'd to her to ſave her ſelf. Upon this Conceit ſhe took to her Heels, and treading on her Coats in the Confuſion, tumbled down all the Stairs. The Soup was ſpilt, the Earthen Pots broken, and ſhe run out roaring into the Street, *That a Bear was killing a Man.* I could not be ſo nimble, but that all the Neighbours were about me, aſking where the Bear was; and I could ſcarce make them believe me, tho' I told them it was the Maid's fooliſh Miſtake, for I was only acting a Part of a Play. I loſt my Dinner that Day; my Companions were told of it, and all the Town made Sport with it. Many ſuch Accidents befel me whilſt I follow'd the Trade of Poetizing, and would not forſake that wicked Courſe of Life.

It happen'd, as frequently does to that Sort of People, that the Chief of our Company being known to have got conſiderably at *Toledo*, was arreſted for ſome old Debts, and thrown into Goal, which broke up our Gang, and every one went a ſeveral Way. As for my Part, tho' my Comrades would have introduc'd me into other Companies, having no great Inclination to that Calling, for I had follow'd it out of meer Neceſſity; I thought of nothing but taking my Pleaſure, being then well dreſs'd, and in no Want of Money. I took my Leave of them all, they went their Ways; and I, who had propos'd to quit an ill Courſe of Life, by deſiſting from being a Stroller, to mend the Matter, dropt out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, for I fell into much worſe, making it my whole Buſineſs to gallant Grates, and aim at Impoſſibilities by courting of Nuns. The Encouragement I had to commit this Madneſs, was, that I underſtood there was a moſt charming Nun, at whoſe Requeſt I had writ abundance of little devout Paſtorals; and ſhe had taken ſome liking to me on that Account, and ſeeing me act Saint *John* the Evangeliſt in a Holiday ſpiritual ſort of Play. The good Lady made very much of me, and had told me, there was nothing troubled her ſo much as my being a Player; for I had pretended to her, that I was the Son of a Gentleman of Quality, and therefore ſhe pitied me, and I at laſt reſolv'd to ſend her the following Lines.

I Have quitted the Company of Players, rather to comply with your Desires, than because it was otherwise convenient for me so to do; but to me all the Company in the World, without yours, is Solitude. I shall now have the more Opportunity of being yours, as being absolutely my own Master. Let me know when there will be Admittance to the Grate, and that will inform me when I may be happy, &c.

The Runner carry'd the Note, the good Nun was wonderfully pleas'd to hear of my Change of Life, and answer'd me as follows.

I Rather expect to be congratulated, than to congratulate you on your good Fortune; for my Wishes and your Prosperity are inseparable. You may be look'd upon, as recover'd out of a desperate Estate; it only remains, that you persevere, as I shall do. I question whether there will be any Liberty at the Grate to Day; but do not fail to come at Even-song, for there at least we shall see one another, and perhaps I may find Means to put some Trick upon the Lady Abbess.

Farewel.

I like'd the Note, for the Woman was really witty, and very handsome. After Dinner I put on the best Suit I us'd to act the Gallant in on the Stage, went to Church, pretended to pray, and then began to examine every Inch of the Grate and Veil before the Choir, to see if I could discover her. At length it pleas'd God I had the good Fortune, or rather the Devil contriv'd me the ill Luck, that I heard the old Sign, I began to Cough, she answer'd, that there was a hellish Imitation of a Cold, or as if the Church had been full of Lilly of the Valley. I was quite weary of Coughing, when a Tissical old Woman appear'd at the Grate, and I discover'd my Mistake; for this is a very uncertain Sign in a Monastery, because as it serves for a Sign among young ones, it is habitual with old ones, and when a Man thinks it a Call to catch a Nightingale, he finds nothing but an Owl. I stay'd a

long

long Time in the Church, till Even-ſong began, which I heard out, for the Admirers of Nuns have this Madneſs, beſides all the reſt, that they muſt play the Hypocrite, and pray againſt their Will; beſides, that they never go beyond the Eve, being ever in Expectation, but the Day of Enjoyment never comes. I never fail'd being at Even-ſong, and ſtretch'd out my Neck a handful longer than it was, to endeavour to ſee into the Choir. The Clerks were my conſtant Companions, and I was well receiv'd by the Prieſt, who was a pleaſant Man, and walk'd as ſtiff and upright as if a Spit had been run through him. I went betimes to take my Place in a Court the Nuns Windows look'd into, it was comical to ſee the ſtrange Poſtures of others, as mad Pretenders as my ſelf. One gaz'd without ever ſo much as Winking; another ſtood with one Hand on his Sword, and his Beads on the other, like a Statue upon a Tomb; another with his Arms ſtretch'd out as if he were flying; ſome gaping, as if they would have had their Hearts fly out at their Mouths; ſome leaning againſt the Walls, as if they had been to ſupport them; ſome walking as if to be bought for their Pacing, like Horſes; and others with *Billets Doux* in their Hands, like Faulconers, bringing the Hawk to the Lure. The Jealous Lovers were ſome laughing in Rings, and looking up, others reading Verſes and ſhowing them. All this was below where we were, but above the Place for the Nuns was a little old Tower, all full of Cracks, Chinks, and Peeping Holes, where appear'd nothing but a Confuſion, here a Hand, there a Foot, in another Place a Head, in another a Handkerchief, a Glove, or the like; ſome walk'd, others cough'd, and ſo every one had her particular Way. In Summer it is pleaſant enough to ſee the Men parch themſelves in the Sun, whilſt the Women are little concern'd at their Sufferings. In Winter ſome of us ſtay ſo long in the Wet till we are mouldy, and the Moſs grows upon us; neither Snow nor Rain can drive us away; and all this is only to ſee a Woman through a Grate and a Glaſs, like ſome holy Relick, or curious Piece of Workmanſhip, for that is all we can ever expect. It is juſt like falling in love with a Black-bird in a Cage, if ever ſhe

talks; or with a fine Picture, if she does not. The greatest Favour ever to be attain'd, is to touch the Ends of the Fingers. They lean their Heads against the double Grates, and shoot Volleys of fine Conceits thro' those Loopholes. This is perfect Love at hide and seek, and yet for this we study to talk fine and whisper, must endure every old Woman that chides, every Door-keeper that commands, and every one at the Wheel that gives what Answer she pleases.

I had followed this cursed Employment so long, that I was well look'd upon by the Lady Abbess, civilly treated by the good Priest, and a Familiar with the Clerk, for we hide our Folly from them, and this is all the Happiness such Madmen can aspire to. I began to be weary of the Door-Keeper's turning me away, and of the Nuns begging, and considered how dear I endeavour'd to purchase a Place in Hell, which others have at so easy a Rate, and that I even anticipated to take Share of it in this World by such extravagant Means. It was plain that I rode Post to Perdition, and threw away my Soul only for a few Looks. When I talk'd to her, for fear of being overheard by the rest, I us'd to thrust my Head so close to the Grate, that the Print of it would not come out in two Days, and at the same Time spoke so low, that she could not understand one Word without a Trumpet at her Ear. Every Body that saw me, cry'd, *A Curse on thee, thou wicked Nun-hunting Dog*; besides many other worse Compliments. All these Things brought me to my Senses, and I resolv'd to quit my Nun, and to this Purpose got of her the Value of Fifty Crowns of her Work, in Silk Stockings, rich Purses, and Sweatmeats, pretending to have them raffled for; but as soon as I had them in Possession, I set out for *Seville*, to try my Fortune there, as the greater City. The Reader may guess how much the Nun was concerned, not for me, but what I cheated her of.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

What happen'd to me at Seville, *till I took Shipping for the* Weſt Indies.

I Had a good Journey from *Toledo* to *Seville*, for I was ſharp at Play, had loaded Dice, both high and low, and could palm a Dice, hold four and throw out out three; beſides I had falſe Cards, and knew how to pack any, and turn up what I pleas'd, and Abundance of other fine Arts and Slights of Hand, which I paſs by as tedious, and for fear they might rather ſerve to teach others evil Practices, than for Warnings of what they are to ſhun; but perhaps ſome few Words of Advice may be of Uſe to ſuch as are not ſkill'd in thoſe Practices; and they who read my Book, if they are cheated, may thank themſelves. Never think yourſelf ſafe becauſe you find the Cards, for they will change them upon you whilſt a Candle is ſnuffing. Take Care they make no Scratches or other Impreſſions on the Cards; and if my Reader is a poor Scoundrel, he muſt obſerve, that among that Gang of Rake Hells, they prick the Cards they would know with a Pin, or fold them to leave a Creaſe. If you happen to play among a better Sort of People, take heed of Cards which are originally falſify'd, and have private Marks on the Paſtboard. Never truſt to a clean Card, nor think yourſelf ſafe with a foul one, for the Cheat is equal in both. Take heed the Dealer never bows any Cards more than others, which is a certain Way to pick your Pocket; and obſerve that no Motions be made with the Fingers, or no Hints given by the firſt Letters of Words. I will not let you farther into this Secret, this is enough to make you always ſtand upon your Guard; for you may be aſſured I do not tell the Hundredth Part of the Cheats.

Being Maſter of theſe Arts, I got to *Seville*, at my Fellow Traveller's Expence, winning all the Hire of the Mules, my other Charges, and Money to boot, of them, and my Landlords at the Inns. I alighted at that they call the *Moor's-Inn*, where I was found out by one of my School-Fellows at *Alcala*, whoſe Name was *Mata*, but

but he thinking it did not make Noise enough, had changed it to *Matorral*. He dealt in Mens Lives, and sold Cuts and Slashes, which throve well with him, he carry'd the Sign of his Trade on his Face, where he had received his Share. He always made his Bargain to a Nicety for Length and Depth, when he was to bestow any, and said, 'No Man is so absolute a Master, as he who has 'been well hack'd and hew'd himself:' And he was in the Right, for his Face was all over Seams, and he was a downright drunken Bully. He told me, I must go sup with him and his Comrades, and they would bring me back to the Inn. I went with him, and when we were in his Lodging, he said, 'Come Spark, lay by your 'Cloak and look like a Man, for this Night you shall 'see all the brave Fellows in *Seville*; and that they 'may not look upon you as a Cully, tumble your Band, 'thrust out your Back, and let your Cloak hang loose, 'as if it were dropping off, for we hate to see any Man's 'Cloak set fast upon his Back. Wind about your Chops, 'and make Faces with both Sides of your Mouth, then 'talk big, swear, and be very rude.' I learned his Lesson, and he lent me a Dagger, broad enough to have been a Scimiter, and for Length it wanted nothing of a Sword but the Name. 'Now drink off this Quart of 'Wine, *said he*, for without you blunder, you will not 'look like a true Bully.' We had gone so far in my Instructions, and I was half Seas over with what I had drank, when in came four of the Gang, with four Vizards instead of Faces, bound about the Middles like Monkeys, with their Cloaks instead of Ropes, their Hats standing a Tiptoe on their Heads, and cock'd up, as if the Brims were nail'd to the Crowns; a whole Smith's Shop about their Swords and Daggers, and the Points of them beating against their right Heels. Their Eyes star'd, their Whiskers turn'd up, and their Beards like Brushes. They made their Compliment with their Mouths, and then, in a hoarse Tone, and clipping their Words, saluted my Companion, who return'd in like Manner. They sat down, and spoke not one Word to ask who I was, but one of them looking at *Matorral* and opening his Mouth, thrust out his under Lip,

by

by way of pointing at me. My Introductor anſwer'd in the ſame Language, laying hold of his Beard and looking down; after which they all got up, embrac'd and expreſs'd a great deal of Kindneſs for me. I return'd the ſame Compliments, which were like ſmelling to ſo many Hogſheads of Wine. When it was Supper-time, in came a Parcel of ſtrapping Scoundrels to wait at Table, whom the topping Bullies call Under-Spurleathers. We all ſate down together at Table, and the firſt Thing they ſerv'd up was a Diſh of Pickles, which as ſoon as they had taſted, they all fell to drinking to my Honour, by Way of Welcome; and till I ſaw them drink to it, I muſt confeſs I never knew I had any. Next came Fiſh and Fleſh, all of it high ſeaſon'd to promote Drinking. There was a great Bowl full of Wine, like a half Tub, on the Ground, and he that was to pledge, lay all along to drink by wholeſale. I was taken with the Contrivance, but by that Time a few Healths had gone about, we none of us knew one another. They fell to talk of Warlike Affairs, Oaths flew as thick as Hail, a matter of twenty or thirty Perſons were cut out for Deſtruction; amidſt their Cups the Mayor of the City was adjudg'd to be cut in Pieces; then they reap'd up the Heroick Actions of ſeveral famous Cut-throats and Murderers, and drank to the Souls of ſome that were hang'd. Some that were Maudlin, wept bitterly, calling to mind the untimely End of *Alonzo Alvarez*, one of their Brethren, whoſe Body was expos'd on a Gibbet for the Crows to feaſt on. By this Time my Companion's Brains were turn'd topſy turvy, and laying hold of a Loaf, and looking earneſtly on the Candle, he ſaid with a hoarſe Voice, *By this, which is the Face of God, and by that Light which came out of the Angel's Mouth, if you think fit, Gentlemen, we will this very Night maul the Serjeant's Man that purſu'd our poor one ey'd Friend.* They all ſet up a diſmal Cry, ratifying the Propoſal made by an Oath after this Manner; they drew their Daggers, laid their Hands on the Edge of the Bowl, and lying along with their Chops to it, ſaid, *As we drink this Wine, ſo will we ſuck the Blood of every informing Catchpole. Who was this,* Alonzo Alvarez, ſaid I, *whoſe Death is ſo much*

much regretted. He was, answer'd one of them, *a brave fighting Lad, a Man of Spirit, full of Mettle, and a good Companion. Let us go, for the Devil begins to be strong in me.* This said we all went out a Catchpole-Hunting. Being quite overcome with Wine, and all my Reason drowned, I never reflected on the Danger I was running my self into. We came to the *Strand*, where we met the Round, which no sooner appear'd, but our Swords were drawn, and we attack'd them. I did like the rest, and at the first Charge we made Way for the filthy Souls of two Catchpoles to fly out of their Bodies. The Constable took to his Heels, and ran up the Street, crying out for Help. We could not pursue, because he had too much the Start, but took Sanctuary in the Cathedral, where we were shelter'd against Justice, and slept as much as was requisite to discharge the Fumes of the Wine we had drank. When we came to our Senses, I could not but admire, that two Catchpoles should be kill'd by, and a Constable fly from, a Parcel of meer Hogsheads of Wine, for we were no better at that Time. We far'd well in our Sanctuary; for the termagant Whores of the Town flock'd to, and spent all they had upon us. A strapping Jade, call'd *Grajales*, took a Fancy to, and cloath'd me from Head to Foot after her own Humour. I lik'd this sort of Living better than any I had yet try'd, and therefore resolv'd to stick to my trusty *Grajales* till Death. I learnt all the Cant, and in a short Time was an absolute Master among the Ruffians. The Officers of Justice took all possible Care to observe us, and kept Rounds about the Sanctuary; yet for all that we took our Rambles after Midnight in Disguise. Perceiving this was like to be a tedious Business, and that ill Fate pursu'd me every where, tho' it made me ne'er the wiser to take Warning for the future, yet it tir'd me out, like a true obstinate Sinner, and therefore with the Advice of my Doxy *Grajales*, I resolv'd to go to the *West-Indies*, taking her along with me to try whether I could meet with better Fortune in another Country, but it prov'd worse; for they never mend their Condition, who only change Places without mending their Life and Manners.

FORTUNE

FORTUNE IN HER WITS, AND THE Hour of all MEN.

JOVE, in a splenetick Rage rent his very Throat, and pierc'd the Earth with his Bawling. He summon'd all the Gods in haste to assemble before him in Council. The first that appeared was *Mars*, that Celestial *Don Quixote*, arm'd Cap-a-pee, with his Spear advanc'd, and making Passes in the Air. Next to him came the Platter fac'd Deity *Bacchus*, with a Peruke made of Vine-Branches, his Eyes overflowing, his Mouth like a Wine-Press, belching out Liquor at second Hand, his Speech stammering, his Steps reeling, and his Brain intoxicated with the Juice of the Grape. On the other Side appeared Hobling *Saturn*, gorging himself with his own Sons. With him came dripping *Neptune*, the watery God, about him hung the Sea-Weeds like Rags, clung together with the Spawn of Fish, and with the Water that ran from him, laying the Dust of the Charcoal rais'd by his Follower *Pluto*, a God of the Devils, with his Head and Face powder'd with Soot, perfum'd with Brimstone and Gunpowder, and cloath'd in such profound Darkness, that he was scarce discernible, tho' close followed by the glaring Sun, with his brazen Face and Tinsel Beard. *Venus*, as she

ſhe came, filled the Heavens with the vaſt Circumference of her Fardingale, hiding the five *Zones* under her Petticoats, her Face but half lick'd, and the Tour that was to cover her bald Scull hanging all awry for haſte. After her came the *Moon*, with her Face cut into Quarters. *Pan* ruſh'd in with a great Noiſe, being followed by two vaſt Herds of *Silvans*, *Fawnes*, and other hairy and cloven footed Gods of the Woods. All Heaven ſwarm'd with *Manes*, *Lemures*, and other little Deities, who all took their Chairs, the Goddeſſes * ſquatting down like Taylors upon their Legs, the whole Aſſembly attentively fixing their Eyes upon *Jove*. *Mars* rattling his Armour like the Harmony of a Tinker's Kettle, ſtarted up, and looking ſtern as a Bully after a Beating, thundred out theſe Words: 'Open thy Mouth with a Vengeance, 'thou mighty *Hector* of this upper Region, open thy 'Mouth, I ſay, for you ſeem to be in a Dream.' *Jove* accoſted in ſo rough a Dialect, whilſt, tho' it was Summer, he held the ſparkling Thunderbolt, when it had been much properer to have cool'd himſelf with a Fan, raiſing his Voice, anſwer'd, 'Keep your prating Tongue 'betwixt your Teeth, and let us call *Mercury*.' In the Twinkling of an Eye *Mercury* dropt before him, holding his little Wand like a Juggler, his Heels fledg'd, and his little Hat in the Shape of a Muſhroom on his Head. Then *Jove* ſaid, 'Thou Ubiquitary God, ſhoot thyſelf 'into the World, and in a Trice drag *Fortune* hither by 'the Ears. In an Inſtant the Spright of *Olympus*, clapping Wings inſtead of Spurs to his Heels, vaniſh'd with ſuch Swiftneſs, that the Sight could not diſtinguiſh between his Departure and Return. He came like *Lazarillo* leading blind *Fortune* who, with a Staff in one Hand, felt out her Way, and in the other held a String, which was a Bridle to a little Dog. She ſtood a Tip-toe upon a Globe, in the Midſt of a Wheel bound with Threads, Beads, Ribbons, Cords, and Ropes, all which, as it moved, knit themſelves together, and unknit again. Behind, as her Maid, came *Opportunity*, a broad-fac'd flat-nos'd, bald-pated Wench, only on the Top of her Forehead

* *In* Spain *the Women do not ſit on Chairs, but on Cuſhions upon the Ground.*

Forehead was one ſingle Lock, ſcarce big enough to make one good Whisker. This Lock was as ſlippery as an Eel, and play'd in the Air, being mov'd at the Breath of every Word. By her Hands it appeared that *Opportunity* lived upon hard Labour, and doing all the Drudgery of *Fortune*. All the Gods appear'd diſguſted at the Sight of *Fortune*, and ſome of them made Signs as if ſhe had turn'd their Stomachs, when ſhe in a ſqueeking Tone, and ſpeaking at a Venture, ſaid, 'My Eyes being 'in their Swadling Clouts, and my Sight in the Dark, 'I cannot diſcover who you are that make up this Aſſembly; but be you who you will, my Diſcourſe is directed to you all, and particularly to thee, O *Jove*, 'who ſpitteſt thy Thunderbolts after the Drippings of 'the Clouds; tell me what Whimſey came into thy 'Head to ſend for me, whereas for many Ages paſt 'thou haſt never ſo much as thought on me. Perhaps 'thou and the reſt of thy Mob of Godlings have forgot 'how far the Extent of my Power is, and that I have 'toſs'd about both thee and them, no leſs than I do poor 'Mortals.' *Jove* ſwelling, and looking ſtern, reply'd, 'Thou Sot, thy Extravagancies, thy Follies, and thy 'Wickedneſs are ſo great, that Mortals believe, ſince we 'do not curb thee, there are no Deities, that Heaven 'lies waſte, and that I am a poor inſignificant God: 'They complain, that thou giveſt Villanies thoſe Rewards which are due to Merit; that Virtue is unregarded and Vice encouraged; that thou placeſt thoſe in the 'Judgment-Seats, who ought to be preferred to the 'Gallows; that thou beſtoweſt Dignities on thoſe whoſe 'Ears ſhould be nail'd to the Pillory; and that thou 'oppreſſeſt and impoveriſheſt thoſe thou oughteſt to raiſe 'and enrich. *Fortune* looking pale with Anger, and Chafing, ſaid, 'I am no Fool, I know what I do, 'and all my Actions are guided by Prudence: You who 'call me raſh Sot, remember you cackled like a Gooſe 'to *Leda*, that you played the falſe Coiner with *Danae*, 'that you bellowed, and acted the Bull with *Europa*, and 'have been guilty of a Thouſand other roguiſh mad Pranks, 'and that all thoſe who attend you, have been only 'Crows and Magpies; none of which Fopperies can

be laid to my Charge. If Persons of Merit are laid aside, and virtuous Men pass unrewarded, the Fault is not altogether mine; many despise what I offer them, and their Modesty is laid at my Door as a Crime: Others, rather than stretch out their Hands, let slip what I tender them; others snatch it from me without my Consent, more Men are enrich'd by forcing it from me, than by my free Gift. There are more that steal what I refuse, than that keep what I give them; many receive of me, that they know not how to preserve, they lose it, and pretend I take it from them; many accuse me for misplacing Gifts on others, which would be much worse employed on themselves: There is no Man happy without being envy'd by many, and no Man is miserable without being contemn'd by all. This Maid has always serv'd me, without her I never have done any Thing; her Name is *Opportunity*; hear her, and learn of a drudging Wench how to judge of Things.' Then *Opportunity* letting her Tongue run, for fear of letting her self slip, said, 'I am that Sort of good natur'd Female, that offer myself to all Men; many find, but few enjoy me; I am a Female *Sampsoness*, for all my Strength lies in my Hair; he that can hold fast by my Lock, need not fear to be thrown by my Mistress: It is I that manage, I that distribute her, and when Men know not how to pursue their own Interests, and make their Advantages, they lay all the Blame upon me: Folly and Ignorance have furnished Men with these hellish Sentences; *Who would have believ'd it? I did not think. I did not reflect on it. I did not know. It is well enough yet. What Matter's it. It is neither here nor there. To-morrow will do. There's Time enough. I shall not want. God will provide. All Days are not alike. If one Thing fails, another hits*, &c. These Follies make Men conceited, sloathful, and careless; These are the Gaps that I slip out at; these are the Rubs that overset my Mistress's Wheel; and these the Gusts that split her Sail. Then if the Fools let me slip by them, what Fault is it in me to be gone? If they lay the Rubs in the Way of my Mistress's Wheel, why do they

complain

'complain of its Jolting? If they know it is a Wheel, 'whereof every Part is sometimes up and sometimes 'down, and that each Part descends in order to rise, 'and rises in order to fall again, why do they entangle 'themselves in it? The Sun has stood still, the Wheel 'of *Fortune* never did. Whosoever has thought to fix 'it, only gave it a Check, that it might whirl again 'with the greater Fury. Its Motion, like that of Time, 'puts a Period to all worldly Felicities and Calamities, 'to all the Lives in the World, and by Degrees to the 'World itself. This, O *Jove*, is Matter of Fact, let 'who will gainsay it.'

Fortune encouraged at these Words, and turning on all Hands like a Weathercock, said, 'Opportunity has dis-'covered how unjustly I am accused; however, I am 'resolved myself to convince thee, thou supreme Thun-'derer, and all thy Company, carousing in *Nectar* and '*Ambrosia*, notwithstanding that I always had, now 'have, and shall ever continue to have, as much Power 'over you, as over the meanest Rabble in the World. 'I hope to see your Divinities starving with Hunger 'and Cold for want of Victims, and that not so much 'as a black Pudding shall be sacrificed to you, but 'you shall only serve to fill up Ballads, and be brought 'in for Rhime Sake in Love Songs, for the Diversion 'of the Mob, and the Encouragement of Hawkers.

'A Curse light on all thy Designs, *quoth the* Sun, for 'so impudently blaspheming against our Power. Were 'it permitted me, as I am the *Sun*, I would swelter 'thee with Heat, scorch thee with my Rays, and make 'thee run mad with the Head-ach. Go dry up the 'the Dirt, *said* Fortune, ripen Cucumbers, furnish 'Plagues for the good Physicians, and assist those that 'louse themselves at thy Light; Remember your Son 'was burnt to Death like a Heretick, therefore be silent 'hereafter, and let those speak to whom it belongs.' Then *Jove*, with all his Gravity, utter'd these Words, 'Fortune, both you, and that impudent Wench thy 'Servant are much in the right in many Things you 'have said; however, for the general Satisfaction of 'all People, it is irrecoverably decreed, that on the

'same Day and Hour throughout the whole World, e-
'very Man be put into those Circumstances he justly de-
'serves. This must be, therefore appoint the Day and
'the Hour.' *Fortune* reply'd, 'To what Purpose is it
'to delay what must be, let it be to Day, let us know
'what Time of the Day it is.' The *Sun*, who is the Standard of all Clockmakers, answer'd; 'This is the
'20th of *June*, as to the Time of the Day, it is
'three Quarters, and six Minutes after Twelve. Mind
'then, *quoth* Fortune, and as soon as it strikes Four,
'you shall see how Affairs go upon Earth.' Then falling to Work, she began to grease the Axletree of her Wheel, to settle the Spokes, remove the Nails, and entangle several Cords, slackening some, and straining others, till the *Sun* cry'd out, and said, 'It is just Four,
'neither over nor under, for this very Instant I have
'brought the Shade of the Gnomons of all Clocks
'upon the fourth Postmeridian Line. No sooner had he utter'd these Words, than *Fortune*, as if she had been playing on a Cymbal, began to unwind her Wheel, which whirling about like a Hurricane, huddl'd all the World into an unparalell'd Confusion. *Fortune* gave a mighty Squeek, saying, 'Fly Wheel, and the Devil
'drive thee.'

That very Moment, a Physician riding along on his Mule, a Snail's Gallop in Pursuit of Diseases, was surpriz'd by the wonderful Influence of that Hour, which was to give all Men their due, and on a sudden he found himself in the Posture of a Hangman, with his Legs across the Shoulders of his Patient, crying, *Credo* instead of *Recipe*, as if he had been going to turn him off the Ladder.

At a small Distance follow'd in the same Street a Criminal that was whip'd, the Cryer before proclaiming his Misdemeanors, the *Hangman* behind lashing him, he riding upon an Ass, and naked from the Waist upward like a Galley Slave. This was his Posture at the striking of the Clock, which was no sooner over, but the Horse the * *Alguazil* rid on, threw him, and the Ass the

* Alguazil *is an Officer in* Spain *that apprehends Criminals, and attends the Execution of Justice. Criminals in* Spain, *are carried to the Gallows, and whipp'd upon an Ass.*

the Criminal; the Horſe took up the Criminal, and the Aſs the *Alguazil*; and thus having chang'd Stations, he began to be laſh'd who before attended the Execution, and he to attend who before was laſh'd. The † Scribe alighted to ſet all again to Rights, and taking out his Pen, it grew out into a Galley-Oar, and inſtead of Writing, he began to Row.

The Scavengers Carts paſſing through another Street at the firſt Moment of the Hour, ſtopped before an Apothecary's Shop, and on a ſudden all the Dirt began to fly out of the Cart into the Shop, whence the Pots and Glaſſes leap'd out into the Carts with wonderful Noiſe and Confuſion. But the Dirt and the Pots meeting, as the one went in and other out, it was obſerv'd, that the Dirt very ſqeamiſhly cry'd out, *Keep off*. Mean while the Duſt-men were not idle, but with their Brooms and Shovels ſwept together and threw up into the Carts Heaps of Painted Whores, Pocky Beaus, and Powder'd Fops.

A certain notorious Knave had built a ſumptuous Houſe, not much inferior to a Palace, with a ſtately Porch, and over it a noble Coat of Arms cut in Stone, and an Inſcription as if he had been of ſome conſiderable Family. The Owner was an errant Thief, who under the Shadow of his Employ, had ſtole the whole Coſt of the Fabrick. He was then in the Houſe, and at the Door was a Bill ſignifying three Apartments were there to be let. The Hour came, O good God, who can expreſs ſuch a Prodigy? Every Stone, every Brick in the whole Structure, fell aſunder, the Tiles flew, ſome to the Top of one Houſe, and ſome to another, the Rafters, Doors and Windows hurry'd into ſeveral Houſes, to the Terror of the Owners, who look'd upon this Reſtitution as the Effects of an Earthquake, and thought it was the End of the World. The Iron Bars and Grates walk'd about the Streets ſeeking whom they belong'd to. The Arms that ſtood over the Doors poſted away to a Country Geatleman's Seat, whence this curſed Villain pretended himſelf to be deſcended. The Rogue

† *The Scribe, in* Spaniſh, Eſcrivano, *is a Sort of Clerk, almoſt inſeparable from the* Alguazil.

himself stripp'd of his Fabrick, was left alone at the Corner of a Street, with only the Bill upon him which had been at the Door, but so chang'd, that whereas before the Purport of it was, *This House is to be Lett unfurnish'd, inquire within of the Landlord:* Now it was, *This Thief is to be Lett unfurnish'd, whosoever will hire him, may come in without knocking, since the House does not hinder it.*

Opposite to this Man liv'd a Pawnbroker, who seeing his Neighbour's House vanish, thought to secure himself, saying, *The Houses remove from their Landlords, this is a base Invention.* But tho' he us'd the utmost Diligence to secure himself, the Hour was come, and on a sudden an Escritore, a Silver Table, and a rich Hanging which he kept in Captivity, being pawn'd to him, flew from the Walls with such Violence, that a Piece of the Hangings in its Way to the Window, wound it self about him, and carry'd him thro' the Air above an hundred Paces, where he drop'd on the Top of a House, not without some Bruises. From thence, to his unspeakable Grief, he saw all he had hurry'd away to the right Owners. After all the rest came out the Letters of † Nobility, upon which he had lent a Sum of Money to the Gentlemen they belong'd to, for two Months, on Condition to receive five and twenty *per Cent.* Interest for that short Time. These Letters, to his Astonishment, as they pass'd by him, said, *Thou barbarous Tyrant over Pawns, if our Master for our sake cannot be arrested for Debt, what Reason can you show, to keep us in Prison?* This said, they leap'd into a Cook's Shop, where the Gentleman that own'd them sat with a hungry Belly, envying every Bit he saw another put into his Mouth.

An eternal Talker, who lavish'd as many Words, as would have furnish'd half a score intolerable Babblers, and whose Tongue seem'd to be the perpetual Motion so long sought after, was busy in confounding his whole Neighbourhood with the overflowing of his Clack; when, on a sudden, the Hour being come, his Tongue was ty'd up, and he strugling to run on, only stutter'd and stammer'd

† *In* Spain *Gentlemen take out their Letters of Nobility, which whosoever can show is free from Arrests.*

mer'd the same Syllables over, without End; and finding his Mouth stopp'd, his very Eyes and Ears seem'd to forget their own Office, and burst out into Talk.

Five Judges were sitting on the Bench upon a Tryal; one of them, meerly out of ill Nature, was projecting how he might cast both Parties. Another being a downright *Ignoramus*, and understanding nothing of the Matter, was resolv'd to give his Opinion, as all Blockheads do, at a venture. The third, a doating old Fellow, who had slept most Part of the Tryal, giving Judgment like *Pilate*'s Wife, by Dreams, was considering with which of his Fellows he should close in Opinion at Random. The fourth, who was a learned and upright Judge, sate like a Cypher next to the last, who being corrupted with Bribes, strain'd the Sense of the Law, and drew over to his Party the other three; but at the very instant of giving Judgment the Hour commenc'd, and instead of saying, The Court is of Opinion that such a one is cast and condemn'd, he said, *The Court does award, that we be damn'd, and accordingly we are damn'd. Be the Sentence fulfill'd*, said an unknown Voice. In a Moment their Gowns were converted into Snake-Skins, and they falling together by the Ears, soon stripp'd one anothers Faces, every one carrying away his Neighbour's Beard, to shew that their Judgment lay in their Fingers and not in their Heads.

A Match-maker was busy intoxicating an honest Man's Brain, who being weary of a quiet Life and a good Estate, was thinking to marry: He propos'd to him a consummate Jilt, and set her off in this Manner. 'Sir, I will 'not commend her Birth, because, God be prais'd, you 'have Quality enough to bestow on her; as for Riches 'you are plentifully provided; Beauty in a Wife, is a 'thing of dangerous Consequence; as for matter of 'Judgment, it is you that are to govern her, and you 'do not take her for a Counsellor; ill Humours She is 'not troubled with, her Years are but few, *(yet he meant 'she had but few to live)* she has all the other good Qua-'lities you could wish.' The poor Man in a Passion cry'd out, 'Thou accursed Devil, what other good 'Qualities can she have, since you own she is neither well

'born,

'born, rich, beautiful nor discreet; and all you can say 'for her is, that she is not ill natur'd.' Scarce had he done when the Hour began, and the cursed Match-maker, who acts the Taylor at Weddings, Stealing, Lying, Cheating, Patching and Piecing, found himself marry'd to the Monster he would have vamp'd upon the other Man; and the new Couple falling upon one another, went off kicking and scratching, and crying by Turns, *Who are you! What Fortune did you bring, you are not worthy to wipe my Shoes.*

A Poet having seated himself among an Assembly of Wits, was reading to them a Pedantick obscure Poem of his own composing, so stuff'd with Latinisms, so cramp'd with Syncope's, so entangl'd with Parenthesis, and so perplex'd with Similies and Allusions, that none of the Company could find either Head or Tail to it. Upon the Turn of the Hour he had gone half way through his *Jargon*, or Confusion of Languages, and all the Hearers pressing upon him to pick out, if possible, some Meaning from that Chaos of hard Words, one of them who held a Candle in his Hand to inform himself the better by overlooking the Paper, put it so close that the unfortunate Poem took Fire. The Poet stamp'd and tore his Hair, seeing all his Labour condemn'd to the Flames; but he that had fir'd it pacify'd him, saying, *These Verses are like old tarnish'd Silver Lace, they must be first burnt, and then perhaps you may separate the pure Metal from the Dross.*

A topping Whore sailing out of her Lodging with a mighty Fardingale, so large she could scarce crowd thro' her narrow Entry, and filling both Sides of the Street with the vast Compass of her Coats, was overtaken by the first Minute of the all-ruling Hour, and on a sudden being set upon her Head, appear'd like a Bell inverted. Here was discover'd a vast Fardel of Rags that compos'd a Rump-Rowl, with a Piece of Tapestry-Hanging rowl'd up to set out her Hips, which in the Turn loosening, and falling over her Belly, there appear'd at the Bottom of it an *Holofernes*'s Head. The whole Street was alarm'd with the Shouts of the Rabble that beheld her. She shriek'd, but her Voice being drown'd in the Labyrinth

of

of her Petticoats fallen about her Head, the Noise sounded, as if it came out from a deep Cavern. She had certainly been stifled in the Crowd, but that at the same time a Beau strutting along the Street with false Calves, and three false Teeth; and two Dotards with their Grey Hair, and Beards coloured black; and three old Bald-pated Fellows that wore Periwigs; were all surpriz'd by the Influence of that Hour. The Beau feeling his Calves slink away, thought to cry for Help, believing his Legs would be stolen; but at the first Motion of his Tongue, out drops his Teeth. The Dotards Beards and Hair became as grey as a Badger, so that they scarce knew one another; and the Bald Fellows Periwigs flew away with their Hats, leaving them nothing but the Whiskers.

A certain Nobleman had a Favourite Domestick who devour'd his Substance, this Domestick was cheated by his Servant, the Servant by his Man, the Man by his Friend, the Friend by his Wench, and the Wench was deluded by the Devil. Now the Hour being come, the Devil, who seem'd to be at such a Distance from the Lord, seizes upon the Whore, the Whore on her Spark, the Spark on the Man, the Man on the Servant, the Servant on his Master, and the Master on his Lord, and the Devil possessing him, in a Hellish Rage he falls upon his Domestick, the Domestick on his Servant, the Servant on his Man, the Man on his Friend, the Friend on his Whore, and she lay'd about them all; and thus exagerated by Furies, they tore one another to Pieces: All their Frauds and Villainies were laid open, and the Devil, who had managed the whole Contrivance without Discovery, swept them away all in a Cluster.

A rich marry'd Woman sat at her Dressing-Table, plaistering up her wrinkled freckly Skin, flicking her Weather-beaten Forehead, drawing Eye-brows with a Pencil, colouring her decay'd Cheeks with Spanish Wool, and dying her pale Lips of a lively Cherry Colour. By her, as an Assistant, kneel'd a decripit old Governant like a Skeleton, drest up, holding a Tour of an extraordinary Magnitude. Next to her stood a young Chambermaid, yet a Novice at the Trade of Daubing, and in her Hands a Pair of Iron Bolster'd Bodice, contriv'd to rectify two

mighty

mighty Excrescencies that discompos'd the Figure of the Body. In this Posture sat the Lady confounding and shaming her very Looking-Glass, when the Hour commenc'd, and she led by the powerful Influence thereof, began to lay about her, applying the White-Wash to her Hair, the Black-Lead to her Teeth, the Red to her Eye-Brows and Forehead, clapping the Tower on her Jaws, and lacing on the Bolster'd Bodice the wrong Way. Thus in a Moment she was converted into a Scare-crow, with a curled Beard, and four Hunches more ghastly and frightful than a Hobgoblin. The Governant thinking she was distracted, started up, and fled with Might and Main: the Chambermaid swooned away, as if she had seen the Devil, and the Lady inrag'd in that horrible Posture scour'd after the Governant. The Noise brought the Husband, who seeing his Wife, thought she was possess'd by some malignant Spirit, and ran with Speed to call a Priest to apply Exorcisms to her.

A Sovereign Prince resolved to be present himself at a Goal Delivery, being inform'd that his Officers made the Prison their Market, where they bought and sold Crimes and Criminals at all Sorts of Rates and Prizes, exchanging Robbers for Gold, and Murderers for ready Money. He ordered the Prisoners to be brought before him, and found they had been apprehended for the Crimes they had committed, but were detain'd through the Avarice of their Keepers, who computed what some had and might have stolen, and what others had or might have of their own: So that their Cause was depending as long as their Stock lasted, and the Day it expir'd was the Day they were punish'd; it being plain they were apprehended for the Ill they had done, and executed for what they had not. Amongst the rest were two condemn'd to be hang'd the next Day. One of these having compounded with his Adversary, was kept as a Prisoner at large. The other they design'd to hang for Robbing, after having been three Years a Prisoner, during which Time they had devour'd all he stole, and all he was worth. Thus far had this Prince proceeded when the Hour commenc'd, and he turning pale with Anger, said, 'This Man you 'design'd to discharge, because he has compounded with 'his

his Adversary, shall be hang'd to-Morrow; for the contrary would be exposing Lives to Sale, and the Price of buying off an Appeal would prove the Purchase of Blood; so that Pardons for Murder being to be bought, a Rate would be set upon every Man's Life, and thus all Examples of Justice would cease, it being an easy Matter to persuade the Appellant, that a Thousand or five Hundred Crowns will do him more good than the hanging of his Enemy. There are two Parties concern'd in all publick Offences, viz. Justice, and the Person offended, and it is no less necessary that the former should punish, than that the latter should forgive. This Thief, whom after three Years Imprisonment you intended to hang, shall be discharged; for as it had been Justice to have hang'd him three Years ago, so now it would be a barbarous Wrong, because in him you would hang his Father, Wife and Children, who are innocent, and whose Substance by these Delays you have devour'd. I remember a Story of a Man, who enrag'd that the Mice gnaw'd his Papers, Crusts of Bread, Pairings of Cheese, and old Shoes, took in Cats to destroy the Mice; but perceiving the Cats not only eat the Mice, but stole his Meat out of the Pot, and tore it off the Spit, that one Day they spoil'd a Fowl, and another a whole Joint of Meat, he kill'd the Cats, and said, *The Mice for my Money.* Do you apply the Moral of this Fable, since you like devouring Cats, instead of cleansing the State from Vermin, do catch and eat the Thieves, who are little Mice, that pick a Pocket, cut a Purse, snatch a Hat, or steal a Cloak; and at the same Time you waste the Country, consume Estates, and destroy whole Families.' This said, he order'd all the Prisoners to be discharg'd, and the Officers to be apprehended. There was a wonderful Noise and Confusion, those lamented who before were inexorable; and the Prisoners loaded those with Fetters and Chains, who before had fetter'd them.

Several Women appear'd in the Street, some of them a-Foot, and tho many were well stricken in Years, they tripp'd it along like young Girls, proud of their little Feet and white Petticoats. Others dress'd like *Bartholo-*

mew

new Babies, and set up on Glass Cupboards, or Sedans, carried by greasy Fellows, the farthest Prospect of the Ladies Eyes, being the Neighbouring Haunches of the foremost, and the next Perfume of their Noses, proceeded from his sweaty Feet, which being free from Socks, sent a most fragrant Smell: As gay as young Girls, striving to be taken for such, concealing their Age as they would their Shame, and ogling with those Eyes that were ready to sink into their Heads. Upon the very Entrance of the Hour, they were met by a Pack of antient Astrologers, with their Ephemerides in their Hands, who presently attack'd them, to fix upon every one the Date of her Life, to the very Year, Day, Hour, Minute, and Second, of their Nativity. These Conjurers set up a Cry, *Own your Age, ye Wretches, since it is your Doom, you are Forty two Years old, two Months, five Days, two Hours, nine Minutes and twenty Seconds*, says one of the Astrologers to one of the Ladies. Good God! who can express the terrible Shrieks she rais'd; all that could be understood was, *You lye, 'tis false, I am not fifteen; Lord what a Rogue is this to say such a thing.* Another cryed, *I am not eighteen*; a Third, *I am but thirteen*; *I am a meer Child, an Infant*, crys another. The Astrologer was writing her Age upon the Back of one, as if it had been a Bill upon a Door, and it was to this Effect; *This Woman was born into the World in the Year* 1629. She perceiving by this means, it would appear she was Sixty-seven Years of Age, all in a Rage cryed out, *Thou old doating Emblem of Death, I am but just come into the World, my Teeth are not all cut. Thou decayed Piece of Antiquity*, reply'd he, *Teeth will never spring under old Stumps, look upon your Date: I'll own no Date*, quoth she; and thus falling together by the Ears, the Controversy ended in a wonderful Confusion.

After a sumptuous Dinner, a mighty Potentate sat lulling his Pride with the false Flatteries of his Servants. A grumbling Noise resounded from his cramm'd Guts, which could not agree in the Cooks-shop of his Belly, with the strange Medley of Varieties he had devour'd. He foam'd at the Mouth, the Wine boiling over, and his whole Face was inflam'd and bloated with the Exhalation of his Stomach.

Stomach. At each Word he utter'd, tho' never so stupid, the Standers by, like Men in a Frenzy, pour'd out superlative Encomiums. An admirable Sentence, cry'd one; nothing could be expressed finer, says another; most incomparable Words, says a Third; and lastly, a Parasite who labour'd to out-flatter all the rest, straining a Lye to the utmost Pitch, exclaims, Learning itself stands amaz'd to hear you, and even Admiration is out-done. The great Man strutting, and fetching up two or three Gulps, the Fore-Runners of a Vomit, drivell'd out these Words, *I am much concern'd for the Loss of my two Ships.* Immediately the Parasites renew'd their Flatteries, and romancing without Measure, one of them reply'd, That that Loss redounded to his Honour, that it fell out as could have been wish'd, and nothing could have happen'd more opportunely, since it administred an Opportunity of falling out with his Neighbours, from whom he might take two hundred in lieu of those two, which might easily be compass'd. To prove this, the false Flatterer produc'd many Examples. Another said, That Loss was the greatest Testimony of his Grandeur, for only he was a great Prince who had much to lose; that losing was a better Demonstration of Power, than gaining and acquiring, which were the Practice of Pyrates and Robbers. That Damage sustain'd, he added, would be the enriching of him; and then began to fill his Ears with Sentences out of *Tacitus*, *Salust*, *Polybius*, *Thucydides*, and other Authors; representing the vast Losses of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and a Thousand other Extravagancies. The mighty Glutton, who only study'd how to excuse his Sloath, took these Falsehoods as full Satisfaction for his Loss. The Devil himself could not have contriv'd a better Way to infatuate him. At this Time the Crudity of his Stomach, for want of Digestion, cast up a Belch, which made the Room to eccho. No sooner had the cursed Parasites heard it, than kneeling down to make him believe he had sneez'd, they unanimously said, *God bless you.* That very Minute began the Hour, and the great Man raving as if exagerated by Furies, cry'd out, *Villains, since you would impose upon me so far as to make a Belch pass for a*

Sneeze, tho' my Mouth and my Nose are so close together, what can I expect you would do in those Things I neither see nor smell. Then shaking his Hands about his Ears, as if he were driving away their Lyes, he ran to them, and kick'd them out of the Palace, saying, *Had those Fellows come upon me when I had a Cold, they had utterly undone me; one Sense that was left me prov'd their Ruin, there is no greater Happiness than Smelling.*

The Misers warn'd by costly Experience, separate themselves from the Cheats; and these rather than lose their Trade attack'd one another, disguising their Words, and counterfeiting Plain Dealing. Says one Cheat to another, *Sir, having paid dear for dealing with Sharpers, who have been my Ruin, I come to you who are no Stranger to my Honesty, to desire you will lend me* 3000 *Royals in* * *Brass, upon a Bill which is accepted and payable in Silver within two Months; the Party the Bill is drawn upon is so responsible, the Money is as good as if you had it in your Pocket, and you will have no further Trouble than telling of it.* But the Man on whom he gave the Bill was the very Sink of Fraud and Deceit. The Sharper, who heard the other Sharper commending the Third, pretended not to be acquainted with the Qualifications of either, and arming himself with his own Weapons, with a doleful Deliberation, answer'd, That he was just then come abroad to borrow 4000 Royals upon a Pawn that was worth eight. They all accosted one another with gilt Chains that were to pass for Gold, counterfeit Bills that were accepted, Sham Securities, False Notes, Plate they borrow'd for a Feast, and Bits of Glass and *Bristol* Stones under the Title of Diamonds. It was wonderful to hear the Discourse that pass'd betwixt them. One said, 'Honesty is the best Policy, and 'Plain-dealing is a Jewel. I had rather die in a Ditch, 'than do a base Thing. I stand upon my Reputation, 'o'tis a great Blessing not to be afraid to show one's Face; 'this has been my Education from my Cradle. Another

'of

* *There are such Quantities of Copper-Money in* Spain, *that great Sums are often paid in it, and great Consideration is allow'd for Payments in Gold or Silver.*

' of the Cheats anſwer'd. There is nothing like keep-
' ing Touch, an honeſt Man's Word is as good as his
' Bond, I never deſir'd ill-gotten Riches, I will have
' nothing that may require Reſtitution, my Soul is more
' precious to me than all the World, I would not be
' guilty of one Cheat for all the Riches in the Earth, I
' value my Conſcience above all the Univerſe contains.'
Thus were theſe Diſſemblers diſguiſing their ſly Deſigns with fair Speeches, when the Hour came upon them, and every Sharper believing his Companion, they all ruin'd one another. He that had the falſe Chain gave it for the Counterfeit Bill, he that ſhow'd the Glaſs Diamonds exchang'd them for the borrow'd Plate. The one ran to the Goldſmith, the other with his Bill to the Banker, to compound for half in ready Money, before the Cheat of the Chain was diſcover'd. The Banker told him the Bill was not his, neither did he know any ſuch Man, and ſent him away with a Flea in his Ear. Away ſlunk the Sharper with his Bill inſtead of his Tail betwixt his Legs; ſaying, *O Dog, what a Trick had he ſerv'd me, but that the Chain was made of old Iron.* He that parted with the falſe Diamonds for the Plate being at the Goldſmith's, ſelling it for leſs than the Weight, rejoyc'd to think how he had bubbled the other with Bits of Glaſs. In comes the right Owner, and ſeeing his Plate ſwing in the Scale, calls an *Alguazil*, and ſeizes the Cheat for a Thief, and they fell together by the Ears. At the Noiſe out runs he with the falſe Diamonds: He that was ſelling the Plate, cry'd out, *That Rogue ſold it to me.* The other anſwer'd, *He lies, he ſtole it from me.* The Goldſmith cry'd, *That Scoundrel would have ſold me Pebbles for Diamonds.* The Owner of the Plate was for ſeizing them both; the Scribe was for ſecuring them all three till the Matter was decided. The *Alguazil* ſeiz'd the two Cheats, and the Scribe led the Owner of the Plate by the Cloak. After the Rogues had well buffeted one another, and thus well attended by the Mob, they were led to Goal, and there put into Cuſtody of the Hangman's Maſter of the Wardrobe.

There is a small Island on the Coast of *Denmark*, in which there are five Towns. The Lord of this Place was very poor, rather because he coveted much, than that he wanted for any Thing. God had afflicted the Inhabitants with a general Inclination in them all to be Projectors, so that the Land seemed to be infested with as many Monsters as there were Men. All the neighbouring People shunn'd these Islanders as they would the Plague, for the very Air that came from them was so contagious, it consumed their Stocks, blasted their Fields, wasted their Treasure, and ruined their Trade. So prodigious was the natural Proneness to projecting in that Country, that the very sucking Babes, instead of *Daddy* and *Mammy*, cry'd out nothing but *Project*. The whole Island was a confus'd Chaos, for Man and Wife, Father and Son, Neighbour and Neighbour, were ever jangling and bawling about their Projects, and they were as intoxicated with them, as if they had been drunk with Wine. The Lord of this Place (Avarice, which is one of the worst Devils that distracts the World, having gain'd the Ascendant over him) order'd a general Gathering of Projects. Legions of Projectors assembled before his Palace, with Scrips and Scroles of Paper stuck in their Girdles, and run through their Button-Holes, and peeping out of their Pockets. The Lord having made known his Wants, demanded their Assistance, and they all at once laying hold of their Papers, and crowding till they had almost stifled one another, in an Instant heap'd up four Tables with their Memoirs. The Hurry being somewhat over, he began to look over them. The first Paper he opened was entituled to this Effect, *A Project for getting an infinite Quantity of Silver and Gold, without asking it, or taking it from any Body.* A difficult Proposition in my Mind, says the Lord. The second, *How to gather unmeasurable Treasure by taking it from all Men, and enriching them by taking it away.* The first quoth the Lord, of taking from all Men, I like; but as to the second, which is to enrich them by taking it from them, I am dubious, yet let them look to that. The third, *An easie, pleasing and just Project for amassing of many Millions, in such Manner, that they who are to*

pay

pay them shall not miss them, but rather think they are bestowed on them. This I approve of, leaving the persuasive Part to the Projector. The fourth Project undertakes to make what is deficient to superabound, without adding any Thing, or taking away, and without giving any Body Cause of Complaint. A Project so inoffensive can have nothing of Truth in it. The fifth, which offers to furnish all that shall be desired, directs to take by fair and foul Means, and to ask of all Men, and they will give themselves to the Devil. This Project having to do with the Devil seem'd practicable. The Author encouraged by this Approbation, added, *And I propose that those who levy it, shall be a Comfort to them who suffer by it.* The Devil put it into his Head to let slip that Word, Furies possess the Projectors, who thunder out Reproaches against him, calling him *Sot* and *Dog*, and crying, *Thou Scoundrel, Hell itself could never have proposed a Comfort in Tax-gatherers, they themselves being the greatest of Grievances.* They call'd one another *Sons of Projectors*, as it had been *Sons of Whores*, condemning one another's Proposals, and each approving only of his own. In the Height of this Fray, many of the Lord's Servants came running, and crying, the Palace was on Fire in three several Places, and the Wind blew high. Just then began the Hour, the Smoak was great, and the Flame ascended. The Lord, in that Consternation knew not which Way to turn himself. The Projectors bid him sit still, and they would set all to Rights in a Moment; and rushing out from his Presence, some laid Hands on all they found in the House, casting the Cabinets, Tables, Glasses, and all that was of Value, out at the Windows; others with Sledges overthrew a Tower; others saying, the Fire would cease as soon as it had Vent, uncovered a great Part of the House, breaking down the Roofs, and destroying all that stood in their Way. None of them went about to quench the Fire, but all were employed in pulling down the House, and confounding all that was in it. The Lord seeing the Smoke decrease, went out, and found that the common People, with his Officers and Servants, had overcome the Fire, yet at the same Time

perceiving that the Projectors were tearing up the very Foundations, had demolished his Palace, and spoil'd all his Furniture: Incens'd and raging at this hideous Sight, he cry'd out, 'Dogs, you are worse than the Fire, and 'such are all your Projects; it were better I had been 'burnt than to have given Ear to you, so destructive are 'all the Remedies you apply. You overturn a whole 'House, for fear a Corner of it should fall, and throw 'the best Goods into the Steeet, pretending to save 'them. You feed a Prince with his own Limbs, and 'pretend to maintain him, when at the same Time he 'is devouring himself. Villains, justly did the Fire 'come to burn me, for gathering and suffering you 'to live, but when it perceiv'd me in the Power of 'Projectors it ceased, concluding I was already consumed. 'Fire is the most merciful of Projectors, for Water 'quenches it, but you increase in Spight of all the Ele-'ments. Antichrist will be a Projector, and shall burn 'you all alive, and keep your Ashes to make Lye to 'wash out the Stains of all Commonwealths.

The Bawds and Whores had gathered a wicked Council, where they rail'd at the Purses they could not come at, and spoke ill of Money that was out of their Reach. The antientest of the Bawds, mumbling her Words betwixt her Gums, with a hollow Tone, proceeding from the Want of Teeth, grunted out these Words to the Assembly; 'The World is now at the last Gasp, it is a star-'ving Age, Things are at the worst, Fairings and New-'Years-Gifts are long since out of Date, Love-Offerings 'are scarce remembred, Money is come to that Pass, no 'Body knows it, and it is vanished from our Sight; a 'Crown Piece is shewn about, as if it were an Elephant, 'and Pistoles are still'd of blessed Memory. Promises 'have succeeded in the Place of ready Coin. A Compli-'ment with, You may rely upon my Word, is the 'common Stop gap, and an empty Note passes for cur-'rent Cash. Your spruce Beaus, with Bushy Wigs and 'long Sword-knots, will reduce you to a Morsel of 'Bread. Our Business is to have and to hold, to seize 'the ready *Rhino*, and to be paid before-hand. I re-'commend to you certain Men that are half rotten, that

'live

'live in the Space betwixt Dotage and the Grave, that 'trim up a walking Skeleton, and lay up for no Heir 'but their Luxury, paying well for the Weakneſs of 'their Limbs. Intereſt takes away all Squeamiſhneſs; 'ſhut your Eyes, and ſtop your Noſes, as if you were 'ſwallowing a Purge; a bitter Draught is ſometimes a 'wholſome Medicine. Make account that you burn old 'Lace for the Silver, or ſuck a Bone to get out the Mar-'row. I have half a Dozen of dry old Dotards, who ſpit 'Pieces of Eight for every one of you. I do not deſire 'the Thirds, but ſhall be ſatisfy'd with ſome ſmall Al-'lowance to keep up that Reputation I have preſerv'd 'all my Life.' She ſaid, and cloſing her Chin with the Tip of her Noſe, made a Face like a Nut-cracker. One of the young Harpies reply'd, 'Thou antiquated Con-'triver of Delight, Coupler of Male and Female, Tack-'er of Nations, Joiner of Giblets, and Counterfeiter 'of Faces, conſider we are too young to be ſold to im-'potent Curmudgeons; make Uſe of your Rhetorick 'among the decay'd Governantes, who are but walking 'Carcaſſes playing about the Grave, as Butterflies do a-'bout a Candle, till they drop into it. Young Blood is 'more inclined to the Fleſh than to Money, and prefers 'Pleaſure before Riches, therefore let me adviſe you to 'chuſe ſome other Trade, for Quality has now taken up 'that of Bawding, and I hope to ſee rotten Eggs 'thrown at their Coaches inſtead of the Pillory.' Scarce had the Night-Walker ſpoke the laſt Word, when the Hour began, and a whole Shoal of Creditors ruſhing in, fell upon them. The Landlord ſeiz'd the Beds and Hangings for Houſe-rent, the Upholſterer their Cloaths for the Hire of his Goods, till both, with a hideous Noiſe, fell foul of each other. At the ſame Time a Broker puts in for his Cloaths. The Wenches ſhreik'd, calling them rude unmannerly Fellows, threatning what they would do, and ſwearing they would never put up ſuch an Affront. The damn'd old Bawd bleſs'd herſelf with both Hands, and roar'd as high as the loudeſt. In comes a Bully to one of the Jilts, and, without asking Queſtions, draws his Sword, and falls upon the Credi-tors, calling them Thieves and Robbers. They drew,

'and

and in the Fray overturned and broke all the Goods in the Room. The Wenches ran to the Windows, crying, *Help, Help, Murder, Murder.* At this Summons up comes an *Alguazil* with all his Retinue, bidding them keep the King's Peace. The Broil grew hotteſt upon the Stairs, till out they ruſh'd into the Street, ſome wounded, others with their Cloaths rent. The Ruffian with a broken Head, but without Hat or Cloak, took Sanctuary in a Church. The *Alguazil* entred the Houſe, and ſeeing the old Woman, laid violent Hands on her, ſaying, *Art thou here ſtill, old* Belzebub, *after having been thrice baniſh'd? Thou art the Ringleader of all this Miſchief.* Then ſeizing her with the young Fry, and ſecuring all they had, he drove them away half naked, with their Hair about their Ears, to Goal, all the Rabble attending and ſhouting, *Away with the Whores.*

A Counſellor at Law, whoſe greateſt Learning lay in his grizly Beard, like *Sampſon*'s Strength in his Hair, ſat in a Room better furniſhed with Books than he was with Conſcience. His whole Study was how to embroil his Clients, not to conſult his Authors, and yet was ſo proud of his Library, that being a meer *Ignoramus*, it might truly be ſaid, he knew not the Value of it. He had gain'd a great Reputation by his roaring Voice, his moving Geſtures, and a wonderful Fluency of Tongue, wherewith he bore down all other Lawyers. His Chamber could ſcarce contain his Clients, every one preſſing forward to lay his Caſe open, and empty his Purſe. All his Anſwers were, *I am fully informed. I have ſtudy'd the Caſe. Your Right is undeniable. It agrees with the expreſs Letter of the Law. It is as clear as the Day. There is no Difficulty in this Suit. It is a Caſe adjudged. The Law is directly on your Side. It will eaſily be determined. The Judges are for us. Your Adverſary has nothing to ſay for himſelf. All that has been done is void in itſelf. That Judgment muſt be reverſed. Be ruled by me.* Some he order'd to petition, others to appeal, others to demur, others to put in their Interrogatories, others to bring their Writ of Error, and others to ſuborn freſh Witneſſes. All that immenſe Number of Volumes was turned over, and nothing reſounded but an unintelligible Confuſion of Law-Gibberiſh. The Coun-

ſellor

ſellor demanded his Fee, the Sollicitor his Due, the Attorney his Reward, the Clerk his Perquiſites, and the Scrivener his Pay. Whilſt they were in this Debate, the Hour began, and the Clients, unanimouſly, as if it had been one Man, cry'd out, 'Good Mr Serjeant, in all 'Suits the Adverſary is the leaſt of Evils, for he ſues at 'his own Coſt, and you plead for us at our own; and 'you the Sollicitor, the Clerk, and the Attorney, run 'away with our Money. The Adverſary waits for Judg-'ment, and purſues upon an Appeal, but you and your 'Adherents give a definitive Sentence in your own Be-'half. Our Suit may go for and againſt us, but in the 'following of it we muſt of Neceſſity be caſt four Times 'a-Day; ſo that in the End we may obtain our Right, 'but have loſt our Money. All thoſe Authors cannot 'perſuade us, but it is a Madneſs to ſpend what we have, 'to get what another Man has, and perhaps be at laſt 'diſappointed. We had rather have one Adverſary than 'five; for ſuppoſing the Suit ſhould go on our Side, it 'will be when it has ruined us. Lawyers defend their 'Clients, as Seamen do their Ships in a Storm, throwing 'over all they have, that, if it be God's Will, they 'may be brought into their Port empty. The beſt Ad-'vice is to agree amongſt ourſelves; for by agreeing we 'ſhall ſave what you take from us. We are all going 'to compound with our Adverſaries. Your beſt Reve-'nues ariſe out of our Obſtinacy, and if we by com-'pounding, ſhould loſe all we ſued for, at leaſt we ſhall 'gain all that you loſe. We would adviſe you to put 'a Bill upon your Door; for we think it better to 'ſpend our Money upon Whores than Lawyers; and 'for your Part, ſince your only Buſineſs has been to ſet 'Men together by the Ears, it will be your beſt Courſe 'to turn Soldier or Stateſmen.'

The Vintners, a perverſe Generation, who raiſe the Price of their Wine, at the ſame Rate that they brew Water, ſelling the Rain diſguis'd and diſcoloured with Sloes, and the Dregs of their Hogſheads, for the Juice of the Grape, were met in a Tavern to the Number of ſix or Seven, with as many Bullies and Highway-Men, and a *Quorum* of Draggle-Tail'd Jilts, newly whip'd out of

of *Bridewell*, who danc'd themſelves dry, and drank to dance again. The Bumpers flew about like Lightning, to the Tune of Three in a Hand. *Delicate Wine*, quoth one of the Sparks, perceiving the Cheat, and winking upon the Knave that was to pledge him. The other, who feared it would breed Frogs in his Belly, rather than ſend Fumes into his Brain, reply'd, *This is truly a rich Wine, and we poor Rogues; for the Waters belong to the Rich and not to the Poor.* The Vintner hearing their Flouts, call'd them Sots, bidding them drink and hold their Peace, *Drink and ſwim, you ſhould have ſaid*, reply'd one of the good Fellows. This Minute began the Hour, and the whole Company growing mutinous, threw the Pots and Glaſſes at the Vintner, crying, *Inhuman Water-ſeller, we are more like drowned Rats than Drunkards, thou makeſt us pay by the Quart for the River Water thou bringeſt in by the Hogſhead.* The Vintner having nothing to ſay for himſelf, cry'd, *Water, Water*, as if his Houſe had been a-fire, and rouling his Hogſheads into the Street, knock'd out the Heads of them, letting the Liquor run down the Channel.

A Swarm of 32 Candidates, all aiming at one Employment, were waiting to ſpeak with the Nobleman in whoſe Gift it was. Each of them fancy'd himſelf as deſerving, as the reſt unworthy of it. Every one bleſs'd himſelf, and admir'd at the Madneſs and Impudence of the reſt, for pretending to what he imagin'd to be due to him alone. They beheld one another with evil Eyes, and Hearts full of Malice, and meditated how to ſlander and defame. Their Looks were ſower and ſtarch'd, but their Joints in continual Motion. Every Time the Door creak'd, they made a thouſand Bows on all Hands, and as many ſubmiſſive Grimaces. Not ſo much as a Page could paſs by without a loving Salute and kind Look. The Secretary happening to ruſh thro' the Room, their Submiſſions were ſo profound, as if they would have kiſs'd the Ground he trod on. He caſting a Glance like a Shame-fac'd Girl, preſs'd thro', ſaying, *Excuſe me Gentlemen, I am now in haſte.* The Nobleman call'd for his Deſk, and ſat to diſpatch Buſineſs, when upon a falſe Alarm, thinking themſelves ſummon'd

ſummon'd to appear, one of the Candidates cries, *It is I*; another, *I come*; and others, *Here I am*, crowding themſelves to Death againſt the Door. The poor Lord underſtanding what a Peal of Petitions attended him, knew not which Way to turn himſelf. He ſilently curs'd himſelf, ſaying, *It was one of the greateſt Bleſſings in the World to have to give, provided there were none to aſk; and that Favours, that they might not be a Plague to him that beſtows them, ought to be freely offer'd, and never ſu'd for.* The Dunners impatient of Delay, waſted inwardly, conſidering there was but one Employment, and the Candidates were many. The Lord conſider'd, he could pleaſe but one, and muſt diſoblige 31; however to be rid of them, he reſolv'd they ſhould be admitted, and in order to it, put on a ſtern Countenance, and look'd like a Statue, that he might appear with more Majeſty. In they ruſh'd in a Crowd, and he perceiving they would all Tongue-pad him at once, ſaid, *There is but one Employment, and you are a Number, I would gladly beſtow the Place upon one, and ſatisfy you all.* As he had dropt the laſt Word the Hour commenc'd, and the Lord beſtowing the Employment upon one, entail'd the Reverſion of it upon them all one after another, *World without End.* The wretched preſumptive Heirs began to wiſh one another dead, praying for Pleuriſies, Aſthma's, Conſumptions, Plagues, Apoplexies, Fluxes, ſudden Deaths, and all manner of Diſaſters. Scarce were two Minutes paſt ſince the Entail, when every Man thought his Predeceſſor had liv'd to the Age of *Methuſalem*; and tho' the Tenth Man computed his Turn could not come till 500 Years after, yet every Man was pleas'd to wait the Death of his Predeceſſor. Only the 31ſt finding by his Reckoning, that his Turn fell out exactly with the End of the World, and after the coming of Antichriſt, ſaid, *My Poſſeſſion and the general Conflagration hit exactly together, I ſhall make a fine Buſineſs of my Employment; when I am burnt at the Day of Judgment, who will oblige the Dead to pay me my Wages? For my Part, I wiſh the 30th Succeſſor a long Life, for when the Employment comes to him, the World will be at the Gaſp.* The Lord left them ſtriving

ſtriving to out-live and deſtroy one another, and went himſelf away in a Paſſion, to ſee them protracting their Ages beyond Doomſday, and even coping with Eternity. He that had carry'd the Employment, ſtood amaz'd to conſider what a long Succeſſion of Heirs he had got, and at laſt ſlunk away, reſolving to eat light Suppers, and prevent taking Cold. The reſt look'd upon one another as ſo many mutual Plagues, and reciprocally curſing their Lives, each fancy'd Diſeaſes in the other, and added to the Number of his Years; every Succeſſor threatning his Forerunner with Death, giving him over as a gone Man and wiſhing him in the Hands of Phyſicians; which is the ſame as to be deliver'd up to the Hangman.

A ſort of Men that borrow after the Manner of the Day that is paſt, never to return again, who ſnap at a Purſe, as a Spider does at a Fly that's entangled in her Web, lie tumbling in Bed till the Evening for want of Rags to cover their Nakedneſs. Among them they had laid out half a Crown they had mump'd, in Wafers, Ink, Pens and Paper, which they had conſum'd in begging Letters all to the ſame Effect, expreſſing how urgent the Occaſion was, their Reputation lying at ſtake, and even their Life, with Aſſurances of a ſpeedy Return, and Profeſſions of Eternal Acknowledgment. However, in caſe they ſhould not meet with Money, they concluded with the *Ne plus Ultra* of impudent Beggary, deſiring, in caſe there was no ready Caſh, they would be pleas'd to ſend them ſomething of Value to pawn, which ſhould be moſt carefully ſecur'd. By Way of Poſtſcript, they begg'd Pardon for the Boldneſs, proteſting they would not be ſo free with any other Perſon. They had drawn about an hundred of theſe Notes to be diſpers'd in all the Corners of the Town, whither they were convey'd by one of the Fraternity, a notable Spunger that had a Tongue well hung, and with his grave Beard and long Cloak, not a little reſembled a well travell'd Mountebank. The Herd of Letter-Beggars remain'd, computing how much Money the Meſſenger would bring, and a curſed Noiſe there was about the Sum. Nor did it ſtop here, for they wrangled about the

the laying it out, and having given one another the Lye, at laſt they leap'd out of their Beds, with ſuch Fragments of Shirts, that there was no Occaſion to take them up to diſcover their Lower Parts. In came their mumping Poſt with an Air that ſpoke no Relief; both his Hands were at Liberty, and his Arms open, which foreboded Emptineſs. All that appear'd, was a great Bundle of Notes. They all ſtood amaz'd, ſeeing their Contrivance had ended in empty Anſwers, and in a doleful Tone ſaid, *What have we got? No Money*, reply'd the poor Scoundrel, *you may divert your ſelves with Reading, ſince you have no Occaſion of telling.* They began to open the Notes. The firſt was to this Effect; 'I was never ſo much concern'd at any Thing in all 'my Life, as my not being at preſent in a Condition to 'ſerve you in a Matter of ſo little Value. He might 'have ſerv'd me, *(quoth the Reader)* and have had 'more Cauſe to be concern'd.' The Second Note; 'Sir, had I receiv'd yours Yeſterday, I could have ob'lig'd you, and been proud of the Occaſion. A Curſe 'of Yeſterday *(ſays he)* that is the daily Plague of 'all Mumpers.' The Third Note: 'It is ſuch a miſe'rable Time. O damn'd Almanack maker, *(crys the 'Shark)* we aſk for Money, and you tell us what Wea'ther it is.' The Fourth Note; 'Sir, your Want can'not be ſo grievous to you, as to me it is that I can'not relieve you. Who the Devil told you ſo *(exclaims 'the poor Wretch)* doſt thou pretend to Divination, 'thou Miſer, and propheſy when you ought to give. 'No more reading *(they all cry'd) and making a helliſh 'Charm, they added*; It is now Night, to make up what 'has been expended, let us gnaw the Wafers of the 'Letters for our Supper, and ſell theſe and two other 'Parcels of Notes we have by us to the Confectioner, 'who will give at leaſt four Royals for them to paper 'up Comfits, wrap Sugar, and lay under Biſcuits in the 'Oven.' Says the Letter Carrier, 'This Trade of 'Borrowing has been out of the World theſe ten Years. 'A Man had better give what he aſks, than endure the 'Geſtures and ſcurvy Looks of thoſe he accoſts; and if 'you calculate the whole, the Expence of Paper and

'Shoes is greater than the Profit, your only Way is to 'look out sharp.' In this Posture were the Paper-Mumpers when the Hour began, and the lightest of Equipage said; 'We are very ceremonious with other Mens 'Money, and if we expect it should fly in at our Windows, we may die in a Ditch. Rhetorick is no good 'Picklock, and fine Words reach the Ears, but not the 'Pockets; to listen to one that begs, is the Devil. It 'is much easier to take than to ask. When all Men 'hoard, it is no time to wait their Generosity. Our 'Business is to steal bare-fac'd, and with Consideration, 'that is, considering we must steal in such Manner, that 'there may be enough for the Accuser, for the Clerk, 'for the Constable, for the Attorney, for the Sollicitor, 'for the Counsellor, for the Jaylor, for the Judge, and 'for our selves; for when what is stolen ends, the Hangman begins. My Friends, if they banish us, it is better than that they should bury us; if they pillory us, 'it breaks no Bones; and as for the Shame of it, none 'of our Spectators have any; if they whip us, we may 'be content, for Beggars must not be Chusers, and at 'least we shall have the Satisfaction of hearing our 'white Skins commended; and as soon as the Show is 'over the Doublet hides the Lashes. If they put us 'upon the Rack, we are in no Danger, for all they endeavour is to make us speak the Truth, which we 'never do; therefore let us be like the Taylors, and 'we are safe enough. To be sent to the Gallies is only 'going into the King's Service with * a bald Pate, and 'Galley Slaves serve only to supply the Want of Sails. 'If they hang us, which is the utmost Extremity, that 'Day twelve Month will be a Year, and every Man 'that is hang'd honours his Parents, for tho' he be never so mean a Scoundrel, the Blockheads of the Spectators say, He is very well born, and of a good Family. Nay, if it were only for the Pleasure of chousing the Doctor and Apothecary at one Death, a Man 'might be well enough pleas'd to die of the Hempen 'Disease.' Gentlemen, mind your Hits. Scarce were the

* *The Galley Slaves have always their Heads shaved.*

the laſt Words out of his Mouth, when wrapping the Sheets about them, and ſwallowing the Oyl that was in a Lamp, they let themſelves out of the Window with a Blanket into the Street, and away they ſcour'd to ſearch Cheſts, pick Locks, and dive into Pockets.

Two Ruffians were brought to the Gallows for half a dozen Murders. One of them had already taken his Swing, and the other was mounted on the Ladder, with the Hangman aſtride over his Shoulders. Among the Crowd of Spectators, two Phyſicians riding after Fevers and Plagues, made a Halt, and beholding the Criminals, began to weep like Children, with ſuch a Deluge of Tears, that the People about them aſk'd whether thoſe that ſuffer'd were their Sons. They anſwer'd, That they did not know them, but wept to ſee Men dye without paying any Thing to the Faculty. That Moment began the Hour, and the Criminal ſpying the Doctors, ſaid; 'Gentlemen of the Faculty, here is Room for you, if 'you pleaſe, for you have kill'd enough to deſerve my 'Place, and your Skill in diſpatching Men renders you 'worthy of the Hangman's. *Galen* and *Hippocrates* 'muſt not ſend all to the Grave, Hemp is as effectual 'as an Aphoriſm. Thoſe Mules that carry you about 'to commit ſo many Murders, are no better than Lad-'ders to mount you to the Gallows. This is a Time 'to ſpeak Truth, had I us'd the *Recipe* inſtead of the '*Dagger*, I had not come to this End, tho' I had maſ-'ſacred all the Spectators. I beg a Dozen Maſſes for 'my Soul, which you may eaſily foiſt into one of the 'Wills you forward.

A cheating Gameſter was at Play with a ſharping Bully, upon Tick, as believing it the Way to draw him in deeper than if the Money had lain upon the Table, and ſcor'd the Loſs with Counters. He pack'd the Cards, having let him win ſomething at firſt, the better to ſecure him, and now and then gave him a tolerable Hand, but then fetch'd it back with Intereſt; ſo that the Bully ran down a-pace, yet not without being very ſenſible of what was put upon him. The Hour came upon them, and the Gameſter reckoning his Counters, ſaid, *Sir, you owe me two hundred Crowns.* The Bully

counting them over again, as if he had design'd to pay, answer'd, *Good Sir, I must confess you are an absolute Master at your Trade, and have as much Slight of Hand as any Jugler, but you have not learn'd my Trick yet, which is never to pay what I lose; add that to the rest, and you'll be compleat. You may reckon you play'd for nothing, and that all we have lost will be our Time, and that neither of us can recover.*

A lean ragged Chymist, who look'd as if he had extracted the Juice out of his Flesh, and calcin'd his Cloaths, had wheedled a Miser to give Ear to him, as he stood at a Man's Door who sold Charcoal, and was telling him, 'I am a natural Philosopher, and by the Grace of God 'a Chymist. I have found the Philosophers Stone, which 'is a Medicine of Life, and produces a transcendant 'Transmutation infinitely multiplicable; for with the 'Powder of this Stone, by Projection, I turn into the 'purest and most refined Gold, Quick Silver, Iron, 'Lead, Tin and Silver. I can make Gold of Grass, 'Egg-shels, Hair, Blood, Piss and of the very Dirt. 'This I can do in a few Days, and with small Expence. 'I dare not discover my self to any Body, because if the 'King should hear of it, he would clap me into Goal to 'save *India* Voyages and the Trouble of digging in the 'Mines. I know you to be a Person of Discretion, Quality and Worth, and therefore have resolv'd to trust 'you with a Secret of such Importance and so admirable, 'that in a few Days it will make you Master of Millions.' The Miser listened to him with a greedy Ear, and so wrapt in Contemplation of the Millions, that his Fingers wagg'd for Eagerness of telling them. His Avarice could not contain itself within Bounds, but gush'd out at his Eyes, and he had in his Imagination already converted his Frying-Pans, Spits, Kettles and Candlesticks into Bars of Gold. He ask'd what would be the Charge of the Operation; the Chymist reply'd, 'Little or nothing, 'for fifty Crowns was enough to convert all the World 'into Gold and Silver, because the greatest Expence would 'be in Lymbecks and Crucibles; for the Elixir, which is 'the vivifying Sprit of Gold, would cost nothing, and 'might be had *gratis* every where; neither should a Far-

'thing

thing be ſpent in Charcoal, becauſe he ſublimated, di-
' geſted, ſeperated, rectify'd, and circulated all with Lime
' and Dung.' The Coalman was liſtening to this Tale of a Tub, fretting to hear him ſay he would uſe no Charcoal; but juſt then began the Hour, and the Coalman well powder'd with Charcoal Duſt, and ſmelling of the Devil's Perfume, falls upon the Chymiſt, ſaying, *Thou Vagabond, Scoundrel, Raſcal, why doſt thou feed up that honeſt Man with imaginary Gold?* The Chymiſt in a Fury gave him the Lye, which the Coalman ſo readily anſwer'd with a Cuff; it was ſcarce diſcernable which was firſt. They both fell to Loggerheads, and in a trice, the Chymiſt's batter'd Noſe ran like a Lymbeck. The Miſer could not part them, not daring to meddle becauſe of the Duſt and Smoot. They ſtuck ſo cloſe to one another, it was impoſſible to diſcern which was the Coalman, or who had ſmooted the other. At length they were parted by the People that paſs'd by, but in ſuch a Condition, they look'd as if they had been rowl'd in Lamp-black, and trim'd with Snuffs of Candles. Says the Charcoal-man, ' This poor
' Devil tells thee, he'll make Gold of Dirt and old Iron, and
' at the ſame time his Cloaths are all in Tatters, and he looks
' as if he had been robbing the Rag-Woman. I know
' theſe Fellows, for one of them cheated a Neighbour of
' mine, and made him lay out at my own Houſe at leaſt
' a thouſand Crowns in Coals only, and that in the Space
' of two Months, telling him he would make Gold, and
' he only made Smoak, and Aſhes, but at laſt ran away
' with all he had. But I (quoth the Chymiſt) will per-
' form what I undertake, and ſince you make Gold and
' Silver of Coals, and of the Stones, Dirt and Rubbiſh
' you throw among them, and of the Cheats of your
' Weight, why may not I, with my Art, and the Aſſi-
' ſtance of *Rualdus*, *Geber*, *Avicen*, *Morienus*, *Hermes*,
' *Vulſtadius*, *Crolius*, *Libavius*, and *Hermes's Samarag-
' dine Table*, make Gold as well as you. The Charcoal-
' man in a Fume replyed, Becauſe all thoſe Authors
' make you mad, and you make him that believes you a
' Beggar. I ſell Coals, and you burn them, which is
' the Reaſon I convert them into Gold and Silver, and
' you turn them into Soot. The true Philoſopher's

Stone, is to buy cheap and sell dear, and a Pox on all your Catalogue of hard Names, I declare, I would with more Satisfaction freely give my Coals to burn you with all your Papers, than sell them for ready Money. As for you, Sir, you may make Account, that this Day you became Master of your Money, and if you desire to increase it, Trade is the only thing that multiplies Coin, and makes one Pistole in a Month produce another. But if you are weary of your Bags, empty them into a House of Office, and whensoever you repent, you may take them out with more Ease and Cleaness, than ever you will recover them from the Bellows and Distilation of this miserable Wretch, who being himself a meer Ragamuffin, pretends to out do the Treasures of *India*, and defy the Mines of *Potosi*.

Three *Frenchmen* were travelling into *Spain*, over the Mountains of *Biscay*; one of them trundled before him a Wheel with the Implements for grinding Knives and Scissars; another carry'd before and behind two great Fardles of Bellows and Mouse-Traps; and the third had a Box of Combs and Pins. A poor *Spaniard* who was travelling into *France* a-Foot, with his Cloak on his Shoulder, met them about half Way in the Ascent of a craggy steep Hill. They sat down to rest in the Shade, and began to confer Notes. The *Spaniard* being asked, *Whither he travelled?* Answer'd, *He was going to* France, *being fled from Justice for some unlucky Pranks; that thence he would go into* Flanders *to appease the Judges, and gain Honour in his King's Service, because a* Spaniard *out of his own Country could not serve any other Master.* Being again asked, *How it came he had no Trade or Handicraft to maintain him in that long Journey:* He reply'd, 'The *Spainiards* had no Trade 'but War; that those who were poor and honest, bor-'rowed or begg'd by the Way; and those that were not 'so, robbed, as they did in all other Countries. More-'over he said, He admir'd they travelled from *France* 'through strange Countries and desolate Mountains with 'their Goods, being always in Danger of falling into 'the Hands of Highway-men. He desired they would 'inform him what moved them to leave their Country,

'and

'and what Profit they could propose to themselves in 'that Lumber they were loaded with, which, at a Di-'stance made them look frightful, and put Travellers 'into a Quandary, to determine what they were.' The Grinder, who stammer'd the best *Spanish* of the three, said, 'We are Gentlemen disgusted at the King of *France*, 'and have lost our Fortunes by being Malecontents; but 'I have made three Journeys into *Spain*, where, with 'this Wheel and these Stones, I have gathered many '*Spanish* Pistoles, which you call *Doubloons*.' The *Spaniard*, with a sour Look reply'd, 'Much good may do 'the King of *France* with his Faculty of curing the 'Evil, if he suffers Grinders and Pedlars to be Male-'contents.' Quoth the Grinder, 'You ought to look 'upon us Grinders as a Land Fleet, for with these Stones 'we sharpen and wear away your Bars of Gold more than 'your Knives and Scissars; take Notice of this crack'd 'Pot that drivels out the Water; this serves us to con-'vey home our Plate, without being exposed to the 'Troubles of the Sea, and Dangers of Storms; these 'Wheels, instead of Sails, carry us into all Parts, and 'being dispersed thro' all Countries with our Grind-'Stones, Combs and Pins, we gently draw after us the 'Revenues of your *Indian* Mines; and you may be sure 'it is no small Treasure that *France* catches in its Mouse-'traps and sucks in with its Bellows. 'Swoons, *faith the* 'Spaniard, tho' I knew not all this, yet I could easily per-'ceive your Bellows blew away our Money, and your 'Traps increas'd your Stock, but diminished not our 'Mice; and I have observed that ever since you sold Bel-'lows, we spend more Coals, and our Pots boil never the 'better; that since you bring us Traps, we are devour-'ed by Rats and Mice; that since you grind, all our 'Tools rust, wear, notch, and grow dull; and that in 'grinding our Knives you spoil them, that we may have 'Occasion to buy more of you. I am now convinced 'you *Frenchmen* are the Lice that devour all Parts of '*Spain*; that you bite us with the Teeth of your Combs, 'and grind us with your Stones; nor do I think that 'scratching is any Remedy against this Itching, but that 'it increases it, and makes us tear ourselves to Pieces

'with

'with our own Fingers. I hope in God I shall soon re-
'turn, and then will make it known there is no Re-
'medy against this Itch, but picking you out, and
'pressing you to Death. What shall I say of your
'Combs, but that they have made it fashionable to be
'bald, by wearing all the Hair off our Heads. I will
'make the Spaniards more cheary of their Mice, their
'Dandruff, and their Rust, that you may go to Hell to
'vend your Combs, Bellows, and Mouse-traps.' At this Moment began the Hour, and the *Spaniard* foaming with Passion, said, 'The Devil is at my Elbow, temp-
'ting me to murder you all, and make these Mountains as
'famous as formerly *Roncesvalles*, for the Overthrow of
'*Charlemaign*.' The Pedlars seeing him change Colour, and rave, rose up gabling amain, crying, *Mon Dieu*, and calling him *Coquin*. In an ill Hour did they name it, for the *Spaniard* drawing his Dagger, and running at the Grinder, made him quit his Wheel, which receiving the Stroke, tumbled down the Rocks, and was beaten to Shivers. Mean while the Trap-Merchant threw a Pair of Bellows at him, but he falling on with his Dagger, cut all the rest and broke the Traps to Pieces. The Comb-Pedlar laying down his Box, began to throw Stones; the other two followed his Example. All three ply'd the *Spaniard*, and he answer'd them all, there being such Plenty of that Sort of Ammunition in the Place, that they stumbled upon it. The *Frenchmen* kept their Distance for fear of the Dagger. The *Spaniard* guarded himself with his Cloak, and giving a Kick to the Pin-Box, it tumbled down the Rocks and flew open, strewing the Mountain with Pins and Combs; he seeing the Merchandize confounded, cryed out, *I have already begun to do my King good Service*; and seeing some Passengers on Mules come up and part them, desir'd they would give him a Certificate of the Victory he had obtained over the Vermin that infested *Spain*. The Passengers laugh'd, understanding the Cause of the Fray, and carrying away the *Spaniard* behind one of them, left the *Frenchmen* busy stopping the Holes in the Bellows, patching together the Mouse-Traps, mending the Wheel, and picking up the Pins that were scattered about the Clifts. The *Spaniard*

niard being at a good Distance, cry'd out to them, *If you were Malecontents in your own Country, ye Scoundrels, thank me for making you so in mine.*

Italy, once the Mistress of the World, and now only retaining the Memory of its former Grandeur, seeing its vast Monarchy cut out into so many Parcels, to enlarge the Dominions of several Princes, and its Territories rent asunder to patch up many scattered States, was now at length convinced how easy it was for others to take from her all that she alone had so happily taken from them all. Now therefore finding herself poor, and extremely light, as being eas'd of the Burden of many Provinces, she resolved to turn Rope-Dancer; and for want of Ground to walk upon, exercis'd herself upon the streight Rope, to the Astonishment of the whole World. She fixed the Ends of her Rope, the one at *Rome*, and the other at *Savoy*. *France* and *Spain* were the Spectators. The two Kings kept a watchful Eye upon her, observing to which Side she inclined as she danced, each striving to be ready to catch her if she fell. *Italy* perceiving what they aim'd at, laid hold of the Republick of *Venice*, and grasping it with both Hands as a Pole to poise her, leap'd and skipp'd at a wonderful Rate; sometimes making as if she would fall to one Side, and sometimes to the other, diverting herself with the Eagerness of both Parties stretching out their Arms to catch her, and surprizing others with her Skill in recovering herself, and deceiving them both. As they stood thus upon the Catch, the Hour began, and the King of *France* seeing no Probability of laying hold on her, began to loosen the End of the Rope which was fixed in *Savoy*, that she might come tumbling towards him. The *Spanish* Monarch perceiving it, clapp'd in the State of *Milan*, and Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily* as Supporters. *Italy* skipping in the Air, discovered that *Venice*, which she us'd as a Pole to poise, at the same Time crucify'd her, and therefore casting it from her, and laying hold of the Rope, she said; *So much for Rope-Dancing; for it is not for me to rise high, when the Lookers on wish I may fall, and the Pole that should poise crucifies me.* Then suspecting the Support of *Savoy*, she betook her self to *Rome*,

Rome, saying, *Since all are for seizing me, I'll take Sanctuary in the Church, where, if I chance to fall, I shall not want some Body to absolve me.*

The *Neapolitan* Courser, from whom some have stolen his Oats, and others drawn away his Hay, while some strove to make of him a Gelding, others a Mare, and others a Post Horse, perceiving, that whilst he was in the keeping of that incomparable Viceroy and invincible Captain General, the Duke of *Ossuna*, he would cope with *Bucephalus*, his Furniture being compos'd of the Treasures of *Venice* and *Brindisi*. That he had made him a Sea-horse by his many glorious Naval Victories; that he had turn'd him to Grass in *Cyprus*, and water'd him at *Tenedos*, when he dragg'd after the mighty Ship *Sultana* from *Thessalonica*, for which Action *Neptune* own'd him for his first begotten Son, brought forth in Opposition to *Minerva*. He remembred that Great Duke had shod him with the *Turkish* Half Moons, and that kicking up his Heels, he had dash'd out the Teeth of the *Venetian* Lion at the prodigious Battle near *Ragusa*, where with only fifteen Sail he defeated eighty, obliging them shamefully to retire with the Loss of many Galleys and Galleasses, and of the best of their Men. Calling to mind these Triumphs, and considering he had not now so much as a Horse-cloth, but was gaul'd and snuffled because they had thrown Feathers into his Manger; and that he was now put to draw a Coach, having been once so mettlesome, that the *Frenchmen*, tho' good Jockeys, could never sit him. The miserable Condition he saw himself reduc'd to, drove him into a desperate Melancholly, and that into raving Madness, so neighing fiercely, and breathing Fire, he thought to have imitated the *Trojan* Horse, and kicking and plunging to have overthrown the City. At the Noise, in came the Magistrates of *Naples*, who throwing one of their Gowns over his Head, blinded him, then stroaking and speaking him fair, they put on his Collar and Fetters; but as they were tying him to a Ring in the Stable, the Hour began. Two of them that were fartheſt off said, *It was more convenient and cheaper to give the Courser at once to the* Pope, *than every Year to send him a Nag with*

with a Purſe, for by their malicious Eyes it might be judged the Pope's *Nephews would ſome time overlook him.* The others ſurpriz'd at this Motion, anſwer'd; *That the King of* Spain *had ſecur'd him againſt that Diſtemper, by placing three Caſtles on his Forehead as a Spell, and that they would ſooner cut off his Legs, then ſee him ſerve like a Mule under long black Trappings, reſembling a Pall.* The two firſt reply'd, *They talk'd like Hereticks, in refuſing to be Papiſts, and that no Saddle would fit the Courſer like that of St* Peter. The others in a Paſſion ſaid, *That to prevent the Hereticks making the* Pope *loſe his Stirrups in that Saddle, it was convenient only the King of* Spain * *ſhould mount the Horſe.* Some were for the Mitre, others the Crown, and Words paſſing at laſt they came to Blows, ſo that a terrible Havock had been among them, but that the Elect of the People came in; and underſtanding the Cauſe of the Quarrel, ſaid, 'This Horſe, tho' hard mouth'd, has had many 'Maſters, and for the moſt Part has gone to them of 'his own Accord, and not ſuffered himſelf to be led. 'It is requiſite he be carefully look'd after, for there are 'in *Italy* many a-foot that look for Baggage Horſes, and 'Jockeys ready booted and ſpurred, and the old Horſe-'ſtealer who catch'd him ſometimes before, has now 'got a Back-Door to the Stable. Neither is it conveni-'ent any *French* Groom ſhould curry him, for they tickle 'and do not make him ſleek; and pray look to the 'Monſieurs, who wear the Canonical Robes, that they 'may have the better Opportunity to throw their Leg 'over him.'

The Great *Czar* of *Muſcovy* being exhauſted by the continual Inroads of the *Tartars*, and frequent Incroachments of the *Turks*, found himſelf neceſſitated to impoſe new Taxes upon his Subjects. To this Effect he ſummoned his Favourites, Servants, Miniſters, Counſellors, and the Commons of his Court, and ſpoke to them to this Effect; That they could not but be ſenſible of the great

* *This Author ſeems to have been a Prophet*, Naples *being now* (Anno 1742.) *under the Government of* Don Carlos, *a Son of the King of* Spain.

great Expence he was at in maintaining an Army to protect them againſt the Malice of their neighbouring Enemies; That no State could ſubſiſt without Taxes; That thoſe which are impos'd in preſſing Neceſſities were always juſt, and muſt be accounted no Burden, being employed in the Defence of thoſe that pay them, who purchaſe their Security, Lives, and Eſtates, with that ſmall Pittance, which, in a moderate and well regulated Tax, falls to every Man's Share to diſburſe; That he had aſſembled them to conſult their own Conveniency, and therefore expected their Anſwer would be ſuitable to their common Intereſt. The firſt that ſpoke were his Creatures and Miniſters, ſaying, 'The Propoſition was ſo 'good and juſt, it carry'd along with it its Anſwer and 'Conceſſion; That all was due to the Support of the 'Prince, and Defence of the Country, and therefore 'he might contrive according to his Pleaſure, to lay 'whatever Taxes he thought fit on his Subjects, be'cauſe all that they paid was for their own Intereſt and 'Security; and conſequently the greater the Burdens he 'laid upon them, the more he would convince them of 'the Confidence he repos'd in their Loyalty, and the 'greater would be their Honour.' The *Czar* heard them with Satisfaction, but not without ſome Miſtruſt, and therefore order'd the Commons to anſwer for themſelves. They, whilſt the Courtiers harrangued, had privately whiſper'd about, and pitch'd on one to be their Speaker, and deliver their Sentiments. He having taken a convenient Place, ſaid, 'Great Sir, your Dutiful Sub'jects whoſe Mouth I am, render you their moſt humble 'Thanks for your Care in protecting and defending them; 'they yield a blind Obedience to your Will, and whol'ly ſubmit themſelves to your Pleaſure, as becomes a 'People born under your Juriſdiction, who have ingraft'ed in them a hereditary Love and Reverence for you; 'and they beg Leave to put you in Mind, it is their 'Glory they have made this appear during your whole 'Reign, which God long continue over us; they are 'ſenſible you make their Protection your Care, and that 'it is that which makes you deſcend from being a So'vereign over them and their Fortunes, to become a Fa-

'ther

ther to every one, a Teſtimony of your Goodneſs which they infinitely value. They are not ignornnt of the many preſſing aad unexpected Accidents which bring upon you unavoidable Expences, not to be ſpared with Honour to you, or Safety to them, and they are convinced you are too far exhauſted to defray them. I, in Name of all your Subjects, freely offer all they poſſeſs without reſerving any Thing; but muſt alſo offer two Things to your Conſideration. The one is, That if you now take all your Subjects have, you will drain that Source which is always to ſupply you and your Heirs; and if you undo them, you do that which you fear your Enemies ſhould do; and the Conſequence is ſo much the more fatal to you, by how much their being ruined by the Enemy is dubious, and by you certain; and they who adviſe you to deſtroy yourſelf, to prevent being deſtroyed, are rather Penſioners to the Enemy, than faithful Counſellors to you. Remember the Country-Man, (in *Æſop*) to whom *Jove* gave a Hen that every Day laid an Egg of Gold for his Maintenance; He ſuffering himſelf to be deluded by Avarice, fancy'd, that a Fowl that laid every Day a Golden Egg, muſt have rich Mines of that Metal within her, and therefore thought it better to ſeize all at once, than receive it by little and little. The Gods having ſo order'd it, he kill'd the Hen, and was left without the Treaſure or the Egg. Do not you, Great Sir, verify this Fable of the Philoſopher, for if you do, you will become a Fable to your People. A Prince of a poor People is rather a poor Man, or Poverty itſelf, than a Prince. He who enriches his Subjects, has as many Treaſures as his Subjects. He who impoveriſhes them has ſo many Hoſpitals; he has as many Terrors as Men, and fewer Men than Enemies. Riches may be forſaken at any Time, but Poverty cannot. We ſeldom endeavour to quit the former, but always the latter. The other Thing I offer to your Conſideration is, That your preſent Wants proceed from two Cauſes, One, The immenſe Frauds and Depredations of thoſe about you. The other, the preſent extraordinary Emergencies. There is no doubt but the firſt named is

'the foremoſt, as to Time, and whether it be not the 'greateſt, belongs to you to examine. Divide there- 'fore the Supply you require as you ſhall think fit, 'laying one Part on thoſe who have made a Proper- 'ty of your Revenues, and the other as a Tax upon 'your Subjects, and then none but a Traitor can com- 'plain.' Thus had he ſpoke when the Hour began, and the *Czar* riſing up, ſaid, *Let him that hath taken it from me reſtore what is wanting of what I had, and what is wanting after that let my People pay; and that this may not be delayed, all you and your Friends, who at a Diſtance like Spungers, have ſuck'd my Revenue, ſhall be left as you were when you came to my Service, only allowing your Sallaries.* So great and univerſal was the Joy of the Commons, hearing this juſt Decree of the *Czar*, that they unanimouſly gave him the Title of *Auguſtus*, and kneeling before him, ſaid, *As an Acknowledgement, we agree to pay whatſoever you ſhall impoſe upon us; and that done, will of our own Accord double the Sum; and ordain, that this Free-Offering may remain as a perpetual Duty, payable every Time you ſhall reſume what has been taken from you, whereby it will come to paſs, that covetous Men will be afraid to receive what you freely give them.*

The *Hollanders*, who are beholden to the Sea for the Ground they live on, which is only ſome Scraps of Land they have ſtolen from it, under the Shelter of Heaps of Clay, they call Dykes; having quell'd their inteſtine Broils by an univerſal Trade, after they had erected themſelves into a free State, and extended their Territories, pretending to be the firſt begotten of the Ocean, and conceiting that the Sea, which gave them the Land it once covered, for their Habitation, would not refuſe them that which compaſſes it; having covered it with Ships, and peopled it with Pyrates, reſolv'd at once in ſeveral Places to incroach upon the Eaſt and Weſt. They go to our Fleets for Gold and Silver, as our Fleets go for it to the *Indies*. They look upon it as the cheaper and ſhorter Way to take it from thoſe that bring it, than from the Earth that produces it. The Negligence of an Admiral, or the Favour of a Storm, furniſh them with

Plate

Plate at an easier Rate than the Mines could do. In these Undertakings they have been forwarded, favoured, and assisted by all the Princes of *Europe*, who behold the Grandeur of the *Spanish* Monarchy with envious Eyes. Encouraged by these powerful Supports, they have established a Trade in *India*, settled Commerce in *Japan*, and still persisting, after many Disappointments, have at length possest themselves of the best Part of *Brazil*, * where they have not only the Power of Government, but the Profit of the Sugar and Tobacco, which enriches them and beggars us. In this Place, which is the Inlet to the East and West Indies, they reside like Cormorants, ready to swallow Ships and whole Fleets, alarming *Peru* and *Potosi*; for that it appears by Geography, that they may gradually, without wetting their Feet, steal to those Mountains, if weary of the Sea, they should think much to creep along the Coast down to *Rio de la Plata*, and *Buenos Ayres*, and to secure to themselves the Streights of *Magellan*. That World-devouring Assembly sat consulting over a Terrestial Globe and Sea Chart, with a Pair of Compasses, leaping over Climes and Countries, and making Choice of Provinces that were none of their own, and among them the Pensioner with a Pair of Scissors in his Hand, ready to cut the World according to his Fancy. In this Posture they were when the Hour began, and a decripid old Fellow snatching the Scissors out of his Hand, said, 'Gluttons, who are greedy of 'Provinces, always die for want of Digestion; no Sur-'feit so dangerous as that of Dominion. The *Romans*, 'from a narrow Spot of Ground, too little to sow half 'a Bushel of Corn, swallowed up all their Neighbours; 'and extending their Avarice, brought the whole World 'under the Yoke of their first Plough; and it being 'certain, that whosoever pours himself out, wastes as 'much as he extends; so they no sooner had much to 'lose, but they began to lose much; for Ambition ga-'thers more than Force can preserve. Whilst they were

* *This was writ before the Conclusion of the Peace betwixt* Spain *and* Holland, *when the* Dutch *stood possessed of a great Part of* Brazil, *and invaded the* Portugueze *Conquests in* India.

' poor they conquer'd the Rich, who making them rich,
' and being left poor, took to themſelves the Cuſtoms
' inherent to Poverty, infecting them with thoſe of Riches
' and Luxury, and by that Means deſtroyed them, re-
' venging themſelves on them with the very Riches they
' gave them. The *Aſſyrians*, *Greeks*, and *Romans* are ſo
' many Skeletons to inſtruct us; it is fitter for us to take
' Warning by, than to imitate thoſe ruined Monarchies.
' The more we raiſe our ſmall Weight, and the nearer
' we bring it in the * *Roman* Ballance of Power, to the
' great Maſs we would outweigh, the leſs we ſhall appear;
' but the more we draw it back, the better our ſmall
' Portion will turn the vaſt Weight that ſtands a-
' gainſt it; and if we draw back to the laſt Notch, one
' Pound of ours will poiſe a Thouſand of theirs. *Tra-*
' *jano Boccalini* hinted at this Secret in the Weight of
' his *Politick Touchſtone*, and it is verify'd in the Mo-
' narchy of *Spain*, from which we aim to draw away
' Weight, which added to ours, will diminiſh it by the
' Addition. Of Subjects to become a Free State was
' prodigious; to keep ourſelves ſo, is a Work that
' requires all our Application. *France* and *England*,
' which aſſiſted us to cut off from *Spain* that Part of its
' Dominion which was formidable to them, will not, for
' the ſame Reaſon, permit us to ſwell to that Greatneſs
' they may have Cauſe to fear us. The Ax which joins
' to itſelf all it cuts off from the Tree, will not be eſteem-
' ed an uſeful Inſtrument, but rather an Incumbrance.
' They will bear with us as long as they think we ſtand
' in Need of them, but if once they imagine they can
' have Occaſion for us, they will meditate our Ruin and
' Deſtruction. He who ſees a Beggar, on whom he has
' beſtow'd Alms, grow rich, either aſks him to refund
' or lend. We can gain nothing, but what the Princes
' who look on will covet for themſelves. As they deſpiſe
' the Neighbour that is upon the loſing, ſo they fear
' him that is upon the getting Hand. We by diſperſing,
' act for the King of *Spain* againſt ourſelves; for ſhould
' he, to divide and weaken us, wilfully loſe the Coun-
' tries

* *The* Stillyard, *which weighs great or ſmall Things by putting forward or drawing back the Weight upon the Beam.*

' tries we take from him, it were in him a Stratagem ' and no Loſs; and he will never be ſo able to take ' what we have, as when he has ſuffered us to take what ' he has ſo far from him and us. *Brazil* rather ſucks ' and unpeoples *Holland*, than ſtrengthens it. It is e- ' nough for Thieves not to reſtore what they have ſtolen, ' without continuing their Thefts for ever, which ſoon- ' er prefers them to the Gallows than to the Throne. The Penſioner ſnatching back the Sciſſors in a Pet, ſaid, ' Tho' *Rome* loſt itſelf, yet *Venice* holds out, and ' was at firſt but a Town-ſtealer, as we are. The Gal- ' lows you ſpeak of is oftner the Lot of the Unfortu- ' nate than of Robbers; and all the World over, the ' great Thief hangs the little one. He that picks a ' Pocket is ever a Thief; he that ſtole Provinces and ' Kingdoms was always a King; the Right of Monarchs ' is in the longeſt Sword. It is natural for one to be en- ' gender'd out of the Corruption of another, he that is ' corrupted, is the Cauſe of him that is engender'd. A ' Carcaſs complains not of the Worms that eat it, be- ' cauſe it breeds them. Let every Man look to him- ' ſelf that he does not putrify, otherwiſe he will be Fa- ' ther to his own Worms. All Things conſume, but the ' ſmall ſooner than the greater. When it ſhall come ' to paſs that they fear who pitied us, we will pity them ' we fear'd, which is a good Exchange. If we can, let ' us be what they are, who were what we are. All the ' Hints you have given are good; let not the Kings of ' *France* and *England* hear of them; but do you put us ' in Mind hereafter, for that is an Obſtacle in the Be- ' ginning, which proves good Advice in the End.

The great Duke of *Tuſcany*, who by adding five Let- ters, which compoſe the Word *Great*, to his Title, has gain'd the ill Will of all other Princes, was private in his Cloſet with a Servant whom he intruſted with his great- eſt Secrets. They diſcourſed of the Beauty of his Cities, the Greatneſs of his Territories, the Trade of *Leghorn*, and the Victories obtain'd by his Galleys. From this they chang'd Subject, and fell upon the great Honour his Family had attain'd to, being ally'd to moſt Mo- narchs and Princes of *Europe*, by its Matches with *France*,

whereby the Kings of *France*, *Spain* and *Great Britain*, were, by the Mother's Side, descended from it. Thus were they discoursing when the Hour began, and the Servant, as it were in a Prophetick Rapture, said; 'Sir, 'Your Highness of a private Citizen was made a Prince. 'Remember Man: Whilst you was content to be a 'Prince, you was the richest among them, and now you 'look upon your self as Father-in-Law of Kings, and 'Son-in-Law of Emperors. You are Dust; and if you 'happen to be Father-in-Law to *France*, and the Curses 'of Match-making fall upon you, To Dust you shall 'return. Your Country is fruitful, your Cities wealthy, 'your Ports full of Trade, your Galleys successful, your 'Alliances great, and on all these Accounts your State 'is truly Regal; but this Minute I have discover'd in it 'such Stains as fully and lessen the Value of it, which 'are these; The Remembrance the Subjects retain that 'once they were Equals; The Republick of *Lucca*, 'which started up in the Midst of us; The Garrisons 'the King of *Spain* has in *Tuscany*; and the Addition 'of the Title *Great* to that of *Duke*, which all your 'Neighbours envy.' The Duke, who before had not reflected upon any of these Things, said; 'What Me-'thod shall I use to take out these Stains?' The Servant answer'd, 'They are so grounded in, it is impossible to 'take them out without cutting off the Piece, which is a 'Remedy worse than the Disease, because it is better to 'to be stain'd than ragged. If the Stains I speak of 'be taken out with the Piece, your Highness will scarce 'have a Rag left, but will be rent to Tatters. The 'Nature of these Stains is, they are cleans'd by sinking 'in deeper, and not by being taken out. Your High-'ness must make use of Fasting-Spittle, and suck in by 'little and little; and what you now spend in Portions 'for Queens, lay it out in stopping the Eyes and Ears 'of those who observe you.

The most Serene Republick of *Venice*, which in regard of its great Wisdom and Prudence, is as it were the Brain of *Europe* where the Judgment resides, was assembled, in full Senate. That Assembly was compos'd of several Sounds, some more solid, others more quick, the

the common Difference betwixt Old and Young, yet all ſkilful, ſome by Experience, and others by Information, making together ſuch a Harmony, that all the Princes in the World dance to their Muſick. The Doge, Crown'd Head of that powerful free Nation, ſat on a high Throne with three Counſellors on each Side; on his Right was one Chief of the *Quarantie*, and on the Left two; next theſe were the Secretaries who count the Balls, and in their Places ſtood two Officers, whoſe Buſineſs it is to gather them. The Silence was ſtupendous in ſo numerous an Aſſembly, and ſo far exceeded that of a Deſert; it was hard to perſwade the Eyes, but that the Audience was made up of Statues and not of Men, ſo very mute were the very Diſeaſes in the Old, and ſo bridled the Fierceneſs of the Young. At length the Doge broke the Silence with theſe Words; 'Malice 'brings Diſcord into the World; Double Dealing con-'tinues it, and Diſſimulation makes him that ſows it 'belov'd even by him that ſuffers by it. The Wars 'we have occaſion'd among our Friends, not thoſe we 'made with our Enemies, have given us Peace and 'Victory. We ſhall be free ſo long as we employ 'others in ſubduing one another. Our Light ſprings 'from Diſſention; we are like the Spark that is pro-'duc'd from the Striking of Flint and Steel. The 'more Monarchs batter one another, the more we ſhine. '*Italy*, ſince the Decay of the Empire, is like to a rich 'and beautiful Heireſs, who, her Parents dying, was 'left to the Care of Guardians and Truſtees, and de-'ſires to be marry'd. But the Truſtees having divided 'her Fortune between themſelves, and being loth to 'reſtore, and covetous to keep what they have, ſome 'of them miſrepreſent her to the King of *Spain*, who 'courts her; and the others to the King of *France*, 'who aſks her in Marriage, at the ſame Time finding 'thoſe Faults in the Suitors which they ſee in themſelves. 'Theſe falſe Truſtees are the Princes of *Italy*, and among 'them it is not to be deny'd, but that we alſo have 'ſeiz'd a great Part of her Fortune. The two Suitors 'now preſs hard to carry their Miſtreſs. We have made 'uſe of the King of *France* to put by the *Catholick*

'King,

'King, who being so near a Neighbour in *Naples* and 'Milan, makes Signs to her, and from his own Win-'dows overlooks her. The Most Christian King, who 'being at a Distance, could not gallant, nor so much as 'see her, and therefore made Love by Letter: Now 'by the Assistance of *Savoy*, *Mantua* and *Parma*, and 'his Approach to *Pignerol*, he ogles and courts her, and 'this obliges us to cheat him of her. This is easy to 'do, because there is less Trouble in casting out the 'French, than in bringing them in; they expel others 'with their Fury, and themselves with their Haughti-'ness. However this Snare must be so laid, that at the 'same Time we break the Match, we may receive 'Thanks for promoting it. The Most Christian King 'has bent his Thoughts upon *Lorrain*, * his Success in 'Germany is dubious, and Subjects poor, which Things 'discourage his Partisans in *Italy*, so that we shall not 'find any great Difficulty in attaining our Ends, for his 'own Motions will disguise ours, and we need not raise 'Jealousies in those that have confided in him, since 'their Repentance saves us that Labour. It is my Opi-'nion we shall subdue the King of *France* by encouraging 'him to go on in his great Undertakings, and by height-'ning his Credulity. Our utmost Endeavours must be 'us'd to raise the Esteem he has of his Favourite; for 'this Man who takes from him all that he adds to him-'self, lessens him as he grows great. As long as the 'Subject has the Ascendant over his King, and the King 'is subject to his Servant, the Subject will be hated as 'a Traytor, and the King undervalu'd as of a mean 'Spirit. The Way to destroy a King publickly with 'Safety, is to stand up for his Favourite. I know not 'whether *Ravilliac* was more fatal to his Father, than 'Richlieu has been to him. This I know, that betwixt 'them they have robbed him of both Parents, the first 'of his Father, the second of his Mother. May *Rich-'lieu* continue, for he is like a Disease, which by Con-

'tinuance

* *He has since gain'd it* (Anno 1742) *as a Revenue for King* Stanislaus, *though after his Decease, it is to be annexed to the Crown* of France.

tinuance either consumes it self, or him that endures it. It is requisite we cast an Eye upon the Succession of the Crown of *France*, * which is like to fall to the King's Brother, whose generous Nature we have Reason to hope we may impose upon. He is like a Fire that may be blown away, yet kindles it self. He is disoblig'd at the Favours he receives, whereby he has offended the King of *Spain*, and sown the Seeds of Dissention, which we may improve to our Benefit. *France* is dissatisfy'd at the Prime Minister's pretending to be of the Blood-Royal, which he claims by forg'd Genealogies, and is disgusted to see all Places of Profit and Trust in the Hands of his Kindred and Friends. They remember the beheading of *Montmorency*, and the banishing so many great Men; and they suspect that Violence, and not Right, will take Place in the Succession to the Crown. The Affairs of *Germany* are past composing, the *Palatine* being dispossess'd, the Duke of *Lorrain* outed, and the Duke of *Saxony* and other *Protestants* of the Empire conspiring against the House of *Austria*. *Italy* seems to despair of Peace by Reason of the Garrisons the *French* have within it. The King of *Spain* has his Hands full with the *Dutch*, who have taken what he had in *Holland*, and aim to rob him of what he has, being already possess'd of the best Part of *Brasil*, which furnishes their Fleets with the Trade of Sugar, Tobacco, and Brasil Wood, and having fortify'd themselves in one of the Leeward Islands. Besides all this he is engag'd to support the Emperor, and maintain the State of *Milan* against the *French*. We, like the Spring in a stricking Watch, must move these Hands every Hour and every Moment, without being perceiv'd, continually sounding abroad without ever turning back. Our Politicks work like the Glass-makers, who blow Things into Form, and we sow Fire to produce Ice.' Hither was he come when the Hour began, the wonderful Influence

* Lewis *the Thirteenth had that Time no Issue, and consequently it was supposed the Crown would devolve to his Brother the Duke of* Orleans.

fluence whereof inſpiring the politick Brain of a Republican of the *Capi-Duobi*, made him diſcourſe to this Effect. Venice *is the very Figure and Reſemblance of* Pontius Pilate. Probo. Pilate, *out of meer Policy, condemn'd the Juſt, and waſh'd his Hands:* Ergo, Pilate *diſmiſs'd* Barabbas, *who was Sedition it ſelf, and apprehended* Jeſus *that was Peace it ſelf.* Igitur, Pilate *poſitively ſaid*, What I have written, I have written. Tenet conſequentia. Pilate *deliver'd the Peace and Safety of the World to Mutiniers, to be crucify'd.* Non poteſt negari. All the Aſſembly made a Cry, and fell into Confuſion, the Doge order'd the *Republican, Nem. Con.* to be put into Irons, and that his Genealogy ſhould be inquir'd into, for that it was viſible he was ſome Way deſcended from ſome Body that depended on another, who was a Friend to ſome one that was acquainted with ſome Perſon that came from another that had ſomething of a *Spaniard.*

The Moſt Illuſtrious Duke of *Genoa* aſſembled the Senate of that Republick, to give Audience to his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's Embaſſador, who harrangu'd them to this Effect: 'Moſt Serene Republick, the King my 'Maſter, who has always had the ſame Regard for the 'Liberty of *Italy*, as to the Majeſty of his own Crown; 'endeavouring to ſupport it with all his Power, and zea-'lous for your Good, without aiming at any other Inte-'reſt, but that of the ſeveral Princes, who there poſſeſs 'the moſt beautiful Part of the World, has commanded 'me, in his Name, to put you in mind, that he, as a 'moſt dutiful Son of the Church, and good Neighbour 'to all the Princes about him, is willing to juſtify his 'Proceedings before you; and make known his good 'Will and Affection to all the reſt. You better know 'what you endure than we, who only hear, or ſee at a 'diſtance. You have been long in continual Wars, pro-'ceeding from your Controverſies with the Duke of *Sa-'voy*, whoſe Neighbourhood was ever troubleſome, and 'a Cauſe of Jealouſy to you; wherein his Catholick 'Majeſty ſtood by you, under the Title of Arbitrator. 'This has given you Occaſion to behold the Plains over-

'flow'd

flow'd with Blood, and cover'd with dead Bodies; Cities ruin'd with long Sieges and Storms; the Country devour'd by quartering of Soldiers; your Territories over-run by *Germans*, a fierce Nation, attended by Hereſy in Spirituals, and Plague and Famine in Temporals. You will not find the King, my Maſter, any Way concern'd in the introducing of theſe Calamities; for he has only ſupported the weaker Side, not with a Deſign it ſhould grow more powerful by Victory, but that defending itſelf, the Adverſary might not become more formidable, that ſo every Man's Right might ſubſiſt, and be ſupported; and *Monferrat*, which has been the Original of all theſe Troubles, might not become the Reward of any Man's Ambition. To this Purpoſe he has maintain'd mighty Armies, and ſometimes headed them in Perſon, overcoming the Difficulties of Winter Snows on the *Alps*, to make Way to relieve you, and returned triumphant with no other Profit but this Glory. Now all the World is in Diſtraction, ſince the ſupporting of you has made him powerful Enemies in all Parts, he flatters himſelf with the Hopes, that this Republick will look upon him as no leſs a Friend than the King of *Spain*, in regard to the Liberty of its Parts, for by obſerving an exact Neutrality, you will ſhew you are ſenſible of the King my Maſter's goodly Zeal, and the Juſtice of his Arms. The Duke perceiving the Ambaſſador had ended his Speech, anſwered thus, 'We bleſs God that we can do no more than what we have hitherto done towards ſerving his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty with true Zeal and Affection. We have been Eye Witneſſes of what you have ſaid, and it is eaſy to perſuade Men to believe what they ſee. It is true, this Confidence might be ſomewhat diſturbed by your King's countenancing, in the Relief of *Aldiguerre*, the Troubles the Duke of *Savoy* rais'd, to ruin, or at leaſt diſturb this Commonwealth, which, had it not been relieved by his Catholick Majeſty, muſt have been in great Diſtreſs; beſides that, it might be alarmed at the *French* poſſeſſing themſelves of *Pignerol*, *Suſa* and *Caſal* in *Italy*; not unlike thoſe, who, under Colour of parting a Fray,

run

'run away with the Cloaks of thoſe that quarrel; and 'to add to this Jealouſy, his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has 'been to the Duke of *Lorrain* like a ſmoaky Chim-'ney, which turns a Man out of his Houſe with Tears 'in his Eyes. However, without regarding theſe Acti-'ons, we are, and ever ſhall be moſt truly affectionate 'to his Crown, as far as is conſiſtent with the great 'Obligations this Republick, and all the Members of 'it owe to the Monarch of *Spain*, by whoſe Power we 'are protected, by whoſe Grandeur we are enriched, 'and in whoſe Sincerity and Piety we reſt ſecure; and 'therefore, that we may come to a Reſolution, as to 'the Point of Neutrality you demand; it is requiſite we 'aſſemble in Council all the Members of this Common-'wealth, who are the Support of our Commerce.' The Ambaſſador and Senate approved of it, which was done, with Orders to the Meſſenger to acquaint them to what End they were ſummoned, and that they muſt appear immediately. The Officer obey'd his Orders, delivered his Meſſage, and requiring their ſpeedy Compliance.

The Hour came upon them juſt then, and the *Genoeſes* growing into a Fume, bid the Meſſenger tell the moſt ſe-rene Duke, 'That having heard the Propoſal made in 'the King of *France*'s Name, and being about to go to 'obey his Commands, they found themſelves ſo entan-'gled in the *Spaniſh* Funds, that they were not able to 'ſtir; yet would have gone to wait on him with thoſe 'Funds at their Tails, but that they were fix'd in *Naples* 'and *Sicily*, and riveted to the Revenues of *Spain*: That 'they could not but acquaint his Serenity, that the King 'of *France* was like one that rows in a Boat, who turns 'his Back to the Place he is going to, and draws towards 'him, and therefore it became him to look out ſharp.' The Meſſenger returning, deliver'd his Anſwer with an audible Voice: The Ambaſſador took Snuff, and was out of Countenance, ſetting his Hat and Wig to be gone: The Duke, to nettle him the more, ſaid; 'Tell his 'moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, that ſince this Republick can-'not ſerve him as he deſires, they promiſe him, that in 'caſe he continues his Reſolution of entering *Italy*, an 'Anniverſary for the Souls of the *French*, that ſhall hap-

'pen

'pen to go bear those Company, who made a Church-yard
'of the Wood of *Pavia*, paving it with Skulls, and to
'bear his Majesty's Charges all the while he shall be Pri-
'soner in the Dutchy of *Milan*, and an hundred Thou-
'sand Ducats ready Money towards his Ransom. And
'do you take that History of the Emperor *Charles* the
'5th to divert you by the Way, after which it may
'serve your great King for an Itinerary.' The *French-man* in a Passion replied; 'You have spoken like good
'and loyal Subjects of the Catholick King, whom those
'very Funds you talk of, and for which you refuse me
'a Neutrality, have made his transmarine and foreign
'Slaves and Vassals.

The heretical *Germans*, among whom there are as many Heresies as Men, who consume themselves in supporting the Tyranny of the *Swedes*, and the Treachery of the Electors of *Saxony* and *Brandenburg*, and the Landgrave of *Hesse*, perceiving themselves infected with the *French* Disease, resolved to cure themselves at once. Considering that the Salivation of so many past Calamities, nor the Flux they were put into at *Norlinguen*, nor the many Bleedings, *Usque ad animi deliquium*, of so many Overthrows, had avail'd nothing, they gather'd all the Physicians, Chymists and Mountebanks they could find, and having made known to them their Distemper, ask'd their Advice thereupon. Some were of Opinion, that the only Remedy was to purge out the *French* Humours that were crept into their Bones. Others affirming the Distemper lay altogether in their Heads, prescrib'd Medicines to carry off the Humour, and discharge them of dull Notions, by the Help of *Hypocrates* his *Teiragonum* so much applauded by *Galen*, to which the Smoak of Tobacco exactly answers. Others more superstitious, and magically inclined, affirm it was no natural Disease they were troubl'd with, but were exagitated by evil Spirits, and that as Persons possess'd they stood in need of Exorcisms. In the midst of the Learned Dispute the Hour began, and a Physician of *Prague* with an audible Voice said, *There is no Cure for this Disease of the* Germans, *because all their Maladies and Distempers are only to be cur'd with a regular Diet, and as long as* Luther

and Calvin *keep their Taverns open, and they have thirsty Throats, and as long as they do not abstain from the* French *Cooks Shops and Bawdy-houses, they will never be so temperate as they ought to be.*

The Grand Seignior, or Emperor of the *Turks*, a Monarch rais'd by the Forgeries and Deceit of *Mahomet* to a vast Dominion, summon'd together all his Viziers, Bassa's, Begler-begs, Generals, and other eminent Men of his mighty Port, all or most of them being Renegadoes, as also the Christian Captives, who lying in perpetual Slavery suffer a ling'ring Death in the Seven Towers of *Constantinople*, without Hope of Redemption, by reason of the Pride of that haughty Monarch, who looks upon it as a Diminution of his Grandeur to ransom Slaves, and deems that Heavenly Virtue of Mercy as proper only to the Vulgar. The Concourse was therefore extraordinary, and greater the Expectation of all Men, because there had been no Precedent of such an Assembly in the Memory of Man. The Grand Seignior looking on it as too great a Condescention that his Voice should be heard, or his Person seen by his Subjects, being seated on a lofty Throne behind a Curtain, which allow'd only some scant Passage to the Sight, made a Sign to the Assembly to give Ear to what Things one of the * *Moriscoes*, who had been expell'd *Spain*, offer'd to him by Way of Advice. The *Morisco*, after prostrating himself at the Emperor's Feet, arose again and said; 'We the true and constant *Mahometans*, who 'through the Course of a tedious Captivity in *Spain*, 'have for many Years privately entertain'd in our Hearts 'the Law of the Prophet descended from *Agar*, humbly 'acknowledging the unparallel'd Goodness of the Almighty Monarch of the World, the Great Emperor of 'the *Turks*, in receiving us the miserable Relicks of that 'Expulsion, have resolv'd among our selves to do his 'most Potent Majesty some considerable Service, which 'must be grounded on our Knowledge and Experience, 'having

* *The* Moriscoes *were the Race of the* Moors *in* Spain, *most whereof were counterfeit Christians, and conspir'd to bring in the* Moors *again, for which Reason they were all expell'd by King* Philip III.

having no Fortunes to offer, as being a Multitude ſtripp'd of all we poſſeſs'd. To this effect, the firſt Thing we propoſe is, that for the Honour of our Nation, and as a Reward to our invincible Generals and Commanders, in continuing the Memory of their Exploits, it is convenient that after the Manner of *Greece*, *Rome* and *Spain*, Colleges and Univerſities be erected, and Rewards be aſſign'd to Learning, for by it after the Death of the Monarchs, and Extirpation of the Monarchies, the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages ſtill glorioufly ſurvive, and in them in ſpight of Death, do ſtill flouriſh their Heroick Actions, Virtues and Names, being reſcued from the Oblivion of the Grave, by thoſe Studies which enrich'd their Minds, and made their Nations ceaſe to be barbarous. The ſecond Propoſition is, that the Laws and Cuſtoms of the *Romans* be receiv'd, ſo far forth as they are not directly oppoſite to our Law; to the end that Policy may be advanc'd, Diſorders ſuppreſs'd, Virtue rewarded, Vice puniſh'd, and the Diſtribution of Juſtice may be ſo eſtabliſh'd, that neither Affection, Malice, nor Bribery may have Place, but ſure and univerſal Method be ſettled in all Parts. The third is, that for our greater Benefit in Fight, our crooked Scimetars be chang'd for *Spaniſh* Tucks, becauſe they are more handy either to defend or offend, the great circular Motion of cutting being ſaved by thruſting, by which Means whenever we have come to Handy-blows with the *Spaniards*, we have ſuſtain'd unſpeakable Loſs, that Nation exceeding all others in handling their Rapier; and beſides, the Swords are lighter of Carriage, and eaſier to wield. The fourth, that to preſerve Health and recover it when impair'd, the uſe of Wine be by all Means allow'd, becauſe moderately taken it is the beſt Vehicle of Nutriment, and moſt efficacious Medicine. It is alſo a rich Fund to increaſe the Grand Seignior's and his Subjects Revenues, there being ſeveral Liquors produc'd by the Grape which create a conſiderable Trade. Nay, it is more powerful and effectual than Opium, to raiſe the Spirits and excite the Blood to bold Undertakings. Neither ought the Prohibition in our Law,

'which has been already partly dispens'd with, to be 'any Hindrance, 'till a proper Interpretation to our Pur-'pose may be found. For the putting all we have pro-'pos'd in execution, we offer to furnish Schemes and 'Directors, who shall carry it on without any Charge 'or Trouble to the Publick; and are assur'd it will add 'much to the Grandeur and Glory of all the great 'Emperor of *Constantinople*'s Dominions.'

Scare had he utter'd the last Word, when *Sinan* Bassa, a Renegado, started up, foaming with Rage, and said, 'If all the Devils in Hell had conspired against the *Turkish* Monarchy, they could not have invented four 'such curs'd Plagues as have been proposed by this *Moriseo* Dog, who, among Christians, was an ill *Maho-'metan*, and would be an ill Christian among the *Turks*. 'These Fellows would have reb'lled in *Spain*, and here 'they would destroy us. The Reason for expelling 'them there was not greater than this; it will be con-'venient we revenge ourselves on those who sent them 'among us, by returning them back. Don *John* of 'Austria had not more destructive Designs against our 'Power, when at *Lepanto*, opening the Veins of so ma-'ny Janisaries, he caused the Fish to swim in Blood, 'and made a new Red Sea not inferior to the old. The '*Persian Green Turbant*, doth not more maliciously aim 'at the Overthrow of our Empire; nor did D. *Peter 'Giron*, Duke of *Ossuna*, and Viceroy of *Naples* and '*Sicily*, with his Fleets and Land Forces, and Terror of 'his Name, more fiercely endeavour to obliterate the 'Memory of our Half-Moons, whose Light he often sul-'ly'd, when our Vessels scarce thought themselves secure 'of him at *Pera* and *Constantinople*, than thou, infernal 'Dog, with those four Propositions has laboured to do. 'Hell-Hound, Monarchies are upheld by the same Arts that 'erect them. They have always been raised by Soldiers, 'and always corrupted by Pedants. Kings hold their 'Dominions by the Sword, not by their Books. Armies 'gain and defend them, not Universities. Victories 'make them great and formidable, not Arguments. 'Battles bestow Kingdoms and Crowns, Learning Caps 'and Degrees. Whenever a State begins to assign Re-

'wards

wards for Learning, Dignities are conferred on Drones, Craft is honoured, Subtilty exalted, and Favour rewarded, and then the Conqueror depends on the Doctor, the Soldier on the Scholar, and the Sword on the Pen. The Ignorance of the People is the greatest Security of Princes. Learning which instructs makes them mutinous. Learned Subjects rather conspire than obey, rather examine their Sovereign than respect him. No sooner they understand, but they despise him. No sooner can they know what Liberty is, than they desire it. They can judge whether he that reigns is worthy to rule, and then begin to reign over the Prince. Learning is the Cause that Peace is sought after, because it stands in Need of it, and Peace that is sought after draws on the most dangerous War. No War is so destructive, as that he endures who seems to covet Peace; the latter sues with Words and Embassies, and the former makes its Advantage of the Fear that appears in the Intreaties. When a Nation affects Scholars and Writers, Goose Quills take Place of Swords and Muskets; Ink in Writing is more meritorious than Blood spilt; a Sheet of Paper sign'd is of more Force than Armour Proof against Shot; and the Hand of a Coward, by Virtue of the Pen, extracts from the Inkhorn Honours, Revenues, Titles, and Grandeur. Many vile Wretches wear the black Robe. Many raise Estates by their Writings, and many great Men are descended from Scribblers. *Rome*, when beginning in a small Circumference, scarce big enough to sow two Bushels of Corn, it grew to a vast Commonwealth, us'd neither Doctors nor Books, but Soldiers and Weapons. All there was Violence and no Study, they ravished the Women they wanted, subdued what was near, and aim'd at what was farther off. No sooner did *Cicero*, *Brutus*, *Hortensius* and *Cæsar* introduce Harangues and Declamations, than they began Seditions, and conspiring, destroyed one another, and others, themselves, and even the Commonwealth. The Emperors and the Empire were destroyed, and overthrown by the Ambition of the Orators. Even among Birds only those suffer Imprisonment in Cages which talk and sing, and the more perfectly they do the

closer they are kept. Then the Schools were made the Magazines against Arms, Orations sanctify'd Crimes, and condemn'd Virtue, and whilst the Tongue reign'd, Triumphs were subject to the Power of Words. The *Greeks* suffer'd by the same Itch of Learning, they were proud of their Acadamies which vy'd with their Armies, and their Philosophers were a Plague to their Generals. Wit became the Judge of Valour, and they grew rich in Books and poor in Triumphs. You say their Heroes still live in their famous Authors, and their Language still survives, tho' their Monarchy be extinct. The same happens to a Dagger which wounds a Man, which continues when the Man is gone, and yet that is no Satisfaction to the dead Man. It were better the Monarchy surviv'd, tho' Dumb and without a Language, than that the Language should last without a Monarchy. *Greece* and *Rome* are become Ecchos, forming in the Hollow Emptiness of their Majesty, not whole Sounds, but the very Extremities of absent Words. Those very Authors that extoll'd them, could allot themselves but so short a Life at the Pleasure of the Reader, that in some it reaches only the Understanding, in others goes not beyond Curiosity. *Spain*, whose People being in Danger, were always prodigal of Life, covetous of Death, and impatient of Age, when, with unparallel'd Resolution, it rais'd its Head out of Ruin, grew to a mighty Flame from scattered Embers, and became a Prodigy from a Skeleton, rather attended to furnish Matter for Writing, than to write, and to deserve Praises than to compose them. Their Drums and Trumpets spoke for them, and all their Speeches were repeated Huzza's before Battle. They furnished the World with Subject of Admiration under *Viriatus* and *Sertorius*; they gain'd glorious Victories for *Hannibal*; they oblig'd *Cæsar*, who, till then, every where fought for Honour, to fight for his Life, and they exceeded Valour and Resolution itself at *Numantia*. Yet of these, and many other of their brave Actions they write nothing, all was recorded by the *Romans*. Their Valour made Use of foreign Pens; they thought it enough for them to act, and for the

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Latins to write. As long as they knew not how to be Hiſtorians, they deſerved them. Artillery was not long ſince invented to take off Lives before ſecured by Diſtance, to overthrow the ſtrongeſt Walls, and to beſtow Victories by Aim, not by true Courage, but preſently after was Printing invented in Oppoſition to Canon; it is Metal againſt Metal, Ink againſt Powder, and Letters againſt Bullets. Wet Powder takes no Effect, there is no Doubt but it is moiſtn'd by the Ink that ſends down Orders to provide and diſpoſe it. There is no Doubt but there is a Scarcity of Lead to make Bullets, ever ſince it is conſumed in caſting of Letters. But it was Battles that gave us Empire, Soldiers gain'd the Victories, and the Victories the Rewards, which ought always to be beſtow'd on thoſe who always made us triumph. They who call'd Letters and Arms Sitters, knew nothing of their Pedigree; for no Families are leſs of Kin than *Saying* and *Doing*. The Steel is never join'd to the Quill but to cut it; but the Quill, with thoſe very Wounds it receives from the Steel, revenges it ſelf. Moſt contemptible *Moriſco*, it is our Deſire that among our Adverſaries there be many Learned, and among us many Victorious, for it is Victory over our Enemies that we covet, and not their Practices. The ſecond Thing you propoſe, is to receive the Laws of the *Romans*, which if once you had compaſs'd you had ruin'd all. Our whole Empire would run into Confuſion between Plaintiffs and Defendants, and Inferior and Superior Judges, and the People would be all taken up in the Employments of Counſellors, Sollicitors, Attornies, Clerks, Apparitors, Serjeants, and other Dependants of Courts. Thus War, which now makes Choice of Men, will be forc'd to take up with the Refuſe of Embroilers of the Nation; and there will be more Suits, not becauſe there will be more Occaſion, but becauſe there will be more Laws. Following our own Methods, we enjoy as much Peace as we ſtand in need of, and as much War as we pleaſe to make with our Neighbours. The Laws in themſelves are juſt and good, but where there are Lawyers they are dull and ſenſeleſs. This cannot be deny'd, ſince the Lawyers themſelves own it

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'as often as they impose what Sense they please upon the 'Law, supposing of it self it has none. Every Judge, 'affirms he is an Interpreter of the Law, and by giving 'a Meaning to it, supposes it has none. I, for my Part, 'am a Renegado, and was a Christian, and do avouch 'as an Eye-Witness, there is no Law, either Civil or Ra-'tional, but what has as many Meanings as there are 'Lawyers, Commentators, or Judges, who give it so 'many, that it proves at last to have none at all. When 'then there is no Reason to dispossess a Man of his Estate, 'there never wants a Law, which being either strain'd, 'or ill interpreted, is Ground enough for a Suit, and 'both the Plaintiff and Defendant are in the End Suffer-'ers. Consider now what two wholesome Propositions 'have been made by this thankful *Morisco*. The third 'Thing is, that we should change our Scimetars for long 'Swords. In this Particular, as there is no considerable 'ill Consequence to obstruct, so I can find no great Ad-'vantage to encourage us to put it in Execution. The '*Half-Moon* is our distinctive Character, and that we al-'ways brandish with our Scimetars. To take up the Cu-'stoms and Fashions of Enemies, is a Ceremony proper 'to Slaves, and a Garb for conquer'd People, or at least 'it is an Omen or Forerunner of both. If we are to be 'permanent, let us stick to the old Proverb, which says, '*Let that ever be done, which was always done*; for by 'keeping to it, we shall be free from Novelties. Let 'the *Christian* thrust and the *Turk* hew, and let this *Mo-'risco*, expell'd by the former, be impal'd by the latter. 'As to the fourth and last Point, which relates to the 'Use of Vineyards and Wine, let thirsty Souls agree 'about it with the *Alcoran*. No small Toleration has 'been given in this Case long ago. But I must observe, 'that if there be an universal Toleration of Wine and 'Taverns, it will only serve to enhance the Price of Wa-'ter, and to make us buy Rain by the Quart. My Opi-'nion is therefore, weighing what has been propos'd, 'that this Cur is a greater Enemy to those that harbour, 'than to those that expell'd him.

All the Assembly heard this Discourse with profound Silence. The *Morisco* look'd pitiously, a cold Sweat running

ning down his Forehead. Then *Hali*, the *Prime Vifier*, who ſtood next to the Curtain that was before the Grand Seignior, after conſidering his Looks, ſaid; Chriſtian *Slaves, What ſay you to what you have heard?* They ſeeing the Blindneſs of that deluded Nation, and perceiving they lov'd their own Barbarity, and plac'd their Security in Tyranny and Ignorance, abhorring the Light of Learning, and the Juſtice of Laws, caus'd a *Spaniſh* Gentleman, who had been thirty Years in Slavery, to anſwer for them all, which he did in theſe Words: 'We 'Spaniards ſhall not adviſe you to any thing that is for 'your Good, becauſe it would be a Piece of Treachery 'againſt our Monarch, and an Offence againſt our Religion; 'neither will we deceive you, becauſe we do not ſtand in 'need of Frauds to defend ourſelves againſt you; therefore 'we Chriſtians have reſolved thus ſilently to wait our 'Doom.' The Grand Seignior influenc'd by the Hour, and drawing the Curtains before his Throne (a thing never before ſeen) with an angry Voice, ſaid; 'Let theſe Chriſtians be 'ſet free, their generous Goodneſs ſhall be their Ranſom, 'cloath and furniſh them plentifully for their Voyage, 'out of the Eſtates of the *Moriſcoes*. And let that Dog 'be burnt alive for propoſing of Innovations, and all 'that ſhall follow his Example, ſhall ſuffer the like Pain. 'It is my Choice to be called Barbarous Conqueror, rather than be learned and overthrown. All our Knowledge muſt be to know how to overcome, for an ignorant 'People is the Safety of a Tyrant. I command all here 'preſent to forget what they heard from this *Moriſco*, the 'Powers of the Soul ſhall obey my Orders, as well as the 'corporal Senſes, therefore let your Memories dread my 'Anger.' Thus the Hour gave to every one what they deſerv'd, the barbarous Infidels were harden'd in their Ignorance, the *Chriſtians* obtain'd their Liberty, and the *Mariſco* was puniſh'd.

A *Dutch* Ship, by Streſs of Weather was forc'd into one of the Ports of * *Chili*. The *Indians*, who guarded that Harbour, being a People, who in that conquer'd World manfully defended their Liberty to the Damnation of their Souls in their Idolatry, with Weapons in their Hands

* Chili *is on the Coaſt of* America, *on the South of* Peru.

Hands attack'd the Ship's Crew, thinking they were *Spaniards*, whose Dominions enclos'd them, and from whose Subjection they have still exempted themselves. The Captain pacify'd them, saying, They were *Hollanders*, and came as Ambassadors from that Commonwealth, with a Message of Importance to the Caciques and chief Men. Then sweet'ning these Words with rich Wine, brew'd after the Manner of the North, and mollifying them with Butter and other Rarities, they were admitted and caress'd. The *Indian*, who commanded, gave an account to the Magistrates of the new People that was arriv'd, and of their Intentions. All the Principal Men, and a great Number of People assembled with their Weapons in their Hands. This Nation is so provident against Possibilities, and so jealous of Appearances, that they receive Ambassadors with the same Precaution, as they meet an Enemy's Army. The Captain of the Ship came before them, attended by four of his Men, and a Slave serving as an Interpreter: They ask'd of him, Who he was? Whence he came? To what Purpose? And, from whom? He answer'd not without some Dread of the Warlike Audience; 'I am a *Dutch* Captain, and 'come from *Holland*, a Commonwealth in the West, to 'offer you our Friendship and Trade. We live in a 'Land which the Sea from above looks down upon with 'Indignation, to see it dry below its Billows. We were 'not long since Subjects, and Part of the Dominion of 'the Great Monarch of *Spain* and the New-World, 'where only your Valour has exempted it self from his 'Crown, which like the Sun extends its Compass round 'the Earth. We gain'd our Liberty with immense Labour, because the Severity of King *Philip* the Second 'preferr'd the bloody Execution of two Noblemen, the 'Counts *Horn* and *Egmont*, before the Sovereignty of so 'many Provinces. Revenge inflam'd our Courage, and 'carrying on a War which lasted above Sixty Years without Interruption, We have sacrific'd two Millions of 'Men to those two Lives, and made the Fields of the '*Low-Countries* an universal Burial-Place to all *Europe*. 'Our Success has made us absolute Masters of half those 'Countries; and not so satisfy'd, we have taken many

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ſtrong Holds in the other Provinces, have gain'd large Dominions in the Eaſt, and in *Brazil*, have conquer'd *Pernambuco* and *Paraiba*, enriching our ſelves with *Brazil* Wood, Tobacco and Sugar: And to conclude, of Subjects that we were to the King of *Spain*, are become his moſt implacable Enemies. We have taken it into our Conſideration, that the *Spaniards* have not only ſubdu'd theſe Provinces, but that in few Years they have deſtroy'd in them many Towns, Peopling them again with Strangers; ſo that there ſcarce remains the Memory of the Natives in their Tombs; and that the mighty Emperors, Kings, Caciques, and other Princes, are ſo wholly extinct and buried in Oblivion, as if they had never been. We perceive that you alone (either that you are wiſer, or warn'd by the Fate of others) maintain an Hereditary Liberty, and by your Valour the *American* Race is preſerv'd from Slavery. It is natural for every Creature to love its Likeneſs, and ſince you and our Commonweath ſo much reſemble one another, it was decreed to ſend me through ſuch vaſt Seas, and ſuch dangerous Diſtance, to tender you their ſincere Amity and Friendſhip, and to offer, not only for your Defence, but to promote your farther Deſigns, to furniſh you with Ships, Canon, Officers and Soldiers, who are ſuch as are prais'd and admired by all, by whom they are not fear'd. By way of Trade they offer you free Commerce in their Dominions, with a brotherly and perpetual Alliance, deſiring for themſelves, the Freedom of your Ports, and the Settlement of a League Offenſive and Defenſive upon equal Terms on both Sides. And the more to expreſs their Affection, by their great Intereſt, they will ſecure you the Friendſhip of many Kings, Princes, and Commonwealths, their Confederates.' The *Indians* returned a courteous Anſwer, telling him, That to receive his Propoſals it was enough to hear him, but in order to give their Anſwer they muſt conſult in Council, and the next Day at the ſame Time would give him their Reſolution. It was ſo agreed, and the *Dutchman* knowing the *Indians* are naturally inclined to Toys and Curioſities, the better to gain their Affections, he preſented them with Barrels of Butter, Cheeſe,

Cheese, Casks of Wine, Swords, Hats, and Looking-glasses, and lastly a Telescope, highly extolling the Use of it, saying, By the Help of it they might see Ships at Ten or Twelve Leagues Distance, and discover by their Colours whether they belonged to Friends or Enemies; that they might do the same by Land. He added, that with it they might find Stars in Heaven which they had never seen before, nor could not be discerned without it; that through it they might plainly discover the Spots in the Face of the Moon, which look like Eyes and Mouth, and might perceive a black Spot in the Circle of the Sun. That it wrought these Wonders by drawing, with these two Glasses, close to the Eyes Things that were at a vast Distance. The principal Man among the *Indians* asked for it, and the *Dutchman* having opened it to the due Distance, and instructed him how to use it, delivered it to him. He clapt his Right Eye to it, and levelling it towards the Mountains, set up a Cry that testify'd his Admiration to the rest, telling them, he had at four Leagues plainly seen Men, Beasts and Birds, and the Rocks and Shrubs so near at Hand, that they seem'd bigger than natural, close to the farthest Glass.

Here the Influence of the Hour affected them, and they having gabled in their Language some Discourses in Appearance passionate, he that took the Glass, holding it in his Left Hand, directed his Discourse to the *Dutchman* in these Words. 'An Instrument that finds a 'Spot in the Sun, proves the Moon a Lyar, and discovers what Heaven hides, is a mischievous Instrument, 'a Glass Pickthank, and cannot be grateful to Heaven. 'Its attracting Things at a great Distance, is a sufficient 'Cause to raise a Jealousy in us who are far removed 'from you. With this doubtless it was you discover'd 'us so remote, and through it we have descry'd the 'Design you labour to hide under your specious Offers. 'By this Artifice you pry into the Elements, and thrust 'your selves into Sovereignty. You, as you say, live 'dry below the Water, and wrest your Land wrongfully 'from the Sea. We shall not be such Fools to take 'those for our Friends who could not be good Subjects, 'nor shall we trust them with our Habitations, who have

have ſtolen theirs from the Fiſhes. You were Subjects of the King of *Spain*, and having uſurp'd his Dominion, value your ſelves upon being Rebels, and would have us, through a fond Credulity, become a Prey to your Treachery. Neither is it true, that we reſemble you, for in maintaining that native Country which Nature gave us, we only defend what is our own; we preſerve our Liberty, but do not ſteal it. You offer to aſſiſt us againſt the King of *Spain*, yet confeſs at the ſame Time you have taken *Brazil* from him, which was his; if you take the *Indies* from him who took them from us, how much more Reaſon have we to be afraid of you than of him. You muſt obſerve that *America* is a rich beautiful Harlot, and ſince ſhe was falſe to her Huſbands, ſhe will never be true to her Bullies. Chriſtians ſay, Heaven puniſh'd the *Indies*, becauſe they ador'd Idols; and we *Indians* ſay, Heaven will puniſh the Chriſtians, becauſe they adore the *Indies*. You think you carry Gold and Silver, and you only carry well colour'd Envy and precious Miſery. You take from us, that you may have for others to take from you. That which makes you our Enemies, makes you Enemies to one another. Be gone then within two Hours out of this Port, and let us know if you want for any Thing. If you have a mind to gain our Good Will, ſince you are ſo good at Invention, invent an Inſtrument to remove what is by us at a great Diſtance, for we promiſe you we will never look upon your Country, nor *Spain*, with this that attracts Things that are far off. Carry away this Glaſs Spy, this Diſcoverer of the Firmament, for we have no Need of it, being able, with the Help of our Eyes only to diſcover more in you than we like; and let me tell you, the Sun is beholden to it for ſhewing you the black Spot in his Circle, or elſe for the Colour ſake you would have endeavour'd to cut out and ſtamp him into Money.'

The Blacks aſſembled in mighty Numbers to conſult about obtaining their Liberty, a Thing they have often earneſtly ſollicited. The numerous Concourſe being ſeated and ſilent, one of the chiefeſt among them, who in

that swarthy Audience appear'd blacker than the rest, and had propos'd this Affair in the Court of *Rome*, spoke to this purpose: 'There is no Cause for our Slavery 'but our Colour, and Colour is an Accident, not a 'Crime. Yet certain it is those who lord it over us 'have no Colour for their Tyranny, but our Colour, 'which is produc'd by the Presence and Nearness of the 'greatest Beauty, to wit, the Sun. Flocky Heads and 'clotted Hair, squab Noses and blubber Lips, are no 'better Grounds for our Captivity. Many Whites might 'be Slaves if these three Things carry'd it, and it were 'more reasonable they should be so who are hideous 'with their mighty Noses, like Rudders in their Faces, 'and snivel through Elephants Trunks, than we who 'have nothing to lose by the Pox, and are the very 'Opposites to the Snouts. Why do not the Whites con-'sider, that if we look like Blots among them, one of 'them looks like a Stain among us? Did they make 'Slaves of the Mulattoes, it were more excusable, for 'they are a Rabble without a King, a Compound be-'twixt Light and Darkness, Wainscot Faces compar'd 'with White Men, Foils to the Brown, the next De-'gree to the Blacks, and the very Picture of Soot. In 'all Ages there have been Men of our Complexion fa-'mous for martial Exploits, Learning, Virtue and Sanc-'tity; it is needless for me to repeat a Catalogue of 'them, for they are sufficiently known. Nor can it be 'deny'd that we are preferable to the Whites, for not 'endeavouring to disguise the Colour Nature gave to 'our Skins. Among them the Women that are swarthy 'or brown, plaster themselves like Walls to become 'white, and they that are white never satisfy'd with 'Whiteness, wash to encrease it. Only our Women 'contenting themselves with their natural Complexion, 'are beautiful in the Dark, and the Whiteness of their 'Teeth shining the brighter through their Blackness, 'when they smile they sparkle like the Stars in the 'Night. Neither do we bely our Age, dye our Hair, 'or wear false Locks. Why then are we contemn'd 'and chastis'd? This is it I offer to your Consideration,

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' that you may consult what Means may be used for ' obtaining our due Liberty and Rest.

The Hour prevail'd, and a Black, whose Head through Age was become grey, contrary to the received Opinion, that Blacks take no Colour, rose up and said, *Let Ambassadors be immediately sent to all the Kingdoms in* Europe, *with two Proposals. The first, That if Colour be the Cause of Slavery, they will take Notice of the Red Beards for the sake of* Judas, *and pass by the Blacks, on account of the three Kings that came to* Bethlem. *And since Cats and Dogs of that Colour are hateful, it will be but reasonable there be no Men nor Women of it, and let him in our Name propose Means for the speedy Destruction of Foxheads, with their Apurtenances. The second Proposal is, that they mix their Breed with ours, and blending their Brightness with our Sootiness, produce a Mungril Race, that so Swarthiness may become fashionable; being sufficiently warn'd by the Clearness of the* Germans *and* Flemings, *who have embroil'd and distracted the World, stain'd so many Fields with Blood, and fill'd so many Nations with Rebellions and Heresies; but particularly let 'em remember the* Frenchmen's *Yellow Beards. As for our Ambassadors, let them take this Advice, that if the People * Sneeze at them, they may take Snuff for their Comfort, and shall answer, God bless us; bestowing the Prayer upon themselves.*

The Mighty † Monarch of *England*, whose Island is the most beautiful Mole upon the Face of the Ocean, having assembled his Parliament, spoke to them as follows. ' My Dominions are encompassed by the raging ' Sea, hemm'd in and defended by the Waves; my ' Kingdoms, as to the Publick Worship, are of the Re- ' form'd Religion, but in their Hearts they are Catho- ' licks. I have engrafted the Papal Power upon the ' Regal, wear at once the Crown and Mitre, and have ' two Heads, the Spiritual and Temporal. I suspect, tho'

* *It is a Custom in* Spain *to Sneeze at the Blacks by Way of Contempt.*

† *This was spoken in the Person of King* Charles I. *in whose Time it was written, in the Year* 1630.

'it is not visible, a spiritual Schism among my Subjects, 'and that the City which holds St *Peter*'s Keys, in-'fluences the private Councils in *London*. This is of so 'much more dangerous Consequence, by how much it 'is the more private. It is a great Eye-sore to me to 'behold the rebellious *Hollanders* grown up into a *Com-'monwealth*. I confess mine and my Ancestors Jealousy 'of the Greatness of *Spain*, has rais'd them from a con-'temptible Spawn, to a Bulk that exceeds the *British* 'Whale. I see them daily encroaching upon the *East* 'and *West Indies*, and am devour'd by the Vermin I 'bred. I know, that almost every Year they have rich 'Fleets from their stolen Dominions, and sometimes they 'snap all, or a considerable Part of those that belong to 'the King of *Spain*, which brings them in inestimable 'Treasure. By Land so many Years continual Exercise 'has made them Soldiers, with the Reputation of innu-'merable Victories; and their Experience in obeying 'has render'd them fit to command. By Sea their Ships 'are not to be counted, their Fortune is matchless, 'their Conduct not to be parallel'd, and their Reputa-'tion above their Neighbours. On the other Side, I see 'my Neighbour the King of *France* (whom I hate upon 'ancient Grudges) aspire to the Empire of *Germany* and '*Rome*, having already got footing in *Italy*, being pos-'sess'd of Towns, favour'd by some Princes, and in all 'Appearance countenanc'd by the Pope. He is a Youth 'born and grown up amidst Arms, and gain'd Triumphs 'with them when he was fitter to have play'd with 'Toys. I now look upon his Subjects to be wholly 'united, since he has demolish'd all the strong Holds 'of the *Huguenots*, *Lutherans* and *Calvinists*, and vested 'the Power of the Government in the *Catholicks* alone; 'neither do I on this Account esteem him the better 'Catholick, but believe him a crafty Politician, and am 'perswaded he is in himself a Time-server; that he only 'aims at his Interest, and believes in what he would 'have, not in that he adores; a Religion many follow 'under the Name of another, yet he dissembles, be-'cause his Design being to work himself into the Pos-'session of *Naples* and *Milan*, he thought it convenient

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to favour the Catholicks, as being infinitely the ſtronger Party: They are beholden to their Number, not to their Doctrine. He pretends a Catholick Zeal, becauſe it is the beſt Colour to diſguiſe his Ambition of enlarging his Dominions in *Italy*; and he is as much beholden to his Hypocriſy as to his Valour for his Conqueſts. In *Germany*, by calling in the *Swedes*, and ſtirring up the Electors of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*, and the Landgrave of *Heſſe*, he was ſworn *in verba Lutheri*. He laid hold of *Calvin*'s Conſcience to ſeize the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Dominions; and thus he is a *Janus* in Religion, looking upon the *Turk* with one Face, and upon the *Pope* with the other; Cardinal *Richlieu* being made his Inſtrument to wind him into that Court. This cauſes my Noſe to ſwell at him, becauſe I conſider, that for the compaſſing his Ends he has made no Account of my Power, but has taken up with the Fortune of the *Hollanders*, deſpiſing *England*, as if he were furniſhed with another wonderful *Joan* of *Arc*, or Maid of *Orleans*. I have ſo ill a Reliſh of all theſe Actions, that they ſet my Teeth on Edge, and the very Air I breath is nauſeous; to which, adding the Succeſs in the Iſle of *Rhe*, it cauſes a Loathing in my Memory. It occurs not to me with whom I can join in Confederacy to clip the Wings of theſe two Neighbours, unleſs with *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*, who is a great, rich, and mighty Monarch, being Lord of the moſt Warlike Nations in the World, and in the Prime of his Age; yet I cannot but take Notice, that my Honour and Reputation are engaged in reſtoring the *Palatine*, and I cannot expect it from the *Catholicks*, and conſequently muſt not hope it from the *Imperialiſts* and *Spaniards*, by Reaſon of the Difference of Religion, and that the Proteſtants are already ſick of the Houſe of *Auſtria*. Beſides, I gueſs the King of *Spain* has not forgot my Journey to his Court, ſince I have not forgot my Return to my own, the Memory whereof is renew'd by the Attempt of my Ships upon *Cadiz*. I would willingly reduce the Moſt Chriſtian King to his former Bounds; for, like a Flood, he is ſwollen above his Banks, and has ſpread himſelf over alll *Europe*; and at

'the same Time would pull back the *Dutch* to what 'they were. It is your Parts to advise what Methods 'will be most proper for this Undertaking; but at the 'same Time you are to understand, that I am not only 'resolved, but eager to go myself in Person, because I 'am of Opinion, that a Prince who being engaged in a 'necessary War, does not himself lead his People, rather 'condemns his Subjects to carry Arms, than make Soldiers of them; and they being thus drove like Criminals, suffer more than they act; whence it comes they 'expect their Liberty, and revenge no less by being o'vercome than overcoming. There is as much Difference betwixt leading and sending of Armies, as betwixt 'Jest and Earnest, as appears by Experience. Answer 'in Relation to the Publick without meddling with my 'Safety; and let me hear nothing in your Opinions that 'looks like Self-Interest. Inform my Understanding, 'do not perplex it.' This said, they all look'd upon one another with an awful Silence, and after consulting together in private, the Speaker returned this Answer; 'Your Majesty, Great Sir, has contrived so to place 'your Question, that you have taught us how to answer; 'an Art highly to be valu'd by Kings, because it creates 'Perspicuity and a good Understanding. Truth is but 'one, it is plain and clear, few Words express it, Multiplicity confounds it, it breaks little Silence, Falshood 'leaves none unbroken. The Reflections you have made 'on the King of *France* and the *Hollanders* are worthy 'your Royal Consideration. The imminent Danger requires 'a manly and speedy Resolution. The King of *Spain* is at 'this Time the only Confederate can promote your Designs, 'and will be the more effectual if you join with him in 'Person to crush these two troublesome Neighbours. And 'your Majesty may observe there is as great Distance betwixt acting and commanding, as is betwixt Words and 'Deeds. I confess your Heirs are too tender to be forsaken; but it is a less Evil to leave them young, than 'childishly to bear them Company, being a Father.' Scarce had he utter'd these Woads, when an old decrepit Senator, whose grisle-clotted Beard covered all his Breasts his Head hanging down, and the Hunch of his

Back

Back, through Age, rising above it, lifting himself up by the Help of his Staff, said, 'There is no doubt but 'it is a great Rashness to advise his Majesty to go abroad 'in Person, when his Kingdoms swarm with concealed 'Catholicks, whose Number is known to be great, but 'suspected to be much greater. Your Majesty has Subjects fit to be entrusted with such an Undertaking; let 'an Army of our own Religion be sent under the Command 'of the chief Men who are suspected to be Catholicks; thus 'their Allegiance will be secured abroad, and fewer Enemies will remain at home. Do not venture your Person, 'in which we venture our all, and which alone secures all; 'for, from the Speaker's Opinion, I gather, he plots like 'a Papist, and does not advise like a Counsellor.

The whole Assembly fell into Confusion, and in this Disorder the Hour began, and the King changing Colour, said, 'You two, instead of advising, have distracted me. One says, If I go not abroad in Person, my 'Enemies will deprive me of my Kingdom. The other, 'if I go, it will be taken away by Subjects; so that 'you will have me stand more in Awe of my Subjects 'than of my Enemies. The Condition I am reduc'd to 'is deplorable. It remains that every one of you with-'in Twenty four Hours, lay before me by whose and by 'what Means I am reduc'd to this Pass, naming Persons 'and Causes, without sparing one another; otherwise 'I shall suspect you all, for the Blame lies only among 'you that advise me; for I am now resolved to attend 'my Affairs both at Home and Abroad. The King of '*France* goes Abroad without having Issue, or the 'Hopes of it, and leaves a Kingdom divided on seve-'veral Accounts; the Nobility stain'd with the Blood 'of *Montmorency*; the *Huguenots* suppress'd, but not 'without Thoughts of Revenge; the Country eaten up 'with Taxes, and the whole Kingdom groaning under 'the Oppression of the Prime Minister; and you would 'have me, who have Issue, and less Obstacles to ob-'struct me, stay to rock and play with my Children. '*France* and *Holland* are become formidable, because I 'have liv'd at Home at my Ease; if I appear not A-'broad they will be my Ruin. If I stay for Fear of

my

'my Subjects, I encourage them to contemn me. If 'once my Enemies are assured I cannot go Abroad, I 'shall not be able to secure myself against them; and if 'I go Abroad and perish, at least I shall gain the Ho-'nour of the Attempt, and prevent the Scandal of Cow-'ardice. That King who acts not himself in Defence 'of his Crown, furnishes them with an Excuse who do 'not assist him. It will be unjust to punish those that 'follow his Example, for he cannot be Judge of the 'Crime he taught, nor condemn what was learnt of him 'by those who imitate him in forsaking the Defence of 'their Country. Be gone all of you immediately, and 'consult, according to your Duty, what is best for my 'Service, preferring it before your Lives, and my 'Quiet; for I promise the more sharp the Truth you de-'liver shall be, the better I will look upon it; and do 'not perplex me with the Pretence of carrying all the 'Nobility along with me, for Experience demonstrates, 'that no Man ever assembled them in an Army, but he 'lost them and himself. The Rings measur'd by the 'Bushel at *Cannas*, testify it to the unspeakable Sorrow 'of *Rome*. So the Wood of *Pavia* made the Sepulchre 'of all the *French* Nobility, and of their King's Liber-'ty. So the *Spanish Armada*, under the Duke of *Me-'dina Sidonia*, which, coming to invade this Kingdom, 'enriched the Shoars with its Wreck. And so King '*Sebastian*, who lost his Nobility, his Crown, and his 'Life in *Africk*. The Nobility united, causes Confusi-'on, and occasions Ruin, because they know not how to 'command, and will not obey, and consequently their 'Pride breaks all Military Discipline. I will take with 'me a few that have gain'd Experience, the rest shall stay 'to be a Check to the Licentiousness of the Multitude, 'and a Curb to Mutineers. I have Occasion for such 'Men as think they cheat me in exposing their Lives for 'Sixpence a Day, not for those who having exhausted 'my Treasure that they might go, claim a Title to my 'Revenue because they went. It were good that all the 'Nobility were train'd, yet it were not safe. Private 'Persons must not arm Madmen, or Kings the Nobility. 'Take this along with you by Way of Instruction, and

'there

'there will be the leſs to diſtract your Conſultations, and 'my Reſolution will the ſooner take Effect.

At *Theſſalonica*, a City of *Macedonia*, ſeated at the Bottom of the Gulph, to which it gives its Name, and is ſubject to the Emperor of *Conſtantinople*, by the Appointment of Rabbi *Saadias*, Rabbi *Racabarbaniel*, Rabbi *Salomon*, and Rabbi *Niſin*, was held a General Aſſembly of the Deputies of all the *Jews* in *Europe*. Thither reſorted for the Synagogue at *Venice*, Rabbi *Samuel* and Rabbi *Maimon*; for that of *Ragguſa*, Rabbi *Abenezra*; for that of *Conſtantinople*, Rabbi *Jacob*; for that of *Rome*, Rabbi *Chaminiel*; for that of *Leghorn*, Rabbi *Cerſonni*; for that of *Roan*, Rabbi *Gavirol*; for that of *Prague*, Rabbi *Moſche*; for that of *Vienna*, Rabbi *Berchai*; for that of *Amſterdam*, Rabbi *Mier Armaac*; for that of *Oran*, Rabbi *Aſepha*; for the *Jews* in Maſquerade, who trade under the Diſguiſe of the *Chriſtian* Habit and Language, Rabbi *David Bar Nachman*. With theſe joyned the *Monopanti*, a Republican People inhabiting certain Iſlands, who lying in the *Black Sea*, betwixt *Muſcovy* and *Tartary*, are politickly maintain'd againſt their fierce Neighbours, rather by Cunning than by Force of Arms or Strength of Fortifications. The Natives are Men of inextricable Subtilty, thorough-pac'd in Hypocriſy, abſolute Maſters of Diſſimulation, and of ſo deceitful a Preſence, that all Religions and Nations take them for their own. Trade gives them Multiplicity of Faces, and changes their Countenances, and Intereſt ſhifts their Souls. They are govern'd by a Prince called *Pragas Chincollos*. By his Order there came to this *Sanhedrim*, ſix of the moſt learned Men in the Doctrine of Raking and Griping; the firſt was called *Philorgiros*, the ſecond *Eriſtotheos*, the third *Danipe*, the fourth *Arpi Trotono*, the fifth *Pacaſmazo*, and the ſixth *Daper Bazalas*. The Aſſembly ſeated themſelves orderly, according to the Preheminence of each Synagogue, giving the firſt Seat to the *Monopanti*, in Courteſy as they were Strangers. After Silence was made, Rabbi *Saadias*, having repeated the Pſalm, *In exitu Iſrael de Egypto*, made the following Speech. 'We the firſt Generation of the World, who 'are become the Off-caſt of all Ages, and diſpers'd Multitude,

' Multitude, living in Captivity and miſerable Contempt,
' perceiving the whole World entangled in the Snares of
' Diſcord, have aſſembled ourſelves together to conſult
' our Intereſt amidſt the preſent Tumults, that we may
' raiſe ourſelves upon the Ruins of all others. I confeſs
' Captivity, Plagues, and Obſtinacy, are our Inheritance.
' Fears and Jealouſies are the firſt begotten of our Under-
' ſtandings, and we were ever Malecontents againſt God,
' ſtill valuing the Deity we made, before that which
' made us. From the firſt Beginning his Government
' was irkſom to us, and we followed the Interpretation
' of the Devil, in Oppoſition to his Law. When his
' Omnipotency govern'd us, we rebell'd; when he gave
' us Governors we diſobey'd. *Samuel*, who govern'd in
' his Name, was thought burdenſome, and we gathering
' an ungrateful Aſſembly, tho' God was our King, aſk'd
' of God another King. He gave us *Saul*, and him a
' Tyrannical Right over us, declaring he would make
' Slaves of our Children, and take away our Eſtates to
' give to his Servants; and he aggravated this Puniſh-
' ment, ſaying, he would not take him from us, though
' we ſhould beg it of him. He ſaid to *Samuel*, that it
' was him they deſpis'd, not the Prophet, or his Sons.
' To fulfil his Curſe, that *Saul* continues among us at all
' Times, in all Places, and under ſeveral Names. Since
' then he oppreſſes us with infamous and miſerable Thral-
' dom in all Kingdoms and Commonwealths, and God
' permits every King ſhould be a *Saul* to us, who left
' God for *Saul*; Our Nation remain'd criminal in the
' Sight of all Men, all caſt it from themſelves? all re-
' tain, and all are aſham'd of retaining it. We reſide
' not in any Place, but whither we came, expell'd from
' another, we may be compell'd to return. We reſt no
' where, but where they are deſirous to caſt us out, and
' all dread we ſhould be drove upon them. We cannot
' but own there is no Congruity between our Words and
' Actions, and that our Mouth and our Heart never
' were united in adoring the ſame God; our Mouth al-
' ways call'd upon the God of Heaven, our Heart ever
' gave idolatrous Adoration to Gold and Uſury. Being
' under the Conduct of *Moſes*, when he went up to the
' Mount

Mount for the Law, we made it appear, that the Religion of our Souls was Gold, and any Creature fram'd thereof. There we ador'd our own Jewels in the Calf, and our Avarice took for its Deity the Resemblance of the sucking Cattle. We admit not of God in any other Metal, and in this we receive any Insect for a God. He well understood the Disease that caus'd our insatiable Thirst, who made us drink up our Idol reduc'd to Powder. A mighty Vengeance follow'd this Crime, yet tho' it slew many Thousands, it was a Warning to few, for whereas God afterwards did for us all that we could ask, still he did nothing but what we grew weary of. He stretch'd out the Clouds like a Canopy, to cover us in the Desart from the scorching Heat of the Day. He strengthen'd with the fiery Pillar the weak Light of the Moon and Stars, that they assisted with its glittering Motion, might overcome the Darkness of the Night, and represent the Sun in its Absence. He commanded the Wind to shower down our Harvest, and dispose the Regions of the Air into wonderful Barns, pouring thence our Sustenance ready dress'd in the Manna, with all the Seasoning every Palate could desire. He caus'd the Quails, descending like Rain, to become Game and Nets for our Entertainment. He dissolv'd the immoveable Rocks into running Streams, and caus'd Springs to gush from the Stones to quench our Thirst, he dryed up the Bottom of the Sea into an easy Road for our Feet, and rais'd the Waters perpendicular, heaping up their Smoothness into Liquid Walls, detaining in a secure Structure, the Waves and Billows, which became a streight Way for our Forefathers, and a Sepulchre to *Pharaoh* and his Army. His Word rais'd Vermin, and lifted Frogs, Flies, and Locusts in his Army for our Service. There is nothing so weak, whereof God does not make up invincible Hosts against Tyrants. With such small Soldiers he vanquish'd the formidable Enemies Squadrons, glittering in their Steel Armour, vain-glorious in the Bearings of their Shields, and flourishing in the Feathers of their Crests. These wonderful Mercies which our King and Prophet *David* celebrated in

the

'the 10th *Pſalm*, which begins *Horula Adonai*, were re-
'quited by our Obſtinacy and Ingratitude with a Loathing
'and Diſlike of our Food, and with Oblivion of the Way
'opened through the Waves of the Sea. Many Times God
'chaſtiſes with what he gives, and rewards with what
'he refuſes. Such Forefathers are a ſcandalous Genea-
'logy of our Perverſeneſs. We are generally look'd u-
'pon as obſtinate in endleſs Hopes, whereas in Reality we
'are the moſt deſperate People in Nature: We are the
'*Ne plus ultra* of Incredulity, and Hopes and Incredulity
'are incompatible. Neither do we hope, nor is any
'Thing to be hoped of us. Becauſe *Moſes* ſtay'd a little
'on the Mount we deſpaired of him, and ask'd a God
'of *Aaron*. The Reaſon why it is ſaid we are obſtinate
'in everlaſting Hope, is, becauſe we have ſo many
'Ages expected the *Meſſiah*; but neither did we receive
'him in Chriſt, nor do we expect him in any other.
'The Cauſe of our ſaying always that he is to come, is
'not that we deſire him, or believe it, but by theſe De-
'lays to diſguiſe our being the Fool that begins the 13th
'*Pſalm*, ſaying in his Heart, *There is no God*. The
'ſame, ſays he, who denies him that came, and waits
'for him that is not to come. This is the Language of
'our Heart, and, rightly conſidered, it is the *Quære* of
'the 2d *Pſalm*, *Fremuerunt gentes, & populi meditati
'ſunt inania adverſus Dominum, & adverſus Chriſtum
'ejus*. So that we ſay we always hope, to conceal our
'always deſpairing. Of the Law of *Moſes* we retain
'only the Name, giving it to the Exceptions the *Talmu-
'diſts* have forg'd to belye the Scripture, diſguiſe the
'Prophecies, invalidate the Precepts, and diſpoſe Con-
'ſciences to worldly Ends, inſtructing our Atheiſtical
'Inclinations with ſeditious Politicks for the Conveni-
'ency of a civil Life, and adopting us of Sons of *Iſrael*,
'Sons of Mammon. When we had a Law we kept it
'not. Now we keep it, it is no Law, farther than in
'the very Sound of the three Letters. It was neceſſary
'to declare what we were, to excuſe what we are, and
'promote what we aim to be, advancing ourſelves upon
'the wild Extravagancies, which, like a Frenzy, poſ-
'ſeſs all the Earth; for now not only the Hereticks riſe
in

‘ in Arms againſt their Enemies the Catholicks, but the
‘ Catholicks themſelves, in hoſtile Manner, invade one a-
‘ nother. The Proteſtants of *Germany* for many Years
‘ paſt have ſtruggled for a heretick Emperor, and in this
‘ they are favoured by the moſt Chriſtian King, who
‘ acts as if he were not ſo, and connives at *Calvin* and
‘ *Luther*. The Catholick King oppoſes them all, to
‘ keep in the Houſe of *Auſtria* the Supreme Dignity of
‘ the *Roman* Eagles. The *Hollanders*, encouraged by
‘ being ſucceſsful Traitors, aſpire to raiſe their Treaſon
‘ into a Monarchy; and of rebellious Subjects to the
‘ King of *Spain*, dare preſume to become his Competi-
‘ tors. They wreſted from him what he had in them,
‘ and they proceed to rob him of what is ſo far from
‘ them, as *Brazil* and *India*, deſigning to extend their
‘ Conqueſt over his Crown. We have been no ſmall In-
‘ ſtruments in promoting theſe Uſurpations, by Means
‘ of the ſham Chriſtians, whom, under Diſguiſe, of the
‘ *Portugueze* Language, we have apply'd to undermine
‘ him, upon Pretence of being his Subjects. All or moſt
‘ of the Princes of *Italy* have harbour'd the *French* in their
‘ Dominions, pretending they read the Pope's Inclinati-
‘ ons in his Looks, and interpreting his ſilent Toleration
‘ for a poſitive Command. *Ex motu proprio.* * The
‘ King of *France* has practiſed an unheard of Stratagem
‘ againſt the Monarch of *Spain*, diſcharging upon him
‘ all his Family, under the Title of Malecontents, that
‘ he might conſume the Pay of his Army in Penſions and
‘ Preſents. When was it ever known that a King
‘ made Ammunition of his Mother and Brothers Teeth
‘ againſt another, that they might eat him up by Mor-
‘ ſels. It is a beggarly Invention, and yet moſt pernici-
‘ ous. To wage War by Mumping, looks more like
‘ Jeſt than Earneſt. We have Synagogues in the Domi-
‘ nions of all theſe Princes, where we are the principal
‘ Element in compoſing of this Confuſion. At *Roan*
‘ we are the Purſe of *France* againſt *Spain*, and of *Spain*

* *The Duke of* Orleans *and Queen Mother of* France, *upon Diſguſt went into* Flanders, *where they had Penſions from the King of* Spain, *who entertained them to breed Diviſions in* France.

against *France*. In *Spain* disguising our Circumcision by our Habit, we supply that Monarch with the Stock we have at *Amsterdam* amidst his Enemies, who make a greater Advantage by ordering us to delay the Payment of the Bills, than he does by receiving them. This is indeed an extraordinary Riddle, to wit, to serve and ruin Friends and Enemies with the same Money, and to cause him that pays it to make his Advantage over him that receives it. The same we do in *Germany*, *Italy*, and *Constantinople*, and we have knit this indissoluble Knot by placing the Supply every one expects in the Hands of his greatest Enemy. For we furnish Money, as he that lends upon Interest to one that plays and loses, that he may lose the more. I do not deny but the *Monopanti* are the Box-keepers of *Europe*, who furnish Cards, Dice, and Candles, and at length the Box runs away with all the Gold and Silver, leaving the Gamesters nothing but Noise, Ruin, and a Desire of Revenge, which they encourage, that their Gaming-House, which is the End of all Men, may never have an End. Thus far they are the true Copies of our Original. True it is they have much the Advantage of us in the Manner of worming themselves in, because they are the Jews of the *New Testament*, as we are of the *Old*; for as we did not believe that *Jesus* was the Messiah that came, so they believing that *Jesus* was the Messiah already come, they let him slip through their Consciences in such a Manner, it seems he never came to, or for them. The *Monopanti* believe him, as a grave Author says we expect him. *Auream, & Gemmatam Hierusalem expectabant*, A *Jerusalem* of Gold and precious Stones. Both we and they through different Principles and unlike Means, tend to the same End, which is to destroy Christianity, which we would not receive, and they, after receiving, have rejected. And this is the Reason we have met to join a Confederacy of Malice and Deceit. This Synagogue has taken it into Consideration, that Gold and Silver are the true Sons of the Earth which make War against Heaven, not only with an Hundred Hands, but with as many as dig, cast, coin, gather, tell, receive, and steal them.

They

'They are two subterranean Demons, yet beloved of all 'Mortals. Two such Metals, that the greater Body 'they have, they have also the more Spirit. No Estate 'or Condition despises them, and if any Law condemn, 'the Lawyers and Interpreters of it bring them off. He 'that thinks it an undervaluing to dig them, values him-'self upon gathering them. He who is too great 'to ask of him who keeps, courteously receives 'them of him that offers. And he who thinks it too 'great a Labour to earn them, esteems it an Art to steal 'them. He that says, I will not have them, at the same 'Time means, Give me them. And he who cries, I 'receive nothing, speaks Truth, because he snatches all: 'As it were a Falshood, should the Sea pretend it does 'not swallow up the Springs and Brooks, since drinking 'up the Rivers which suck them up, it also licks up 'Brooks and Springs; so great Men prevaricate, when 'they say they do not receive from the Poor and Beggars, 'whereas they devour the Rich, who swallow up the 'Poor and Beggars. The Premises being granted it will 'be most proper to level the Strokes of our Interest at 'Kings, Commonwealths, and Prime Ministers, in whose 'Stomachs all the rest cause a Surfeit, which being by us 'stirr'd up, will prove a Lethargy, or Apoplexy in their 'Heads. Let the *Monopanti* have the Preheminence of 'giving their Opinion first, what Method they judge 'most proper for our Advantage.'

They having buzz'd about their sly Thoughts from one to another, agreed that *Pacasmazo*, as the most fluent of Tongue, and abounding in Words, should speak for them all, which he did in this Manner. *The Goods of the World belong to the Industrious, and Fortune follows the Dissemblers and the Bold. Crowns and Scepters are sooner usurp'd and snatch'd, than inherited or observ'd. He who in Temporal Preferments is the worst among the Wicked, is most deserving without Exception, and grows till he suffers himself to be outdone in Villainy, for in all ambitious Attempts, Justice and Honesty make Tyrants Criminals. No sooner these begin to use Moderation, but they depose themselves. If they will continue their Tyranny, they must not suffer any Signs to appear abroad that may*

prove them so. The Fire that burns a House, casting out the Smoak, calls People to quench it with Water. Let every one take as much of this Discourse to himself as suits with his Purpose. Money is the true Circe *which changes into sundry Forms all that come near or fall in love with it. We our selves are the Example. Money is a disguis'd Deity, which in no Place has any publick Altar, but is privately ador'd in all Parts. It has no particular Temple, because it slides into all Churches. Riches is an universal Sect, in which most Souls agree; and Covetousness is an Arch Heretick below'd by all Politicians, and the Reconciler of all Differences in Opinion and Humour. We therefore perceiving he is the most wonderful Magician and Necromancer, have chosen him for our* North Star, *and make him our Loadstone and point to that Pole, that he may not stray from our Course. This we perform so artificially, that we leave him to the End we may have him, and despise him that we may gather him. This we learn of the decitful Pump, which by being empty fills it self, with what it has not; attracts what others have, and easily sucks and drains the full with its own Emptiness. We are the very Resemblance of Gunpowder, which being small, black, and close rammid, gathers vast Strength and Swiftness from its close Imprisonment. We do the Mischief before the Noise can be heard; and as we open one Eye and shut the other, to take aim we carry all before us in the Twinkling of an Eye. Our Houses are like the Barrels of Guns, they are discharg'd at the Keys, and charg'd at the Mouth. Yet tho' we are such, we have Countenances and Manners that suit with all Men, and therefore we seem not Strangers to any Sect or Nation. The* Turks *takes our Hair for a Turbant, the* Christian *for a Hat, the* Moor *for a Cap, and you for a Veil. We admit not of the Name of a Kingdom, Commonwealth, or any other, but only that of* Monopanti. *We yield all Titles to Kings and Commonwealths, we take from them the Power abstracted from the Vanity of those noisy Words. We lay our Design that they may be Lords over the World, and we over them. To attain so glorious an End, we have not found any to join with in Confederacy on equal Terms, like you,*

who

who are at present the Sharpers of Europe; *you only want our Quality to compleat the subverting of all, which we offer you entire, by Way of Contagion or Infection, to be transmitted by Means of an Infernal Device found out against* Christians *by us here present; which is, that as Treacle is prepared with the sharp Poison of the Viper, because it is the Moisture that goes the quickest and most directly to the Heart; for which Reason being compounded with many Simples of efficacious Virtue, it conveys them to the Heart to defend it against Poison, which is the Design of the Medicine; so we have invented a Counter Treacle to convey Poisons to the Heart, by falling upon the Vertues and good Works that go to it, and to carry to the Soul the Vices, Abominations and Errors, which on these Vehicles will slip into it. If you resolve upon this Alliance, we will give you the Receipt, with the Weight and Number of Ingredients, and furnish Apothecaries well vers'd in the Composition; in the contriving whereof,* Danipe, Alkemiastos, *and I, have taken great Pains, and our Labour is nothing inferior to the* Trochisks *of the Viper. Be rul'd by our Pragus, for you need not cease to be* Jews, *and at the same Time will learn to be* Monopanti.

At the very uttering of these Words, the Hour had its Effect, and Rabbi *Maimon*, one of those that came from the Synagogue of *Venice*, rising up, and putting aside with his Hand a Fathom and a half of Snout, that he might come the closer to the Ear of Rabbi *Saadias*, whisper'd these Words. Rabbi, *I smell a Rat in that Word, be govern'd, we must keep a sharp Eye upon these Fellows, for to me they look like Family* Pharaohs *and subtle Encroachers. Saadias* reply'd, *Now at length I am convinc'd they are the very Manna of Instruction, for they taste as every one would have them. The best Way is to say little, and give them a Bait in the Trap as to Republican Mice. Christopheus* seeing the mumbling Dialogue, said to *Philargiros* and *Danipe*; *I smoke the Jealousy of the wicked* Jews: *Let every Man of the* Monopanti *give himself a Lick of the* Golden Calf, *and they will all fall upon their Knees.* They all ran upon Snares and Contrivances against one another, and Rabbi *Saadias*, to amuse the *Monopanti*, said, *We look upon you*

as Diſcoverers of the Land of Promiſe, *and the true Baſis of our Deſigns, that we may be united in a miſchievous Body, it will be requiſite we conſult the Methods, and conclude and ſign Articles at our next Meeting, which we appoint three Days hence. Pacaſmazo* covering his Snakes Skin with Doves Feathers, ſaid, *The Time was ſufficient, and the Reſolution diſcreet; but that it was requiſite, exact Secreſy ſhould be obſerv'd.* Then taking out a Book bound in Sheeps-ſkin with the Wooll on, which was curiouſly interwoven and wrought with Gold Thread, he gave it to *Saadias*, ſaying, *This Jewel we give you as a Pledge.* He took it, and aſk'd, *Whoſe Works are theſe? Pacaſmazo* anſwer'd, *The Works of our Words. The Author is* Nicholas Matchiavel, *who compos'd the thorough Baſe to our Treble.* The *Jews* attentively looking upon them, and particularly obſerving the Binding in Sheeps-ſkin; Rabbi *Aſapha*, who was Deputy for *Oran*, ſaid, *This is ſome of the Wooll the* Spaniards *tell us in their Proverb, which ſays,* 'They that 'go to fetch it, are fleec'd before they return.' Thus they parted, both Parties contriving to meet again like the Steel and Flint for to batter, bruize, and beat one another to Pieces, till they ſtruck Fire againſt all the World, for founding the new Sect of *Monetiſm*, changing the Name of *Atheiſts* into that of *Money-mongers*, or *Monetiſts*.

The Subjects of Princes, Commonwealths, Kings and Emperors aſſembled together at *Liege*, a Neuter Country, to conſult about their Affairs, redreſs their Grievances, vent their Spleen and breathe out their Thoughts, before ſtifl'd under the fear of Sovereign Power. There were People of all Nations, Conditions and Qualities. The Number was ſo great, it look'd more like an Army than an Aſſembly, for which Reaſon they made choice of the open Fields to meet in. On the one Hand it was ſurpriſing to behold the wonderful Variety of Garbs and Countenances; on the other the Ears were confounded, and Attention it ſelf deceiv'd by the ſtrange Diverſity of Languages. The Voices ſeem'd to rend the Air, and reſounded in the ſame Manner, as when in the Heat of Harveſt Time, the Fields ring with the indefatigable Noiſe of Graſhoppers. The moſt piercing Cry was that

rais'd

rais'd by the Women, tearing their Throats with Actions altogether distracted. All was full of tumultuous Madness and raging Discord. The Republicans would be govern'd by Princes, and the Subjects of Princes were for erecting themselves into Commonwealths. This Controversy set a noble *Savoyard* and a Commoner of *Genoa* together by the Ears. The *Savoyard* complain'd, 'That his Duke was the perpetual Motion, and consum'd his Subjects with continual Wars, to bear up his 'Dominions, which are ever ready to sink betwixt '*France* and *Spain*. That this Safety consisted in embroiling the two Kings at the Expence of his Subjects; 'to the End, that they two being employ'd against one 'another, neither of them might swallow him, since 'both those Princes alternatively, first one and then the 'other conquer and defend him; all which the Subjects pay for, being never allow'd any Respite to 'breathe. When *France* attacks, *Spain* supports him; 'and when *Spain* invades, *France* defends him; and 'whereas, neither protects him for his Sake, but to 'obstruct the others enlarging his Dominion by that Accession, and becoming a nearer and more formidable 'Neighbour; the Defence is often as fatal, if not more 'to the Subjects, than the Invasion. The Duke retains 'a secret Ambition to be thought the Founder of the 'Liberty of *Italy*; bearing it before him, the better to 'draw to his Party the See of *Rome*. The Duke is 'diseas'd of the Distemper of King *Cyrus*, is perplex'd 'with the Remembrance of having been Lord of *Genoa*, and grows sick with the Desire of being Supream 'among the *Italian* Princes. All these Motives are 'Spurs to his Ambition, which needs a Curb; and for 'these Reasons, I come to propose, that *Savoy* and '*Piedmont* may be form'd into a Commonwealth where 'Justice and Wisdom govern, and Liberty reigns?' What Liberty reigns? Quoth the *Genoese*, damning himself to the Pit of Hell, 'Thou art certainly mad, and having never liv'd in a Commonwealth, dost not know the 'Misery and Slavery that attends it. All the Politicks 'in the World, will never make us set our Horses together. I who am a *Genoese*, born under that Commonwealth,

'monwealth, which by its Nearneſs, and the great Contentions betwixt us, is well acquainted with you, and 'come to perſwade your Duke, with the Aſſiſtance of 'us the Commons, to make himſelf King of *Genoa*; 'and if he accepts not of it, I will go make the ſame 'Offer to the King of *Spain*; and from him to the 'King of *France*, and ſo from one to another, till I 'find one that will take pity on us. Tell me, thou 'ungrateful Wretch, to the Goodneſs of God towards 'you, in making you the Subject of a Prince: Have 'you ever conſider'd how much eaſier it is to obey one, 'than many met together in one Room, but as divided 'in Manners, Inclinations, Opinions and Deſigns. Doſt 'not thou obſerve, Monſter, that in Commonwealths, 'the Government being annual and ſucceſſive through 'ſeveral Families, it is conſequently under an Awe, and 'Juſtice is not freely diſtributed, for fear leſt thoſe who 'ſhall govern the next twelve Months or three, ſhould 'revenge themſelves on him that govern'd before? If 'a Republican Senate conſiſt of many, it is all Confuſion; if of few, it only ſerves to corrupt the Security 'and Excellency of Unity. Nor is this remedy'd by 'the Duke, who either has no abſolute Power, or laſts 'but for a Time appointed. If the Government be 'equally divided betwixt the Nobility and Commons, 'they make up an Aſſembly of Dogs and Cats; for the 'one propoſes Snapping and Barking, and the other anſwers, Scratching and Clawing. If they be rich and 'poor, the Rich contemn the Poor, and the Poor envy 'the Rich. Conſider now what will be the Iſſue of 'Envy and Contempt. If the Power reſt in the Commons, neither will the Nobles be able to endure them, 'nor they to bear not being ſuch. Now if only the 'Nobility rules, I can compare the Subjects to nothing 'but the Damned in Hell, and ſuch are we the Commons of *Genoa*: Nay, could I ſay worſe of our Condition, I ſhould think this too little. *Genoa* has as 'many Commonwealths as Nobles, and as many Slaves 'as Commons; and all theſe Commonwealths meet in 'one Palace, only to reckon up our Stock, that they 'may ſqueeze us either by enhancing or abaſing the

'Value

'Value of Money; and as if they were Informers a-
'gainſt our Eſtates, their continual Study is to depreſs
'us into Poverty. They make uſe of us like Spunges,
'ſending us abroad into the World, that plunging in
'Trade, we may ſuck Riches, and when they perceive
'us ſwollen with Caſh, they ſqueeze us out for their
'own uſe. Tell me then, thou curſed abominable *Sa-*
'*voyard*, what it is you aim at by your Treachery,
'what can be your infernal Deſign? Do not you per-
'ceive that the Nobility and Commonalty tranſmit their
'Power to Kings and Princes, in whom being remov'd
'from the Pride of the former, and Lowneſs of the
'latter, it compoſes a Supream Head, authoriz'd by a
'peaceful and diſintereſted Majeſty, over which the
'Nobility dares not inſult, and under which the Com-
'monalty does not groan.'

They had fallen foul of one another, had they not been prevented by the Muttering of a Drove of Legiſlators, driven by a Rabble of Women, who, with open Mouths, confounded them, ſhrieking, and threatning to fall on with their Teeth: One of them of ſuch tranſcendant Beauty, that it was increaſed by the Hideouſneſs of Paſſion, which is an Affection that adds Deformity even to the Fierceſs of Lions, delivered herſelf in theſe Words, 'Tyrants, for what Reaſon have you alone made Laws 'againſt Women without their Conſent, according to 'your own Fancies, whereas they are an equal Part of 'the two wherein Human Government conſiſts. You 'exclude us the Schools meerly thro' Envy, becauſe we 'ſhall exceed you; and deny us the Uſe of Arms, for 'fear you ſhould be conquer'd by our Anger, as you are 'already by our Smiles. You have conſtituted your-'ſelves the ſupreme Judges of Peace and War, and we 'ſuffer your Extravagancies. Adultery in us is a Crime 'puniſhable with Death, and among you it is a meer 'Jeſt. You will have us be good, that you may be 'wicked, and require us chaſte, that you may be lewd. 'We have not a Senſe but what you keep under Hatches; 'you tye up our Feet, and hoodwink our Eyes. If we 'look you ſay we are impudent; if others look on us 'we are dangerous. And thus, under Colour of Mo-

'deſty,

'desty, you condemn us to forfeit our Reason and Senses. 'It is your Jealousy, you Scoundrels, not our own 'Weakness, that often persuades us to act that against 'you, for which you are most watchful over us. More 'are made wicked by you than would be so of themselves. If you, senseless Rascals, make yourselves the 'forbidden Fruit to us, it follows of Necessity, we shall 'all become so many *Eves* against you. Very many 'are good when they are put into your Hands, and you 'force them to be wicked; and you receive none so 'wicked, but most of you oblige them to be worse. 'All your Gravity consists in the wild Hairiness of your 'Faces; and he who thinks his Beard will make the 'biggest Brush, thinks himself the ablest Man; as if the 'Strength of the Brain lay in long Bristles, which rather 'look like a Tail than a Head. This is the Day these 'Grievances must be redress'd, either by allowing us a 'Share in Learning and Government, or by giving us a 'Hearing, and doing us Right against the Laws establish'ed, enacting some more favourable for us, and repealing 'others that are prejudicial to us.

A Doctor, whose Beard hung down in Daglocks, seeing the Women in a Crowd, and bent upon Mischief, relying on his Eloquence, attempted to appease them with these Words, 'It is not without much Dread I undertake to oppose your Sentiments, considering Reason 'itself is oft overcome by Beauty, and Rhetorick is of 'no Force, compared with your Charms. However, 'tell me what Law you can be entrusted with, since the 'first Woman prov'd herself such, by breaking the Law 'of God? With what Safety can Weapons be put into 'your Hands, since, with an Apple, you struck to the 'Ground all the Generation of *Adam*, not so much as 'those that were hid in the Distance of Futurity escaping? You say all Laws are against you, this were 'Truth, had you said you were against all Laws. What 'Power is there to compare to yours, tho' you do 'not judge according to the Laws by Means of the Judges 'corrupting them. If we make Laws, it is you that 'break them. If Judges govern the World, and Women the Judges; it is the Women that govern the 'World,

World, and debauch them that govern it; for the Women they love are more prevalent with many, than the Laws they read. What the Devil said to the Woman took Place with *Adam*, of what God said to him. The Influence of the Devil is great over Human Hearts, if he speaks through the Mouth of one of you. Woman is a Rarity that ought to be fear'd and lov'd, and it is very hard to fear and love the same Thing. He who loves only her, hates himself, and he who hates only her, hates Nature. What Law is there which your Tears will not blot out, and Equity is of Force against your Smiles? If we have Employments and Preferments, it is you that spend the Profits in your Dresses. You have but one Precedent to quote, which is your Beauty; when did you ever urge it that it did not take Place? Or, whosoever saw it that did not submit? If we suffer ourselves to be brib'd, it is that we bribe you. If we strain the Laws, and incline Justice, it is for the most Part because we advise with your Charms; you run away with the Prize of the Villainies you command us to act, and we are left with Scandal of corrupt Judges. You envy us our Military Employments, whereas you are beholden to War for the Happiness of being left Widows, and we for being buried in Oblivion among the Dead. You complain that Adultery is a capital Crime in you and not in us; why, you charming white Devils, if one Slip of yours dishonours Parents and Children, and stains a whole Generation, how can you fancy Death too severe a Punishment? Whereas the Honour of many innocent Persons is infinitely valuable above the Life of a Criminal. But let us judge by your Works how you value the Penalty. You cannot count the Adulteries you are guilty of, because they are innumerable, and among us they are so rare we have nothing to count. Death is a Punishment that deters others from falling into the same Crime, but where does this appear by you? To complain of our guarding you, is to complain that we value you, for no Man takes Pains to secure what he despises. By what I have said it appears you are absolute Ladies of all Things, all Things are subject to you;

' you

'you enjoy Peace, and are the Occasion of War, if you 'would ask what many of you want, ask for Moderation and Brains?

Scarce was the Word Brains out of his Lips, when all the Women together discharged their Fury upon the wretched Doctor, in a Storm of Blows, Scratches and Pinches, and so outragiously did they pull his Beard and Hair, that they left him as smooth as if he had been new shav'd, and look'd more like an old Woman, than the Reverend Interpreter of the Law. They had quite stifl'd him, but that a Multitude of People came in hearing the Noise and Outcries. Among them a *French* Monsieur, and an *Italian* Monseignor, had already made known to one another their Displeasure by some good Bangs, and saluted their Countenances with Cuffs, follow'd by Kicks, and such like Familiarities. The *Frenchman* fretted with Rage, and the *Italian* foam'd with Anger. *Italians* and *Frenchmen* flock'd to them on all Hands, the *Germans* interpos'd, and having with much Difficulty appeas'd them, ask'd the Cause of their Strife. The *Frenchman* gathering up with both Hands his Breeches, which, in the Scuffle, were fallen over his Legs, answer'd, 'All Nations are met here 'this Day, to redress their Grievances, and I, among 'the rest was discoursing with others of my Country-'men concerning the miserable Condition *France* is in at 'present, and how the *French* are oppress under the Ty-'ranny of Cardinal *Richlieu*: I was laying open with 'what Art he pretends the King's Service, at the same 'Time he degrades him. How he covers the Fox 'under the Purple Robe. How, by embroiling all Chri-'stendom, he diverts all from looking into his Practices. 'How his Subtilty makes a Property of his Prince's Fa-'vour. And how he had put the Power of Sea and 'Land, Governments, Preferments, Armies, and Fleets 'into the Hands of his Kindred and Confederates, de-'faming the Nobility, and raising the Unworthy. I 'was putting my Countrymen in Mind how the Marshal 'D'*Ancre* was hack'd and hew'd in Pieces, and call'd 'to their Remembrance Monsieur *de Luisnes*, and how 'yet our King cannot rid himself of Prime Ministers,

'shewing

'ſhewing how this laſt was the only Friend to the other
'two, whoſe Reputation he eſtabliſh'd, by black'ning
'his own. I was diſcovering to them, how of late
'Years, Traitors have hit upon the moſt pernicious Art
'that ever Hell invented; for perceiving that to uſurp
'Kingdoms is become Treaſon, and that he who at-
'tempts it is puniſh'd as a Traitor, the better to ſecure
'themſelves in their wicked Practices, they uſurp the
'Kings, calling themſelves Favourites; and thus inſtead
'of being puniſh'd as Traitors, they are ador'd as Kings
'of Kings. I was propoſing, do now propoſe, and will
'again propoſe in the general Meeting, that for the
'perpetuating the Succeſſion, eſtabliſhing of Kingdoms,
'and extirpating this Sect of Traitors, an inviolable and
'indiſpenſible Law ſhould be enacted, ordaining, that
'whatſoever King of *France* ſhall ſubject himſelf to a
'Favourite, he and his Heirs ſhall *Ipſo facto*, forfeit
'their Title to the Crown, and their Subjects be ab-
'ſolv'd from their Oath of Allegiance; for the *Salique*
'Law, which excludes Females, does not prevent ſo
'manifeſt a Danger as this that cuts off Favourites. I
'added, that at the ſame Time it ſhould be ordained, that
'whatſoever Subject under that Title preſum'd to uſurp
'his King, ſhould ſuffer an infamous Death, and forfeit
'all the Eſtate and Honours he ſtood poſſeſs'd of, his
'Name for ever remaining ſcandalous and execrable.
'Now that diſtracted *Bergamaſco* never conſidering what
'was ſaid by me who never ſo much as once thought
'of the *Nepotes* of *Rome*, call'd me Heretick, ſaying,
'that in deteſting *Favourites*, I deteſted the *Nepotes*, for
'that *Favourite* and *Nepos* are two Names, yet but one
'and the ſame Thing; and tho' I had not ſpoke a
'Word tending to that mad Notion, he attacked me as
'you all beheld.'

The *Germans* with the reſt of the Spectators were ſur-prized and amaz'd. With much Difficulty they directed each to his Poſt, and diſpos'd the Multitude into a ſilent Auditory, to hear the Propoſitions which were to be made in the Name of them all, by a ruddy Lawyer who had ſet them all a-madding, and put into their Heads ſuch wild and extravagant Demands. Two Trumpets gave

the Signal for Silence, when he ſtanding upon an eminent Place in the Midſt of the Multitude, which ſwarm'd about, deliver'd himſelf in this Manner. 'The Thing 'we all aim at is the general Liberty of all, to be purchas'd by contriving how we may be ſubject to Juſtice, 'not to Violence: That Reaſon may govern us, and 'not the abſolute Power of the Will; that we may 'belong to thoſe who inherit, not to them that raviſh 'us: That we may be the Care of Princes, not their 'Merchandize; and in Commonwealths, Companions 'not Slaves, Limbs not Lumber, Bodies and not Shadows. That the Rich Man hinder not the Poor from 'growing Rich, nor the Poor grow Rich by plundering 'the Wealthy. That the Nobleman deſpiſe not the 'Commoner, nor the Commoner hate the Nobleman. 'And that the whole Care of the Government be employ'd in encouraging the Poor to grow rich, and honouring the Virtuous. And in preventing the contrary, Care muſt be taken that no one Man become 'greater and more powerful than all the reſt, for he 'who excels all others deſtroys Equality, and they that 'ſuffer him to exceed encourage him to conſpire. Equality is the Harmony in which conſiſts the Muſick of 'the Commonwealth's Peace, for when diſturb'd by an 'Exceſs, it becomes Diſcord, and what before was Concert becomes Noiſe. Commonwealths are to be ſo 'united with Kings, as the Earth (which repreſents the former) is with the Sea (repreſenting the latter;) Theſe 'always embrace one another, yet ſo as the Earth always defends it ſelf againſt the Encroachment of the Sea 'by its Banks; the Sea always threatens the Earth, wears 'and endeavours to overflow and ſwallow it up; and the 'Earth ever fix'd and unmov'd, oppoſes the perpetual 'Motion and Inconſtancy of the Sea. The Sea ſwells 'with every Wind, every Blaſt makes the Earth fruitful. The Sea grows rich with what the Earth commits to it, and the Earth with Hooks and Nets drains 'and depopulates the Sea. Even as all the Security 'and Shelter againſt the Sea is in the Land, which furniſhes Harbours, ſo Commonwealths are a Refuge a-'gainſt the Revolutions and Storms of Kingdoms. Com-

'monwealths

monwealths ought always to make War with their Heads, seldom with their Hands, they must have Armies and Fleets ready in the Greatness of their Stock, which is the Celerity that lays hold of all Opportunities. They are to make War upon Kings by setting one against another; for Monarchs, tho' they be Fathers, Sons, Brothers and Relations, are like Steel and File, which tho' not only near ally'd, but the same Substance and Metal, yet the File always cuts and wears away the Iron. Commonwealths are to assist rash Princes, so far as may serve to overthrow them, and the more cautious far enough to make them rash. It is their best Policy to honour Trade, because it enriches and carries Men throughout the World, gaining them Practical Experience, by which they discover the Ports, Customs, Government, Strength and Designs of their Neighbours. The Study of Politicks and Mathematicks ought to be encourag'd as advantageous to the Publick, and nothing ought to be so much contemn'd as Idleness, tho' under never so specious a Title, or Riches devoted to Luxury. All Publick Sports shall consist of the Exercise of Fire-arms, and handling of other Weapons, as is us'd in Battle, that they may be at once useful and diverting; at the same time Sports and Exercises; and then will it be decent to frequent the Theatres, when they are Academies. All Formality of Garb is to be absolutely condemn'd, and all the Distinction betwixt the Rich Man and the Poor must be, that the former extend Relief, and the latter receive it; and Virtue and Valour shall make the Difference betwixt the Nobleman and Commoner, for those Virtues were the Foundation of all ancient Nobility. I will here drop a few Words out of *Plato*, let him that has need of them gather them up, for I don't know to what Purpose I bring them, but some Body or other, perhaps, may know to what Purpose he spoke them in the third Dialogue, *De repub. vel de Justo.* They are these. *Igitur rem publicam administrantibus præcipue, si quibus aliis mentiri licet, vel hostium, vel civium causa in communem civitatis utilitatem, reliquis autem à mendatio abstinendum est.* If

it be lawful to any to lye, it is chiefly allowable to them who govern the Commonwealth, either on account of the Enemies, or Citizens, for the common advantage of the City, all others are to abstain from Lying. I cannot but reflect, that whereas the Catholick Church condemns this Doctrine of *Plato*'s Commonwealth, yet there are many that value themselves upon being his Commonwealth. Let us come now to what is propos'd by the Subjects of Kings. These complain, that they are all become elective, because those who are and continue hereditary, elect Favourites, who become Kings by their Election. This is that enrages them, because the *French* tell us, that Princes, who for the better Government of their Kingdoms, wholly give themselves up to their Favourites, are like Galley-Slaves who travel by Force, turning their Backs to the Port they go to; and that the Favourites are like Juglers, who the more they deceive, the more they entertain; and the better they conceal their Slight from the Eyes, and baffle the Senses and Understanding, the more they are valu'd and prais'd by him that pays for their Tricks to divert himself. Their chief Art consists in making him believe that is full which is empty, that there is something where there is nothing, that those are Wounds in others, which are but Bruises in his Armour, and that throw away what they hide with their Hand. They say they give him Money, and when he looks upon it, he finds Dirt or Rubbish. These Comparisons are vile, but these Men make use of them for want of better, and so they affirm those Kings are equally to blame, who will not be what the Great God made them, and those who would be what he made them not. They presume to say, That an absolute Favourite brings upon Kings the same that Death does upon Man, (i. e.) *Novam formam cadaveris.* A new Form of a Carcass, to which follows Worms and Corruption, according to the Opinion of *Aristotle*, in his *Prince*.

Fit resolutio usque ad materiam primam;

That

That is, 'There remains nothing of what was but 'the bare Reſemblance. So much for this Point. Next 'let us go upon the Complaints againſt Tyrants, and the 'Reaſon there is for them. For my own Part I know 'not who I ſpeak of, or who I ſpeak not of, whoever 'underſtands me may explain me. *Ariſtotle* ſays, He's 'a Tyrant who has more Regard to his private Intereſt 'than to the Publick. Whoſoever can inform of any 'who are not comprehended under this Definition, may 'give an Account of them, and they ſhall be well reward-'ed. They complain more grievouſly againſt Tyrants 'who receive Benefits of them, than they that are op-'preſs'd by them: For the Benefits of Tyrants make 'Men Criminals and Accomplices, and their Severity 'proves them virtuous and deſerving. They are of ſuch 'a Nature, that Innocence in their Dominions muſt be 'miſerable that it may be happy. A Tyrant, in Reſpect 'of his Covetouſneſs and Avarice, is a wild Beaſt; in 'reſpect of his Pride a Devil, and in Reſpect of his Rio-'touſneſs and Luxury, all Manner of wild Beaſts and 'Devils. No Body conſpires againſt a Tyrant ſooner 'than himſelf; whence it follows, 'tis eaſier to kill a 'Tyrant than to endure him. The Favour of a Tyrant 'is ever fatal, the greateſt Good he does him he favours 'moſt, is to delay doing him Harm. *Polyphemus* in *Ho-'mer* is the Emblem of Tyrants. He favour'd *Ulyſſes*, 'diſcourſing with him, and enquiring into his Merits, he 'heard his Intreaties, ſaw his Diſtreſs, and all the Kind-'neſs he offered him was, that after eating all his Com-'panions, he would devour him at laſt. Let no Man hope 'more Favour from a Tyrant that devour thoſe under his 'Power, than to be the laſt eaten; and it is to be ob-'ſerved, that tho' the Tyrant grants it as a Favour, he 'that is to be eaten takes the Delay for an Addition of 'Cruelty. He that is to devour you after all the reſt, 'begins to eat you in all thoſe he eats before you. The 'longer he delays feeding on you, the longer you have 'to lament you ſhall become his Food. *Ulyſſes* was 'preſerv'd by the Gyant as Suſtenance, not as a Gueſt. 'To keep him in his Den, in order to transfer him to 'his Stomach, was more like burying him alive than en-

tertaining him. *Ulysses* put him to Sleep with Excess of Wine. The Bane of Tyrants is Sleep. You that are subject to them cast them into a Sleep, harden your Spikes at the Fire, put out your Eyes; for that done, it was no Body did what every one desired should be done. The Tyrant *Polyphemus* cry'd, *Nobody* had blinded him, because *Ulysses*, with wonderful Segacity, had told him his Name was *Nobody*. He nam'd him with Desire of Revenge, and defended him by the double Meaning of the Words. Tyrants themselves excuse those that kill them, or put out their Eyes. *Ulysses* made his Escape, disguis'd with a Sheeps-Skin among the Sheep he kept. That which a Tyrant most carefully preserves, preserves his Destroyer against him. Having premis'd thus much, it remains to tell you, that we Subjects are met here this Day to consult how we may defend ourselves against the arbitrary Power of those who either meditate, or immediately govern Kingdoms and Commonwealths. The chief Heads I have to offer to this Purpose are these. That all Councellors be fix'd for ever in their Posts, without hoping to rise a Step higher, because there is no Room for Application or Justice, where a Man has one Charge, and aims at another; and the Ambition of ascending to another more eminent Employment, makes him look upon himself as a Passenger not a Resident; so that his Charge serves only to purchase that he aspires to; and being thus distracted he attends neither; not that he has, because he designs to leave it, nor that he desires, because as yet he has it not. Every Man is useful in that Post where he has gain'd Experience; and troublesome where he learns the first Rudiments, because they remove from Business they were vers'd in, to that they do not understand. What Honours are conferr'd on them, must still be such as are proper to their Profession, not mixing Civil and Military, lest the Sword and the Gown render the Habit disagreeable; for the Gown is cumbersome to the Sword, and the Sword disdains to be hid under the Gown. The next Thing is, that Rewards be indispensible, that is, not only that they be bestowed on the Unworthy, but that they be not

permitted

' permitted to pretend to them; for if the Reward of ' Virtue be exhausted on Vice, the Prince or Common- ' wealth will be robb'd of their greatest Treasure, and ' the Metal of which the Recompence consists, will be- ' come base and contemptible. Neither the Deserving, ' nor Undeserving must expect it; the former, because ' it must be immediately given him; the latter, because ' he must never have it. Gold and Diamonds were bet- ' ter employed in making Fetters to secure Criminals, ' than in Military and Honourable Ensigns bestow'd on ' Vagabonds and vicious Persons. This Doctrine was ' well receiv'd among the *Romans*, who, with a Branch ' of Lawrel or Oak, rewarded more Wounds, and Vic- ' tories over Cities, Provinces and Kingdoms, than it ' bore Leaves. Let only the Brave and Experienc'd be ' admitted to Councils of State and War; let the Blood ' they have spilt, and their Qualifications, not the Pride ' of long Genealogies, be their Recommendation. The ' Brave and Fortunate are to be preferr'd to Military ' Employments. To be fortunate as well as Valiant is a ' great Addition. *Lucan* gives this Advice,

——Fatis accede, Deisque,
Et cole felices, miseros fuge.

' I have always read these Words with Delight, and this ' admirable Poet (let who will deny it) with Attention, ' as preferable to all but *Homer* for Politicks and Milita- ' ry Sense. The Courts of Justice are to be filled with ' Learned and Disinterested Persons. He who is not ' covetous, is subservient to no Vice, because Vices in- ' duce the Interest for which they are sold. Let them ' know the Laws, but not more than the Laws. Let ' them cause them to be obey'd, not make them obedi- ' ent to their Wills. This is the very Touchstone of ' Judgment. I have said, you may now say what ' occurs and propose the most convenient and practicable ' Redress against your Grievances.

He ceased, and the Auditors being a Multitude of several Nations and Languages, there ensu'd such a Confus'd Buzzing of unintelligible Jargons, that it sounded as

as if the whole Clack of the Tower of *Babel* had been turn'd loose in that place. They understood not themselves, nor one another. All was fill'd with Contention and Discord, and by their Looks and Actions they appear'd like an Assembly of People, distracted or possess'd. Then the Congregation of Shepherds, whom the Sheepskins, bound about with Slings, are rather a Reproach than a Defence against the Weather, said, 'They must 'be heard immediately before any others, because their 'Sheep had rebell'd, saying, That they kept them from 'Wolves who eat them one by one at a Time, to the 'End they themselves might shear, fleece, kill, and sell 'them all at once. And since the Wolves at most devour'd one, two, ten, or twenty, their Design was that 'the Wolves would guard them against the Shepherds, 'not the Shepherds against the Wolves. That they 'look'd upon the Hunger of their Enemies as less prejudicial to them than the Avarice of their Guardians, 'and had brought the Shepherds Dogs as Evidence against them.' There was not one Soul but said, 'We 'guess what they would be at, the Sheep are no Fools 'if they bring this to pass.

At this Stand they were when the Hour affected them, and being all enrag'd, some cry'd, *We are for the Wolves*; others, *They are all Wolves*; others, *It is all the same Thing*; others, *They are all bad*; and many others contradicted them. The Lawyers perc[illegible]ing them ready to fall to Loggerheads, in order to appease them, said, 'It 'was a Case that requir'd mature Deliberation, therefore 'advis'd to defer it till the next Day, and to have Recourse to the Churches to implore a Blessing on their 'Debates.

The *Frenchmen* hearing that Word, cry'd out, 'If 'there must be Recourse to the Churches, we are undone, and we fear the same should befal us as did the 'Owl when she was sick. She advising about her Distemper with the Fox, whom she judg'd the most skilful 'among the Beasts, and also with the Rook whom she 'took for a Physician, because she often saw him upon 'Carrion Mules, they told her there was no Remedy for 'her but to repair to the Temples. The Owl hearing

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'their Opinion, answer'd, Then my Case is desperate, if 'the Remedy is only to be found in those Holy Places, 'for I have left them all in the dark, sucking the Oyl 'out of the Lamps, and there is not an Idol that I have 'not bewray'd.' The *Italian* hearing this Discourse, with all his Might cry'd out; 'The Comparison is al-'low'd you, and we make bold to put you, and all such 'as feed upon the Church, in mind of what *Homer* re-'lates of the Mice, when they fought with the Frogs, 'for then they having Recourse to the Gods for their 'Assistance, all the Deities excus'd themselves, some say-'ing they had gnaw'd their Hands, others their Feet, 'others their Garments, others their Crowns, and others 'the Tips of their Noses, so that there was none but 'miss'd some Part of his Image, and bore the Marks of 'their Teeth.' Good God! what a hideous Tumult the Monsieurs raised against the poor *Italian*, the Confusion of Hell is nothing compair'd to it. The whole Multitude ran great Danger in endeavouring to pacify them. At length with held, but not silenc'd, they are parted, all complaining of what they endur'd and every one raving, that he might change his Condition with another.

As these Things were in Agitation upon Earth, and the Gods attentively looking on, the *Sun* said, 'The Hour 'is now at the last Gasp, and the Shade of the Gnomon 'will in a trice touch the Number Five. Great Father 'of all, do thou determine whether *Fortune* shall proceed 'before the Hour expire, or else wheel and rowl back as 'she us'd to do. *Jove* answer'd, I have answer'd, that 'during this Hour, which gave to every Man what he 'deserv'd, those who, because they were poor and des-'picable, were also humble, are became proud and into-'lerable; and those who being rich and respected, were 'consequently vicious, perverse, arrogant and wicked, 'seeing themselves poor and abject, are become penitent 'bashful, and pious; so that the Consequence is, that 'those who were good Men are become Knaves, and the 'Knaves good Men. This little Time may suffice to 'satisfy the Complaints of Mortals, who seldom 'know what they ask of us; for such is their Frailty,

'that

'that he who does ill when he can, forbears when he can do it no longer, and this is not Repentance, but a forced refraining from Wickedness. Oppression and Misery curb, but do not correct them. Honour and Prosperity make them act that, which if they had sooner attain'd them, they would always have acted. Let *Fortune* direct her Wheel and Globe in their former Course, and cause Merits in the Wise, and Punishment to the Senseless, wherein our infallible Providence and Divine Presence shall always be assisting to her. Let all Men receive what she distributes; that is, either Frowns or Smiles, since neither are bad in themselves; for patiently enduring the former, and magnanimously contemning the latter, they both became equally advantageous. And let him that receives and makes his Misfortune of what he takes to himself, complain of himself, and not of *Fortune*, who gives to all indifferently, and without Favour or Affection. We permit *Fortune* to complain against Men, who making a wrong Use of their Prosperity or Adversity, defame and curse her.

At this Time it struck Five, and the Hour of all Men was at an End. Then *Fortune* well pleas'd with what *Jove* had said, changing Hands, began again to ravel up the Cares of the World, and unwind what was wound backwards; which done, fixing her Globe on the Regions of the Air, she slid down as if she had been upon Ice, till she found her self upon Earth.

Vulcan, that Blacksmith God who keeps Time with his Hammer, cry'd, 'It is hungry Weather, and I being in haste to obey, left two Ropes of Garlick a roasting at my Forge, to break my Fast with the Cyclops.' All-ruling *Jove* ordered Meat to be brought, and immediately there appear'd *Iris* (Chambermaid to *Juno*) with Nectar, and *Ganimede* with a Platter of Ambrosia. *Juno*, who spy'd him by her Husband's Side, and had more mind to suck his Blood than to swill the heavenly Liquor, spitting Fire, and hissing like an Adder when his Tail has been trod, said; 'Either this Bardach or I must 'reign in *Olympus*, or else I will sue for a Divorce in '*Hymen*'s Court.' Had not the Eagle the Rogue bestrided slunk away with him, she had made Hawks Meat

of

of him with her Nails. *Jove* began to blow his Thunderbolt, and she said, *I will snatch it from you, to destroy that* Sodomite *Page*. *Minerva*, the Product of *Jupiter*'s Noddle, who, had he been a Blockhead, could ne'er have been born, with fair Words soothed *Juno*, enrag'd with the Sight of her Husband's vile Cupbearer. But *Venus* in a Fume heightned her Jealousy, scolding like a Butter-whore, and rated *Jove* as if he had been a Chimney-sweeper. Then *Mercury* letting loose his Clack, said, *All would do well*, and therefore desir'd them not to disturb the heavenly Banquet. *Mars* seeing the Ambrosia handed about in China-Dishes, like a roaring Bully Deity, cry'd out; *Dam your Coffee-Dishes, let the Moon and other Petty Goddesses drink out of them.*' Then mixing *Bacchus* and *Neptune*, he swallowed down both the Gods at two or three Pulls, and laying hold of *Pan*, he slic'd him out, and cutting up his Flocks of Sheep, devour'd them by Wholesale. *Saturn* stay'd his Stomach with half a dozen Children. *Mercury*, like a true Spunger, stuck close to *Venus*, when she was craming her Chops with Biscuits and Sugar-plumbs. *Pluto* drew out of his Knapsack some Griskins *Proserpine* had provided for his Journey; *Vulcan*, who stood gaping, perceiving it, came limping towards him, and courteously intruding himself with much Ceremony, began to lay on and swallow. The *Sun*, who is the Father of Jollity, pulling out his Lute, sung a Hymn in Praise of *Jupiter*, running Division without End. *Venus* and *Mars* being offended at the Gravity of the Tune, and Seriousness of the Words, he, to the Harmony of a Pair of Tongs, roar'd out a Bawdy Song, and she rattling a Pair of overgrown Castanets, danc'd a Jig as if she would have skipped over the Heavens, and shaken her self to Atoms, tickling with her wanton Motions the Hearts of all the Gods. Her Dance set them all into such an Itching, that they could not hold their Hands or Feet still. *Jove*, whose Mouth watered at the lewd Motions of the Goddess, said, *This is a Farewel to* Ganimede, *and no Quarrel.* He gave them Leave, and they being all full and satisfy'd, slunk away, crying, *The Devil take the hindmost*; and the Lot fell to the Eagle striding Cup-bearer.

By

By the Mighty

Old Father TIME,

A

PROCLAMATION.

WE the mighty old Father *Time*, the moſt knowing Maſter in the World, univerſal Heir to all Mankind, Sovereign Lord of all Things, Death's Champion, and one of her Privy-Council; Supreme Judge in Spirituals and Temporals, and general Overſeer of the Univerſe; having our Commiſſion from the Almighty, and being accordingly inform'd of very many great and intolerable Abuſes committed in this Worldly Commonwealth, that our Zeal for Reformation may appear, do ſtrictly charge and command all our Juſtices and other Officers in all Parts whatſoever, that they obſerve and ſee all that is contained in this our Proclamation be obſerved, under the Penalties herein-mention'd.

Imprimis, In regard we have been inform'd of the great Cheat and Extortions by Inn-keepers; We do ordain then for the future, their Houſes be not call'd Inns, but Exchanges of Thieves, becauſe their Trade is rather Robbing than Selling, upon Pain of his being obliged to make Uſe of them, who ſhall be found guilty of the contrary.

Item, Being informed that there is a Sort of Spunging elemoſinary Travellers, who lie at Friends Houſes longer than they ought to do, it is our Will that the firſt Day they be made welcome, receiv'd with a pleaſant Countenance and lovingly entertain'd; the ſecond Day they ſhall be treated after an indifferent Manner, and the third

third with Neglect and Uneasiness, looking upon them no longer as Friends, but Enemies to the House and Estate. And we order all who feed upon the Publick to be banished our Commonwealth.

Item, Perceiving that generally Barbers have a natural Inclination to Fidling and Scraping, we direct, that instead of a long Pole and Basons, their Sign be one, or several Fiddles, according to the Barber's Stock or Ability. And in regard that they throw away Mens Beards into the Dirt, they being a Thing of Respect and Honour, it is our Will, that, for the Time to come, they preserve them to make Brushes to clean Pictures and their own Looking-Glasses. That considering every Time they trim, a Man looks ten Years younger than he did before, which is like Flattery in Painting, therefore, for the future they shall not be called Barbers but Painters.

Item, For as much as all Painters are naturally Flatterers, and make it their Business to mend all the Faults of Nature, and perceiving they cannot do the same Kindness to their own Sons and Daughters, who are seldom handsome; We do require that hereafter, since they can give no satisfactory Reason for so doing, they paint the Ladies as they really are, and not with their Hands on their Breasts, as if they were swearing by their Honour the Picture was well done, nor in strange wild Habits, and so loose, as if they were in Readiness to go to Bed with the first Man that comes in, and had all their Breasts exposed to invite him to it. And if they fail hereof, We do ordain that they be call'd Sycophants and Flatterers, and that the Owner does not like the Picture.

Item, Observing the various Sects, and Multitude of Poets, it has pleased God to permit to over-run the World, as a Punishment of our Sins, It is our Will that those that are to be worn out, the Time allowed for spending them be two Years; and if any shall remain after that Time, since all Human Means fail, they shall be laid by Charms and Spells, as they do the Devil. We do farther declare all those Poets Heathens and Infidels, who disguise themselves and their

Ladies under *Pagan* Names, as *Diana, Daphne, Coridon*, &c.

Item, In Regard that Aſtrologers, Poets and Rhetoricians have a Conceit that they alone are Maſters of Figures, with which they conceal and palliate their Cheats, We do declare that all thoſe ſhall be look'd upon as ſcurvy Figures, who take off their Hats to no Body, eſpecially if it proceed from Pride; thoſe who ſpeak ill of every Thing; thoſe who to be thought contemplative, deſignedly ſpeak from the Purpoſe, tho' they do it with Premeditation; thoſe who have no Eſtate, and yet boaſt of their Extravagancies; thoſe who, in dirty Weather pick the Stones, and ſalute all the Women they meet, tho' they be old and ugly; thoſe who would be thought to pray all the Morning, and pick their Teeth in the Afternoon; all old Men that endeavour to look young, and gallant Women; and do require that theſe laſt be not permitted to go abroad without Tutors, ſince, notwithſtanding their Age, they would make themſelves Children. We alſo include in this Number all Women who are either handſome, or old, and yet paint, and all Widows that are ever talking of their late Husbands, only to enveigle new ones; as alſo thoſe Women, who when they are in a Coach, do not take Notice of their moſt familiar Acquaintance, that ſo they may be the more taken Notice of themſelves.

Item, Obſerving the Pride and Vanity of *Valets de Chambre*, and Footmen, grown ſawcy by the Encouragement they have from their Maſters, and accordingly mimicking the Gentlemen, by running in Debt, wearing Watches in their Pockets, powdering their Wigs, and talking of Races, Dogs, and Whores, We do ordain that they be call'd Gentlemen Scoundrels, or Knights Panders, and that they be obliged to lie with the Horſes or Dogs, upon Straw, or on louzy Flock Beds in the Stews where the Profeſſion is.

Item, Obſerving the ceremonious ſubmiſſive Impertinency of ſome Perſons in bowing and cringing, beyond the Bounds of Civility and Courteſy, We do ordain, that it be look'd upon as want of Breeding and good Manners; and if they do not amend it, that they be for

for ever obliged to continue bowing and crooked, like the Devil that broke his Back with carrying Taylors to Hell, and that their Breeches fall down when they are in moſt Company.

Item, We make it known to all Kings and Princes in the World, that they muſt not think themſelves the greateſt becauſe Men are uncovered before them, for the Heat is much greater to which they ſtand bare and uncovered themſelves.

Item, For as much as we have obſerved that there are Abundance of Tricks and Contrivances in Relation to giving and begging, for the better Relief of Purſes, and that there may be an eaſy Anſwer to all ſharping and begging Women, We declare, that for the future none ſhall give any thing but the time of the Day, good Night and good Morrow, a Hand to a Woman that falls, Precedence to Superiors in all Places, and good Words to all People. We farther direct, that no Man preſume to give Gowns and Petticoats, upon Pain of being reputed an Aſs; but may be allow'd to give as many Promiſes as he pleaſes, never to be perform'd, and that he give all impudent Jades to the Devil, who beg Treats and Entertainments. And if a Man be compell'd to give any thing, let it be a little at a time and often, as Phyſicians adviſe People to drink, for ſo it will laſt the longer, and every Gift is a freſh Obligation. And it is our Will, that all thoſe who ſhall not fulfil theſe our Commands be for ever poor and in Love, and have neither Money nor Miſtreſs.

Item, Being ſenſible that the World ſwarms with a Sort of impudent, ſhameleſs and impertinent Men of Buſineſs, We direct, that they be excluded all Offices and Employments, that only ſome few of them be admitted to be Clerks and Beadles of Pariſhes, and the reſt be diſtributed about the Country to inſtruct baſhful Wenches, and backward School Boys; and that as many as remain be beſtowed among the Oyſter and Herb-Women, and for their Puniſhment inſtead of Executioners, that they be deliver'd up to be tormented by Fools that have a Conceit of their own Wit.

Item, We declare all Tradeſmen Madmen, who make any Account of great Mens Promiſes of Payment, and

thoſe

thoſe great Men to be reputed under the ſame Capacity, who value not what Price they buy at, reckoning how long it will be before they pay ; when they ought to conſider there is no Term ſo long but comes at laſt, and that always too ſoon, when they are obliged to part with the Money, and then they all look like Fools.

Item, in regard of the many Murthers, and other Miſchiefs, daily committed by Phyſicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, Bablers, Sir Poſſitives and Ignoramus's, We do here declare them mortal Enemies to the Lives and Reputations of Mankind, as we do Lawyers, Attornies, Jilts and Pickpockets to their Purſes.

Item, Being ſatisfy'd there is a Generation of Slaughtering Bullies, who kill none but ſuch as ſuffer themſelves to be kill'd ; it is our Will, that none be call'd Braves, but ſuch as are or pretend to be deſcended from Phyſicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries.

Item, Conſidering the many Irregularities committed among thoſe Women, who by reaſon of their Age might be called Mothers, We do require, that whenſoever any that is above Thirty-eight Years of Age ſhall not laugh, where there is Occaſion, it ſhall not be attributed to Want of Senſe or Satisfaction, but of Teeth ; and therefore for concealing of this Defect, whenſoever they have an Inclination to grin, they may be allow'd to hold their Fan or their Muff before their Mouth. And this and no other Formality ſhall be allowed to any above the Age of Twenty-five.

Item, Calling to Mind the many Extravagancies of leud Men, We do forbid all Perſons calling any thing pink'd which is torn ; or taking Pet at what Standers by ſay, becauſe they loſe at Play ; or being poſſitive in any Matter of no Moment, upon Pain of being brought into much Trouble and Danger. It ſhall therefore be an irrevocable Law, that no Man take Pet at any Time, or for any Cauſe whatſoever. It is alſo our Will, that no Man give the Title of Faſting or Abſtemiouſneſs, to that which is really Want of Meat and neceſſary Hunger. And whereas it is a common Saying, that Heats and Colds, Troubles and Surfeits, deſtroy moſt People. We declare, that tho' it is true, Heats and Colds bring ſome to their End,

and

and ſome few may come to it by Sorrows; yet that empty Bellies bring more to the Grave, than all of them together.

Item, In Regard that Troubles have complain'd to us that all grey Hairs have been laid to their Charge. We declare, that they are wrong'd, and thoſe are only the Effect of Age, and ſo we command all Perſons to own.

Item, Reflecting on the infinite Multitude of Madams, there are now adays, which Title has been uſurp'd by all Sorts of Women, from the Palace to the Oyſter-ſtall, We do ordain, that the ſaid Title be turn'd out of all Houſes of Credit and Reputation, and condemned to Herb-Women, Chandlers, Hawkers, Whores and Bawds.

Item, For as much as there is a great Scarcity of true Friends, in Regard there are only Friends where there is no Need, all Words and nothing of Sincerity, We direct, that for the future, all Friends be as well known as Money, whoſe Value is tryed before it comes to be uſed.

Item, Perceiving how much every Gallant values every thing that drops from his Miſtreſs, that he may take and keep it as a Favour, We declare, that what drops in Publick is no Favour, but a Slight that he may buy her better, and therefore he may as well take to himſelf what ſhe drops in private, which tho' not ſo ſweet is leſs coſtly.

We farther ordain, that no Woman wear Silk upon Silk, nor one Husband upon another; and that ſome Women paſſing for Maids, do not impoſe upon the World what really is not.

And for a Comfort to the Slaves in the Galleys and Mines, We declare, that they are no greater Slaves than Huſbands that have bad Wives.

Item, Being ſatisfy'd that Cuckoldom is become a Matter of Honour and Profit, and that many Miſchiefs happen in the World, becauſe they who are ſo know not how to manage it, We do therefore ordain, that they be incorporated into a Company, and none admitted to it without being examin'd and approv'd of, tho' he be an Alderman or a Seaman.

We alſo declare all patient Husbands incapable of making a Will, and think not fit they who had none of

their own when living, ſhould be allow'd it when they are dead.

We farther forbid all Men that have no Teeth, marrying, eſpecially old or lean Women; for Women now a Days are ſo looſe and impudent, that they ſcarce value Men that ſhow their Teeth: and as a Wife is old or lean, a Toothleſs Huſband will have enough to do to gnaw her.

Item, In regard it is requiſite to comfort the Huſbands, and ſay ſomething in behalf of the Women, We declare, that the latter give the former three good Days, or Nights, which are the Wedding Night, the firſt Time they are deliver'd, and when they die. And in Anſwer to foul mouth'd Railers, who call Women Lyars, We declare, they ſpeak Truth three Times in their Lives; The firſt when they ſay, This Head of mine makes me diſtracted; the ſecond, when the Huſband in Bed bidding them turn this Way, they reply, I have nothing elſe to think on, I'll warrant you; and the laſt, when they cannot eat at Table becauſe they have cram'd themſelves in private, and ſay, I ſhall never have much Stomach as long as this Courſe of Life laſts.

We farther ordain, that whoſoever ſhall happen to kill a Bailiff's Follower, or an Informer, which is no better than an Apple Woman's Cur, a Jaylor's Tool, an uſeleſs Piece of Lumber in the Commonwealth, and the Devil's Inſtrument; or any other Officer belonging to the evidencing Trade, may be allowed to flay him, and carry about the Skin among all Perſons who are in Law, that every one may give him a Reward.

Item, For as much as we are ſenſible there is a ſort of Lawyers, who, like common Strumpets, admit of every Client, eſpecially if he is but eager and paſſionate, and put Interpretations, and make Additions to the Laws according to the Crowns they receive, ſo inverting their true Senſe and Meaning; We do ordain, that they be look'd upon as Hackney Interpreters, and Men that plead for the Encreaſe of Controverſies, and not for their Clients; and we declare thoſe Countries happy which have none ſuch, as thoſe Seas may be call'd Pacifick, where there are no Pyrates. And in regard

that

that the senseless Multitude thinks all Learning and Wisdom consists in old Age, and grizly long Beards, we direct all Scholars, before they go to the Universities, to turn Hermits for some Years to enhance their Stock of Beards; and absolutely forbid their coming near the Barber's, lest they happen unluckily to take off their Knowledge in their Beards.

We farther declare all those to be void of Sense and Reason, who otherwise being well enough qualify'd, take a Pride in being unmannerly, and incur the Hatred of all Men for refusing the Civility of the Hat, as if Pride and ill Nature were the only Ingredients for making a Man great.

Item, It is our Will and Pleasure, that those who make a Practice of calling every Man *Tom* and *Jack*, tho' he be never so grave a Person, or very much above them, be oblig'd to make full Restitution to all they have robb'd of their just Titles and Honours, and be themselves ever reputed incapable of any more Respect than what they have shewn to others.

To conclude, In regard that abundance of Poets are unhealthy and in a dangerous Condition, by the overswelling of their Veins, we ordain that all Surgeons take care in time to let them Blood, and that they do it with Flems, as Horses are serv'd, for fear of spoiling their Lancets, and incurring our high Displeasure.

All which Laws and Ordinances we do enjoyn our Justices to see strictly observ'd, as is usual in other Cases.

By Order of the invisible Council,

Odious Telltruth, Secretary.

A TREATISE OF ALL THINGS whatsoever, and many more.

By the most Learned and most Expert,

Dr WISEACRE.

Dedicated to the Company of BUSY-BODIES, and the Society of BABLERS, and the Tribe of old IMPERTINENCES.

CHAP. I.

Containing many wonderful, unaccountable, and prodigious Secrets, which can never fail.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Curious or slovenly Reader, for either may serve to the Business in hand, I first give them the strange and stupenduous Propositions, where you may pitch upon the Wonder you have a mind to perform, and observing what Number it has before, seek the same in the Solutions, where you will find the Method of performing. Be not discouraged at the Difficulty you find it the Proposition, for the Solution will make it as easy as pissing a-Bed.

PROPOSITIONS.

1. TO oblige all handsome Women to follow you, if you are a Man, and the rich Gallants if you are a Woman.

2. To

2. To be sure of a good Reception where-ever you go, and it is infallible.

3. To make the Woman you like run after you where-soever you go, tho' you have never seen her but once in your Life.

4. That Men and Women may grant all you ask. of them.

5. To be rich and possess much Money.

6. To come at any Woman without ever failing.

7. That no Cloaths you have may ever wear out.

8. That no Hawk may fly away from you, tho you turn him loose.

9. That you may never be troubled with the Tooth-ach.

10. That you may never grow Grey or Old.

11. How a barren Woman may have Children.

12. To prevent Taylors stealing your Cloth or Stuff.

13. That you may never die.

14. That you may not die without some Body to pray by you.

15. To be speedily advanc'd to high Posts and Places.

16. To be in great Esteem.

17. To prevent growing Old.

18. To prevent discovering a bald Pate, tho' you have never a Hair on it, without wearing a Wig.

19. That you may be successful in all Law-Suits.

20. That you may never lye long sick.

21. That the Bugs may not bite you at Night.

22. To be belov'd by all Men.

23. To prevent confessing on the Rack, do not discover it to Thieves and Murtherers.

24. To shake off all Bolts and Irons in Prisons, tho' never so secure.

SOLUTIONS.

1. Be sure always to keep before them, when they are going.

2. Give something in every Place, and you will find so good a Reception that you will have Cause to repent.

3. Steal

3. Steal what she has, and she'll pursue you to the End of the World.

4. Desire the Women to take all you have, and the Men to give you nothing, and they will all grant it.

5. If you have Money keep it, and if you have not, do not covet it, and you will be rich enough.

6. If she walks, put on; if she puts on, run; if she runs, fly, and you'll soon come at her.

7. Tear them to Rags your self, and they will not wear.

8. Pull all his Feathers, and he'll not fly a Jot.

9. Draw 'em all, tho' it be no Ornament to the Jaws.

10. Die when you are young or new born.

11. Let her conceive and bring forth, and breed them up.

12. Let them make no Cloaths for you, for that is the only Remedy.

13. Be not a Fool, for only they die; unfortunate Men are kill'd by the Sword, sick Men by their Physicians, and Fools die of their own accord.

14. Commit some heinous Crimes, and at the Gallows you'll not want somebody to pray by you.

15. Get upon the *Alps* or *Pyrenean* Mountains.

16. Get much Money, live high, and treat all that come near you.

17. Keep always in the Sun in Summer, and in the Wet in Winter; never give yourself Rest, fret at every Thing that happens, eat your Meat cold, and drink Water, meddle in every Body's Business, for this is the sure Way never to come to be old.

18. Wear your Hat eternally, do not take it off to go to Bed; if another takes off his to you, requite him with a Nod or Bow, and if any Body says you are unmannerly, tell them it is better to be so than bald. And if any one should quarrel with you because you are not civil, and should happen to kill you, it is better still to be dead than bald, and take Care to die with your Hat on, as *Julius Cæsar* did to cover his Head when they murder'd him.

19. Never pay your Counsellor, nor your Sollicitor, nor any Fees of the Court, for all that Money is certainly lost, and it is a daily Charge upon you. And if you pay

pay them and gain your Cause, still your Money is gone, and if you are cast still worse. And take Notice, that before you go to Law, the Controversy is, whether the Money is yours or anothers, but when once the Suit is begun, the Contrivance is, that it be neither yours nor the others, but theirs who pretend to defend you both.

20. Send for your Physician when you are well, and give him Money, because you are not sick, for if you give it him when you are ill, how can you expect he should give you Health, which he gets nothing by, and remove the Distemper he lives by.

21. Sit up all Night, and go to Bed by Day.

22. Lend and never be paid, present, treat, bear, endure, do good Turns, hold your Peace, and suffer yourself to be cheated.

23. Deny all that's laid to your Charge.

24. Pay the Jailor and they'll all drop off.

CHAP. II.

Divination and Astrology.

MUCH Rain is a certain Sign of wet Weather. Coughing, Rheums and Pains in the Teeth, betoken a Cold.

The Moon in *Pisces*, signifies she has a Fish Dinner, she will decrease, and the Lanthorns will be carried about at Night.

Whensoever the Moon is in *Taurus*, there is no Doubt but they will have four Horns betwixt them, and the Sun will rise in the Morning.

The old Moons make bad Winter Nights, and then the Winds make a Noise if they blow hard.

Jupiter in *Libra*, looks like a Grocer at his Scales, and denotes there will be Summer and Winter that Year.

Jupiter in *Aries*, denotes Melancholy in all that cannot be merry.

Venus in *Gemini*, portends that Whores will not be satisfy'd with one.

Saturn

Saturn in *Capricorn* threatens the Heads of Husbands who have leud Wives.

Mercury in *Leo*, will not be unlike one that shews wild Beasts, foreshews Distempers in those that eat Abundance of Melons and Cucumbers, and drink Water of them, and that the Sick will die, if the Physician take them in Hand.

The Moon in the Dragon's Head, signifies the Dragon has a Head.

The full Moon signifies that she can hold no more, and this is a certain Rule.

An Eclipse of the Sun is the noblest Eclipse, denotes it will be darkned whilst it lasts, and that Astrologers will tell Abundance of Lies, which Fools will believe, and mighty Men will dread.

A blazing Star with a long Tail, looks like Quality, and foretels Abundance of People of all Sorts will be gazing at it; and if it be fiery, all the Princes will die that Year, who cannot live till the next.

A great Conjunction is a certain Sign that many Kings will meet, and some be taken at Cards. Many great Men, as well as little ones, will contrive Conjunctions with Females, and some of them will obstruct them. *Ptolomoy, Origanus, Albumazor*, &c.

CHAP. III.

Of OMENS.

IF you are going to buy any Thing, and when you should pay for it, cannot find your Purse, it is the worst Omen that can happen, and unlucky for your marketing.

If you are going to fight and drop your Sword, it is much better than if your Nose had drop'd off. But if it happen to drop when you are fighting, and your Head is broken, the Omen is bad for you, but good for the Surgeon.

If you happen to see Crows fly across you when you go abroad, let them fly, and take Heed where you set your Feet.

Tuesday

Tuesday is an unlucky Day for those who travel a-Foot without Money, and for those who are cast into Goal.

If you happen to spill the Salt, to prevent the ill Omen, take it up and eat a Dinner; or if you will not, rise presently from Table, and eat nothing that Day, which is the Way to verify the Omen, for it is no small Misfortune to fast.

All those are unlucky Days and unfortunate Hours to them, on which the Constable seizes a Criminal, the Bailiff arrests a Debtor, the Gamester draws in a Culley, the Great Man discovers a Flatterer, and a Whore ensnares a young Man.

Three of the best Things in the World are very odious to three Sorts of People; Health to Physicians, Peace to Soldiers, and Sincerity to Lawyers.

CHAP. IV.

How Things are to be done, and on what Days, that they may prove Fortunate.

SUnday the Sun rules, it is a good Day to spunge a Dinner, and it does no harm, tho' it be somewhat better than ordinary. For according to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, Surfeits that cost nothing are not dangerous, and the Sun is in his own House, and you in another Man's.

On *Monday* buy all that you can meet with at an under Rate, or good, or take what is to be had for nothing.

On *Tuesday*, receive all that is given you, without once excusing your self or drawing back, for it is *Mars*'s Day, and he will look upon you with an ill Aspect, if you should refuse the first Proffer, and no have a second.

On *Wednesday*, ask of every Body you meet, and perhaps *Mercury* may give some one Vanity enough to grant you something.

Thursday is a good Day to believe nothing that Flatterers say.

Friday, is a proper Day to shun a Creditor, or an Arrest, or any that would spunge a Dinner.

Saturday, is as convenient a Day as any to lie a Bed long in a Morning, to walk at your Ease, to eat a hot Dinner, to talk at Pleasure, to wear good Cloaths and easy Shoes, because *Saturn* is old and loves his Ease.

CHAP. V.

Of PHYSIOGNOMY.

WHosoever has frizly black hard Hair, will put the Barber to more Trouble; and he who breeds Lice will scratch his Head often.

He that is bald will have no Hair; and if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald Place. If these Men wear Beards, their Heads shine, and their Faces look like hairy Heads, and their Heads like beardless Faces.

He who has a low Forehead, and full of Wrinkles, will look like a Monkey, and be ridiculous to all that behold him.

He who has a high Forehead, will have his Eyes under it, and will live all the Days of his Life, and this is infallible.

Those who have little diminitive Noses sunk in their Heads, so that ill Scents can scarce find them out, are Men, tho' they look like something else, and begin to be Deaths-heads whilst they are living. They are seldom cholerick, because they can scarce find their Noses to take Snuff.

A great Mouth from Ear to Ear, signifies much Foam and no Bridle, and these are not hard mouth'd, but all Mouth.

A little Mouth drawn up like a Purse, or a Snout, denotes Darkness within, and looks more like a Loop-hole than a Window.

A watery Mouth that is all Foam when hot, sputters when it speaks, and overflows when it laughs, will have need of a Slabbering-Bib.

He who has great Hands will have large Fingers, and ten Nails on them and the Thumbs, and if he strikes hard it will fall heavy.

Sparkling

Sparkling Eyes, have no ill Scent, and shine.

Green and Blue Eyes look more like Birds than Women.

No Woman that has good Eyes, a good Mouth, and good Hands, can never be handsome, or avoid being a Scarecrow; for if once she values her self upon her Eyes, she does so ogle, cast such languishing Looks, gaze about, and dart such Glances, that the Devil himself cannot endure her: If she has fine Hands, she is ever beating Time to all she says, righting her Dress, and playing with her Fingers, till she will put a dead Man out of Patience. Then if she has curious Teeth, her Lips are ever tuck'd up, she laughs, she grins, she yawns, and is continually like a snarling Dog, or the Picture of a Soul in Hell. So that you will find, that a Mouth like a Purse, blear Eyes, and clumsy Hands, much better, as contented with the Uses they were made for.

A Woman that has a Face like a Hotchpoe, with a Swine's Snout, coarse Flesh, as it were Beef, and all other suitable Features, and valuing her self upon her fine Dress, pretending to Beauty that is only purchas'd at the Shops, deserves to be hung up for a Sign, or to be condemn'd to an eternal Mask, never to be taken off, for fear of disgracing her Dress.

A Lanthorn-Jaw'd Woman, with a Hatchet-Face, sunk Eyes, a hook Nose, Paper Lips, Leather Cheeks, dark Gums, straggling Teeth, and such a low Forehead, that her Hair serves instead of Eyebrows, if she happen to correct all these living Enormities by her Wit, when she begs may have a Hearing given her, but no Money, and she may be allow'd to take her Degree in the University, but not to have a Lover. Let her Words and Wit be commended, but not her Shape or Face; give her a Place in Libraries, but none in your Affections; let her be heard at any Time, but never look'd at.

There is a sort of conceal'd Old Women now in Fashion, who have all the Effects of Age upon them, and give out, that they lost their Teeth by a Defluction, that their Wrinkles belong to the Family, and their Grey-hairs came with Troubles and Sickness.

These are fit to be made House-keepers, or Nurses, for then it will be no Shame for them to be Old, and they will not suffer the very Girls to be Young, which will be some Revenge, tho' they are past Redress.

Women that have curious Eye-brows, in all Likelihood will have Eye-lashes under them, and will be belov'd if any Body takes a liking to them.

Whensoever you see a Man that has but one Eye, you may certainly conclude he has lost the other.

Those who Squint will put others to much Trouble to decide which Way they look.

Left-handed Men are very ignorant, for it seems they do not know their Right Hand from their Left, since the one has the Office, and the other the Place; they are ill contriv'd People, for they never do any Thing the right Way.

Never have any Thing to do with a Crooked Man; but conclude he is of an ill Inclination, and can never be Upright, as long as he goes Bowing.

An Eunuch, who is neither Man nor Woman, and yet looks like both, is not to be endur'd, as being of the Doubtful Gender, and never to be rely'd on.

They that have small Feet, will need but little Shoes, and will have a light pair of Heels.

CHAP. VI.

Of Chiromancy, or predicting by the Lines in the Hands. A short Chapter.

Curious Reader,

ALL the Lines you see in the Hands, signify that the Hand bows that Way and not backwards, and that it doubles the Joynts; and therefore the great ones are in the Joynts, and the Skin being thin, the other small ones are made by the gathering of it: And to convince you of this Truth, you may observe, that there are Lines on the Neck, the Forehead, the Lips, the Hams, the Elbows, and the Bottom of the Buttocks, where the Skin gathers; and therefore if these Observations were true, as there is Chiromancy, there ought

to

to be Frontimancy, Collimancy, Pedimancy, Nitimancy, *&c.*

CHAP. VII.

How to learn all Arts and Sciences in one Day.

IF you desire to be Master of all Languages, speak them among such as do not understand them. *Probatum.*

If you would be a *Welchman*, change all *B*'s into *P*'s, and the *D*'s into *T*'s, and the Work is done; as for *Blood*, say *Ploot*; for *Blue*, say *Plue*, *&c.*

To be an *Irishman*, say *Arra dear Joy*, and *Be me Shoul*, and change *Wh* into *F*; as for *what*, say *fat*; for *when*, *fen*, *&c.*

To be a *Scotsman*, turn *e* into *a*, *i* into *e*, and *o* into *a*, as for *where*, say *whare*; for *die*, say *dee*; for *Soul*, say *Saul*; speak very broad, and never stick at Bawdy, and that's enough.

To be an *Italian*, turn *c* into *ch*, and *ch* into *k*; say *Pian Piano*, and *Cazzo en culo*, *&c.*

To be a *Frenchman*, swear begar, *Jerney blew*, for *me* say *I*, and put all your Accents on the last Syllables, and you need no more.

Dutch is as easy as the rest; for it only requires saying *dis* for *this*, *dat* for *that*, *turd* for *third*, and then swearing *Sacramenten*, and calling upon *Ten Hundred Thousand Ton of Devils*, and the Work's over.

As for *Cant* and *Gibberish*, every School-Boy and Rogue is Master of them. *Latin* is always taken for granted, *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and the Oriental Languages are so little known, that it is but saying you speak them, and few will question it.

If you would be a famous Physician, keep a Chariot with a Pair of old Horses, wear a great Stone Ring, a Black Coat, and a Wig that's neither long nor short, without Powder; and tho' you cannot read, you'll be as absolute a Physician as *Galen* or *Hippocrates*; but if you walk on Foot, you'll never rise to the Degree of a Quack; for the main Knowledge lies in the Horses. When you

come into a House be always in Haste, feel the Pulse and look grave: Then ask, *Was he feverish?* If they say he was, answer, *I thought as much.* Next, *Did the Fit last long?* If they say it did, tell them, *It plainly appears.* If he has no Stomach, charge him not to eat any Thing that is gross; but let him drink *Ptysan*, order a Clyster; if he says he cannot take it, say, *It is as much as his Life's worth*; write half a Score Receipts, that the Apothecary may sell his Trash, and be your Friend, and that the Patient may be sicker. If this does not do, bleed him, then blister him from Head to Foot: If he dies not presently, repeat it till he does, and then tell them his Hour was come; it was a malignant Distemper; there is no opposing the Will of God; you have done all that Art could devise; and the Heir will take it all for granted, and allow you double Fees. If by Chance the Patient recovers, let him know his Case was desperate, but that you had a *Nostrum* which sav'd his Life; that it has cost you many Years Study; that it is a most Sovereign Remedy, and little of it to be had. If you happen to cast the Water, be sure to shake it well, look into it narrowly, make Faces, and shake your Head at it. Then tho' the Patient be only troubled with Chilblains, bid him make his Peace with God, and settle his Affairs, so you gain Reputation if he lives, and are thought to have foretold it if you kill him. To gain the Credit of being employed by great Men, make always some Excuse to stop at their Doors, and go in, tho' it be but to ask an impertinent Question. Get some of your trusty Friends to call you up late at Night, crying out in the Street, that all the Neighbourhood may hear, *Sir, the Duke has sent for you in all Haste. Quickly, Sir, my Lady Marchioness is like to die. Make haste, Sir, the Bishop is fallen into a Fit.* Thus will you gain Esteem, become a Doctor of Fame, and have Power of Life and Death over all that believe you.

If you would be a great Person, tho' you sprung out of a Dunghil, be very ignorant, write that no Body can read it, talk much, tho' it be Nonsense, run deep in Debt, and pay no Body, be very lewd and prophane, and

and keep where you are not known, and the Work is done.

If you would be a Lawyer, to ruin all Causes but your own, always take Care to talk of *Coke* and *Littleton*, get two or three Cases by Heart, and apply them right and wrong. When any Man tells you his Case, say the Law is plain on his Side, it is impossible to hurt him. When you plead, talk much, and very loud, and stand stifly to what you say, tho' it be nothing to the Purpose, for in Law the most said is best, and tho' the Judges should not approve of it, your Client will, if he sees you roar till you sweat and are hoarse. Assure every Man his Cause is good and just, tho' it be an open Cheat and Forgery, or downright Nonsense; and be assured there is no Folly or Wickedness in the World but has some Law on its Side; for what can be more absurd, than not to drink Wine or eat Bacon, and yet the Law of *Mahomet* forbids it. If you do not understand one Word of your Client's Case, yet tell him, you take him, you have pleaded the like Twenty Times. Upon Occasion you may quote Statutes at Random, and adjudg'd Cases out of any, tho' they never were writ. But be sure you have a Study well stor'd with large Folio's, tho' they be nothing but old Romances, or some cast Pleadings, which you may have cheap at the Grocers. If ever you happen to be gravell'd for an Author, say you met with the like Case at the Assizes in any Country at a great Distance, and be sure to wear a very dirty ragged Gown, and to be always in a Hurry.

If you would be a Chymist, and make Gold of Stones, Herbs, and Dirt, turn Apothecary, and you will turn all the Trash you sell into Gold; and take heed of dissolving of Metals, and extracting of their Virtues; for by that Means you'll sooner turn Gold into Dirt, than Dirt into Gold. Take my Word for it, the only Way to make Gold, is to trade; so you see the Mercer makes Gold of Silk, the Chandler of Mops and Brooms, the Bookseller of Paper, and the Baker of Bread, the Surgeon of Blood and Wounds, and the Physician of the Excrements.

If you would be a *Hector*, tho' you have no more Heart

Heart than a Hen, bridle up your Hat round close to the Crown, wear dirty Linnen, bind the Pummel of your Sword before you, talk hoarse, strut and stare, wear little Whiskers, keep your Skull hot with Brandy, Swear, Curse, Blaspheme, talk Bawdy, for these are the Qualifications that make a Man brave. Speak of nothing but Quarrels and Encounters you have been in, and of the Wounds you have received. When Swords are drawn be very sedate, and very hasty and passionate when none appear; play the Fury in Jest, and take Notice of nothing that is said in Earnest. When any Man is hurt afar off, drop a few Words, as if you had done it, and drink to the Memory of all the Bullies deceased, and by this Means you'll be dreaded as much as a pestilential Fever.

A

LETTER

GIVING

An Account of the Author's Journey into Andaluzia *with the King.*

I Had a Fall, but *Lucifer* had a greater; my Feet need no great Help to stumble, for my Legs naturally stammer, and I have a Hitch in my Pace. The Admiral's Coach overturn'd, we were six of us in it, and *Don Henrique Henriquez* broke his Head. I got out at the Garret Window, one tugging at me by the Jaws, whilst another cry'd, *Don Francisco* give me your Hand; and I answer'd, *Don, what is your Name, give me your Foot.* I got out of the Coach, as if I had rose out of my Grave, and found the clumsey Coachman swearing, he never did the like in his Life. I told him, *You have overturned us as cleverly, as if you had done it an Hundred Times.* We came to *Aranjuez*, and that Night *Don Henreque*

Henrique and I lay upon two Wafers inſtead of Quilts, without Pillows. I ſlept as if I had been in the Stocks, and dream'd of a Bed, for that was all I could do. This is the Way of Living you would have News of, and wants nothing to make it wretched, ſince it wants your good Table; but all Troubles and Sufferings are leſs in an Admiral's Company. His Majeſty is ſo hardy, that he is almoſt every Day on Horſeback, and neither Snow nor Hail puts him by it. The Common Council of *Tembleque* entertained his Majeſty with a Bull-Feaſt, where many ſhew'd their Courage at the Sport, and ſome their Skill. *Boniface* look'd on, and was concern'd at nothing. There were Fire-Works which ſucceeded well. His Majeſty ſhot a Bull, whom all the Mob could not hough. *Boniface* the King's Jeſter, and the Murderer of good Diſhes, thruſt in at the Admiral's Table. The next Day he went to *Madrilejos*, where *Baniface* again appeared amidſt our Diſhes and Cups, ſaying, *I am* Boniface, *to whom nothing comes amiſs*. We ſet out for *Membrilla*, and to pleaſe the Magiſtrates of *Manzanares*, in Compliſance to their Requeſt, his Majeſty paſſed by our Eſtate, and every Body lik'd the Town. Thence we went down to *Membrilla*, where we ſlept by the Bottle, for there was brave toſſing of Pots, and Fox-hunting down our Throats. Hence followed Quarrels, and miſlaying of Goods. It was agreed to riſe betimes, and we ſet out for my Eſtate of *Torre de Juan Abad*, where his Majeſty was fain to throw down the Houſe allotted him, that he might go to Bed; it was ſo good, that it was better down than up. Here Sir *Holdfaſt Sparepenny* was ſhy of being ſeen by any Body. It was comical to behold *Don Miguel de Cardenas* walking about the Road, and calling out with a Wniſp of Straw burning in his Hand, like a blazing Star, with a black Tail. From the Tower we went to *Santiſtevan*, where the Earl of that Name had hung out Abundance of Lights, and ſome Fireworks run along a Rope, as if they had been Rope-Dancers, and then a Bull came and ſing'd his Beard. There were Pipes and Waits brought from afar off, Gentlemen from *Ubeda* and *Baeza*, Abundance of Quality ſtanding about the Hangings, plenty of Belly Timber, mighty

mighty Presents, Tents set up all about the County with Wine, Bread, and Cheese, Fellows with clear Throats inviting the Passengers, and begg'd for God's Sake, saying, *Take some of the Count* de Santisteran's *Bounty.* The People easily flock to them; the Skins of Wine were opened, but there being a Want of Cups, rather than drink out of their Hats, they left the Wine, and with it the Bread and Cheese. The Earl shew'd his Generosity, sav'd his Liquor, made the most of the Day; there was a Want of Beds and Coach-Houses to spare. Thence we went to *Linares*, a Journey towards Heaven, and the Way of Salvation, narrow, and full of Trouble and Misery.

Sir, You have Cause enough to laugh at me; e'en take your full Revenge, make out all your Predictions. In the Coach were *Don Henry* and myself, *Matthew Montero*, and *Don Casper de Tebes*: Ten Mules followed, at Night we came to a Hill, where the People of *Linares* hunt; there Coaches and Sumptures were all stuck fast. *February* plaid all his Pranks among us, it was ever a mad Month, but then rav'd downright. There was no getting out, and we resolved to lie in the Coach. The Hill was all Coach-Houses, for the Coaches were lodg'd, and full of Wreaths of Straw burning, which set Fire to the Olive Gardens about the Town. There were dismal Lamentations of Mule-drivers; the Coachmen lash'd and swore, and the Travellers curs'd and bann'd. Those who were on Foot lugg'd out their Legs from the Mire, without Shoes or Stockings, and some of them cry'd, *Who is that strips below there?* It looked like a short Purgatory. Thus we continued four Hours, talking without Book, till the Admiral sent People to deliver us out of Thraldom. We got to *Linares* after the Admiral was in Bed, and supp'd with what we could save from *Boniface*. When I went to Bed, I found *Boniface* had stole one of my Blankets, but they soon brought me another. It is comical to see *Boniface* at Night dancing about after Meat and Sleep, with a Candle in his Hand, and asking, *Have you supp'd? Have you got Beds?* For he has a wandring Supper, is still in Motion, and sharps for a Bed, pinching Blankets every where, insomuch that

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in this Country to hush their Children, they cry, *Boniface* is coming, as in other Places they call the *Bulbegger*. *Grimaldos* bears him Company, and most Nights takes an ambling Nap in a Chair, and snores like an old Judge upon the Bench. He dines and sups every where, and is half mad. *Don Francisco Marbelli* comes in a Hackney Tumbrel, or *Hei-ge-ho-a*, with *John de Arana* and *Mendoza*, the half black and whole Mulatto. For my Part I am careless and bedless, for I have not heard of my Trunk these six Days. *Don Henry* and I lie coupled. There are Beds that hold the Seven Sleepers, and yet they are not safe from *Boniface*. It is remarkable enough to see his Majesty with two *Escuyes*, the one a *Pigmy*, the other a *Goliah*; and to behold *Matthew Montero* and me attending the Funeral of our Coach and walking half a League on Foot like Pilgrims, he laughing to see me limp, and hear me call for Oxen to draw out one of my Legs that was stuck; and I bidding him, as he went down a little Hill, carry his Guts to his Bears in his Hands. We got to *Andujar* last Night, being *Friday*, late in the Dark without any Guide, where we continue To-day, because the River *Guadalquivir* is so much swell'd, and shall do the same To-morrow, because we have no Tidings of our Sumptures and Carriages. The Duke *del Infantado* was left behind at *Linares*, because his Horse Litter fell, and he was hurt. The Patriarch is not to be found, and they are crying of him about the Bogs. I am told my Shirts are safe in a Slough. His Majesty has put us all to it, without regarding the unseasonable Weather; this is a good Presage of what we may expect, and other Nations fear his strong Disposition. Amidst these Difficulties he answers most affable to all Men, gaining the Affections of those Subjects he has inherited from his Progenitors. He is a thorough pac'd King, and it is a Comfort to have a King that can drag us after him, and not we drag the King, and to see him lead us where he pleases. The Sports of *Carpio* are put off, God grant they be not spoil'd, for there is no doubt but they will be noble. *Boniface* has spoke to Mr *Aranel* about your Business, and both he and I are your humble Servants and Brother Spungers. If you will do me a singular Favour,

vour, ſend me an Anſwer under Cover to the Admiral, and lay what Commands you pleaſe on me, for I am an honeſt Man, and will do all you require. *Hortenſio* has this Day joined our Company, and ſo we have a Father Confeſſor in caſe of Danger, and more Society to divert us. Tell *Don Andrew* and *Don Garcia*, I kiſs their Hands. I make haſte to ſign, for the Letter is long.

Don Franciſco de Quevedo.

A LETTER FROM

Don Franciſco de Quevedo, *to the Son of the Duke* de Olivares, *Prime Miniſter to King* Philp IV. *of* Spain, *in which he ſets down how he would have his Wife qualify'd.*

ALL I can covet in a Wife for my Satisfaction and Honour, and for the Good of my Soul, is that ſhe be educated in your Excellency's Family, and grown up in your Service; for if ſhe has known how to be obedient to your Excellency, it is to me a ſufficient, both Temporal and Spiritual Portion, that ſhe has been your Servant. But in Caſe your Excellency's Command ſhould be of a greater Extent, in Obedience to it, I will ſet down how I could wiſh that Wife qualify'd, which God ſhall be pleaſed to beſtow upon me, by Means of your Excellency and my Lord Duke. This I do rather to divert, than to inform your Excellency.

As for myſelf, my Lord, I am nothing but what my Lord Duke has made me; becauſe what I was has ruin'd me

me, and destroyed my Reputation; and if at present I am any Thing, 'tis because I have ceased to be what I was, Thanks be to God and to his Excellency. I have been variously wicked, and having ceased to be so, am not yet good; for I left Wickedness, because I was tir'd with it, not because I was truly penitent. All the Advantage of such Reformation is, that it secures me from being deluded into any Manner of Wantonness, because I am sufficiently warn'd and arm'd against it.

I am a Man of good Birth in my Country, as your Excellency may understand, I have a House of my own in the Mountains, and am the Son of Parents whose Memory is honourable to me, tho' Mine be a Grievance to them.

I will ever give such an Account of my Fortune, and Age, that my Fortune may afterwards be found greater than represented, and my Age less.

My Enemies say I am lame, whereas in Truth, thro' a Negligent Mein, I appear so; and it being dubious whether I limp or coupee, Wagers may be laid whether I am lame or not lame.

As to my Person, it is neither hateful, nor offensive, and as it claims no Commendation, so neither does it move such as see me to Cursing or Laughter.

Now I have declared who, and what Manner of Man I am, I will set down what Sort of Woman I would have her be, whom God shall bestow on me. I confess, unless your Excellency had commanded, it were Impudence for such a Fellow to prescribe what Sort of a Wife he would have, when no Woman would be troubled with such a Husband as I am.

I desire positively she should be well born, virtuous and discreet; for if a Fool, she'll not know how to preserve or make Use of the other two Qualifications, because, tho' a Gentlewoman, I expect she'll be affable, and that her Virtue be such as becomes a marry'd Woman, not an Anchorite, a Nun or a Friar. Her Husband, and the Care of her Family, must be to her instead of the Choir and the Oratory. Yet if she must be discreet with any Touches of Learning, I had rather she were a

Fool, for it is eaſier to bear with a Woman's Ignorance, than with her Conceitedneſs.

I would neither have her deform'd nor beautiful. Theſe Extreams are reconcil'd by an agreeable Countenance; which is a Medium that renders what is handſome lovely, and ſecures what in her appears airy. A deform'd Woman is rather a Scare-crow than a Companion, and a beautiful one rather perplexes than delights; but if ſhe muſt be either the one or the other, I had rather have her beautiful than deform'd, for it is better to be in care, than to be afraid; and to have a Wife to guard, than one to fly from.

I neither would have her rich, nor poor, but with ſome Fortune; for neither is ſhe to buy me, nor I her. There can be no Miſs of Riches where there is Virtue and Gentility; for the Man is vilely rich, who having an Eſtate, refuſes a Woman becauſe ſhe is poor; and he is baſely poor, who having no Fortune, covets a Woman becauſe ſhe is rich.

I had rather ſhe was diſpos'd to Mirth than Melancholy; for being ty'd to one another, and living always together, will breed us both Trouble enough, and this Grievance is in ſome Meaſure eas'd by a ſweet and cheerful Nature; for to have a Hypochondriack Wife, always grunting in a Corner like a Mouſe in a Cheeſe, is to be ty'd to continual Sorrow.

She muſt be well dreſt to pleaſe me, not to gain the Applauſe of others; and ſhe muſt wear what is decent, not whatſoever the Folly of other Women ſhall invent. She muſt not do as ſome do, but that which all ought to do. I had rather ſhe were covetous, than prodigal, for this Vice is to be dreaded, the other may prove profitable. It were a great Happineſs to find one that were liberal.

I do not concern my ſelf whether ſhe be clear or brown of Complexion, or whether her Hair be black or fair; only this I require, that if ſhe be brown, ſhe do not make her ſelf white, for of neceſſity a Man muſt rather be jealous of that Cheat, than in love with it.

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Whether she be tall or short, it is indifferent to me, for the Heels of the Shoes supply the Defects of Stature, and, like Death, make all People alike.

As to her being fat, or lean, it is to be observ'd, that if I cannot have her interlaid, I am altogether for a lean not a fat one; I had rather she were a Skeleton, or shotten Herring, than a greazy Hostess, or the Picture of *Bacchus*.

I will neither have a Child, nor an old Woman, which is like the Cradle or the Coffin; for I have long since forgot to sing Lillaby, and have not yet learn'd to sing Dirges. It is enough for me that she is a Woman grown, and I shall be well pleas'd if she is young.

I could wish with all my Heart she might have no fine Hands, Eyes or Mouth, for if she have these three Things in Perfection, it is impossible any Body should endure her, because she will tire all the World with playing with her Hands that they may be seen, and rowling her Eyes that they may be observ'd, and it is intollerable to see a Woman always gaping and laughing to show her white Teeth. Anxiety destroys Beauty, and Negligence hides Faults.

I will not have one that has neither Father nor Mother, that I may save commemorating the dead, nor am I willing she should have all her Kindred living. A Father and Mother I would have, because I am not superstitiously afraid of a Father-in-law. As for her Aunts, I shall be glad if they are in Purgatory, and will allow Masses to be said for them over and above.

I should bless God if she were deaf, and Tongue-ty'd, which are Parts that tire Company and cut off Visits; and above all, should be proud she were ill natur'd, for a fair condition'd Woman is always harping upon the same String; and saying, That if she were like other Women, and that her foolish good Nature is to blame.

But the best of all were, if she would consent we might live without an old Governante, or at least, if she would be satisfy'd, we should keep half a one between us, that is a little old Woman with little Headcloaths and less Petticoats, that the Eyes might be de-

liver'd from the Nauſeouſneſs of the Governante, before they are quite off the Spectre. Beſides, it were moſt reaſonable, ſince the Governantes are the Scare-crows of the Anti-chambers, plac'd there to ſecure the forbidden Fruit of the young Damſels, that they ſhould be cloath'd like Peaſants with a Cap, a Staff, Buſkins, and inſtead of a Mourning Veil, a Mumping long Cloak, becauſe they are ſkill'd in the Art of Begging, and that they be call'd by an additional Name of Mumpers, as the Emperors are ſtil'd *Cæſars*. That I may end ſeriouſly and with Truth, as I began, I muſt tell your Excellency, I ſhall highly prize a Wife, if ſhe be ſuch as I wiſh her; and do know how to bear with her, if ſhe be ſuch as I deſerve; for I may be unhappily marry'd, but I cannot be an ill Huſband. God grant your Excellency a long and happy Life, and prolong the Days of my Lord Duke, giving you that Iſſue that is requiſite to your Family and Grandeur.

F I N I S.

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